The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH

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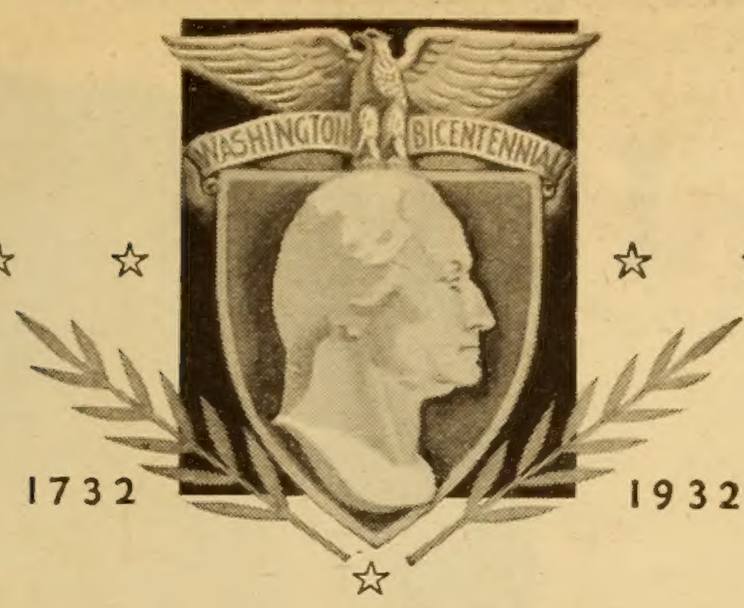
30 Cents in Canada

MIRIAM HOPKINS

What Really Happened To Buddy Rogers

How Garbo's Fear of People Started



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1932

This year the American people celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, father of our country.

To help commemorate this important anniversary, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild has created six fine watches, known as the Washington Series.

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MAURICE Chevalier

IN AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

WITH JEANETTE MacDONALD

GENEVIEVE TOBIN • Charlie Ruggles

Roland Young

Under the supervision of
• • Ernst Lubitsch • •
Directed by George Cukor
Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 4 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | March, 1932

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "The COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

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What the Audience Thinks

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and we are sorry but no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Why, Mrs. Thalberg, that's no way for a lady to act! And you, with a boy of your own! Many people objected to the big fight and breakage scenes from "Private Lives" and begged Norma and Bob Montgomery to calm down

THE $25 LETTER

To the blue noses of the Society for the Prevention of Everything in General, who love, when the occasion offers itself, to chorus, "The movies are sending our young folks straight to the devil," I, one of the young folks, a senior in high school, would like to reply that if we really feel the craving for unhealthy thrills there are far more exciting places to go to get them than a movie theater.

To the average parent who shakes his head dubiously and says, "Well, I don't know, I suppose the youngsters do get ideas from what they see," I should like to say that we have already got all the ideas from sources other than the movies.

And I would like to say further that George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and Joe E. Brown are just as great favorites with my classmates as the sex-appeal cuties.

EDWARD T. MCNAMARA, Danbury, Conn.

THE $10 LETTER

Our mother is past middle age and we are two young daughters endeavoring to live in this cigarette and cocktail era not too prudishly, but with the least possible friction at home. The movies are our mediator. We take mother to all the star productions. Here she sees modern clothes, and modern life as it is lived today in which her own two daughters must take a part. She would never agree that we place ourselves in the same circumstances as Joan Crawford in "Possessed," but she does realize, through these enlightening movies, that there has been many a step forward since the horse and buggy days.

DORA BARNARD, Tulsa, Okla.

THE $5 LETTER

The trouble with picture players is that they want to be too versatile, or their directors want them to be. Why not let them do what they do best? Then we can choose our pictures by the cast.

What happened after "The Love Parade"? As delightful and romantic a pair as ever sung and made love while dwelling in marble halls were separated and not allowed to do too much singing. I speak of Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Leslie Howard, the genius of "Outward Bound," was blocked into a wooden peg, the conventional husband with a no-good wife but an oh-so-good child, for Ann Harding to hang her "Devotion" on!

Joe E. Brown, prince of comics, we are asked to consider, seriously, in college stuff! Lilyan Tashman is so much admired as an exponent of up-to-the-minute gowns that she was put into khaki for "The Mad (and Sad and Bad) Parade"!

Now I'm going to see Marilyn Miller, that wonderful dancer, in a picture where she dances but once.

E. D. GIRRIOER, New Bedford, Mass.

THE Garbo fans are at it again, since the release of "Mata Hari" and the article in the January PHOTOPLAY called "Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo." Some liked "Mata Hari" (and how they liked it!) and some didn't (and how they didn't!). Is there a man, woman or child who has a lukewarm attitude toward Garbo?

There was a little squabble about Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in "Private Lives," and it was pretty generally agreed that Mrs. Thalberg wasn't the type to play the capricious *Amanda*.

No dissenting votes cast in Fredric March's direction. Almost everybody liked "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." You'll find a grand picture of him in our color gallery this month.

"Taxi," "Tonight or Never," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Emma" are the favorite films, while Helen Hayes and Miriam Hopkins, among the feminine contingent, got the most praise. Readers haven't forgotten Jack Gilbert, and Clark Gable and Jimmie Dunn are still ace-high.

IT'S GARBO AGAIN

I shall always admire Ruth Biery for her sympathy and squareness in writing "Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo." Garbo needs it, after the vicious attacks of some of your writers.

HELEN VOIGT, Syracuse, N. Y.

After reading "Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo" in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, my admiration for the star has increased tenfold.

I am so thankful for her great success, for she rose so far above Hollywood's "400." How ashamed they all must feel now.

MRS. N. ELENDER, Houston, Texas

Did I rave when I read that hard luck story about Garbo! It really exasperated me—"Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo." Ruth Biery acts as if no other actress had hard luck on her climb to stardom. Did Garbo expect us Americans to open our arms wide to a perfect stranger? Garbo is dull.

D. S. BEECHER, Indian Head, Md.

Greta Garbo is not a peasant girl, and as I am also "one of those Swedes" and also from Stockholm I know a little about Miss Garbo's family. They are not rich people but very nice and educated—far from peasants.

ANNA B. STRINDBERG, Havana, Cuba

MATA HARI'S CLOTHES

In my opinion, "Mata Hari" was Garbo's best as far as acting is concerned, but won't someone please tell her to stop wearing such ridiculous clothes and hair arrangements.

MRS. JEANNE FLORIO, New Haven, Conn.

Greta Garbo has long been a great actress, but "Mata Hari" places her as the supreme actress of the American screen. Never has she been more fascinating, never has a rôle suited her better, never has Adrian designed such exotic clothes.

KENNETH JORDAN, San Antonio, Texas

If there is anybody left who doubts that Garbo can act as well as be glamorous and enigmatical, let him see "Mata Hari" or forever hold his peace. She surpasses all former performances.

DOROTHY H. AVERY, Morganton, N. C.

STAR OR STORY?

Give me the good old days when we went to see a show and not to see a star. Nowadays it's the star's name that is draped all over the billboards and if we look closely we sometimes find the name of the picture in small print. My hat is off to the producer who knows how to find suitable stories in which to cast our favorite stars.

ALTON TAYLOR, Grenada, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

EDW. G. ROBINSON

THE SCREEN'S GREATEST CHARACTER ACTOR

in

"The HATCHET MAN"

with LORETTA YOUNG

as Toya San the beautiful butterfly broken on the wheel of life.

DUDLEY DIGGES

Based on a play by Achmed Abdullah and David Belasco . . . Screen play by J. Grubb Alexander . . . Directed by

WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

谷崎潤一郎

Purple nights! . . . Words of love! . . . All the witchery of the mystic East with its tangled skeins of human passion pervades "The Hatchet Man" . . . It is a symphony of blazing emotions . . . Stark, elemental drama — of a man who gives —of a woman who takes—of a butterfly who singes her wings at forbidden flames . . . Thrilling! powerful! breath-taking! with the screen's most versatile character actor scaling the highest peak of emotional portrayal.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AGE FOR LOVE, THE—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (*Oct.*)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (*Sept.*)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (*Feb.*)

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (*Dec.*)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (*Feb.*)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (*Dec.*)

ARIZONA—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (*Oct.*)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (*Jan.*)

★ **ARROWSMITH** — United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (*Jan.*)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathe.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (*Nov.*)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (*Sept.*)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (*Feb.*)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (*Dec.*)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (*Feb.*)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (*Feb.*)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (*Sept.*)

★ **BLONDE CRAZY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Larceny Lane.") James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-razy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (*Sept.*)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (*Oct.*)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (*Feb.*)

BRAT, THE—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (*Sept.*)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (*Oct.*)

CAPTIVATION — Capital Prod. — Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (*Dec.*)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (*Sept.*)

Watch!
Next Month's
PHOTOPLAY
for the beginning of the most complete and amazing beauty service ever offered American young womanhood

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (*Sept.*)

★ **CHAMP, THE** — M-G-M. — You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (*Dec.*)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (*Jan.*)

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (*Nov.*)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risque. (*Feb.*)

COMPROMISED—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three.") Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (*Nov.*)

CONVICTED—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (*Dec.*)

CORSAIR — United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (*Jan.*)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (*Dec.*)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (*Nov.*)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (*Oct.*)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (*Jan.*)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Feb.*)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (*Feb.*)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (*Nov.*)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (*Feb.*)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (*Nov.*)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (*Sept.*)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (*Feb.*)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (*Sept.*)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (*Feb.*)

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (*Oct.*)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . . A mighty murder mystery!

FOX

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Some said, "Greta, I think those clothes you wore in 'Mata Hari' were grand and you looked just that much more charming because of them." Others said, "Greta, those clothes you wore in 'Mata Hari' were terrible and we hope you won't dress like that again!" The gown she's wearing here caused the most comment

NORMA'S PRIVATE LIFE

I have always admired Norma Shearer, but in "Private Lives" I saw a new Norma. A Norma no longer alluring; who fought and kicked like a rowdy and shrieked like a shrew.

MARGARET M. MARKHAN, Saginaw, Mich.

Norma Shearer is known as a faithful wife, a devoted mother and an exemplary character in her "private life." Why did she have to be dragged through the cheap rôle she played in "Private Lives"? There she played tag with marriage, divorce and re-marriage. Mr. Playwright, keep congruity between the stars and their rôles.

GERTRUDE SEAFORD, San Francisco, Calif.

Just as I had begun to despair of ever seeing Norma Shearer in another comedy, along came "Private Lives." I loved it and I loved Norma.

I know only one adjective which will adequately describe her acting, and that is "perfect." Norma never disappoints.

E. A. SPAULDING, Chafee, N. Y.

LESSONS IN A THEATER

The blow of my life came when I was informed that my eight-year-old daughter could not continue in the public school. Illness had retarded her mental growth to such an extent that she could not be taught the most simple things, yet, strangely enough, her body had recovered. This made her appear doubly stupid.

We began sending her to educational talkies, of which she is extremely fond. Gradually she acquired a fund of general information and an incentive to learn to read. She has practically no social contacts, and the movies are her fairyland.

Now she is attending the day school, where she has a special teacher. I shudder to think what would have happened to her without the help of talkies.

MRS. M. S. SAUNDERS, Multnomah, Ore.

SEES WITH HER EARS

I am a blind old lady who had very few pleasures before talkies. Now I can hear the movies and I picture in my mind how these talented artists look. I like to classify their looks by their voices. I love to hear Janet Gaynor and would not think of missing one of her pictures.

ZaSu Pitts, with her funny voice, is an ideal person for mental picturing. Clark Gable's brutal voice and Greta Garbo's delicious accent are fascinating.

BELLA MAZUR, Cleveland Hts., Ohio

HEARS WITH HER EYES

The advent of the talkies sounded my death knell, for I am one of the great army of the hard of hearing. Living in a town of only eighteen hundred people, I found the movies my only diversion. Last summer a teacher from a school for the deaf and dumb came to town for five weeks and initiated me into the new world of lip reading. Now the talkies teach me and I go every time the program changes.

Hearing with my eyes gives me the feeling of a very pleasant bowing acquaintance with every mouth in filmdm.

HAZEL K. BAXTER, Enderlin, N. D.

CLARK, JIMMIE AND FRED

I have just been to see "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and I was thrilled, for Fredric March proves his talent conclusively and has shown us that he can do the brilliant, intense scientist and the repulsive, destructive beast as well as conventional rôles. Could Clark Gable do it? Or the suddenly popular James Dunn? How about a little recognition where it is deserved?

CAROLINE CROSBY, Detroit, Mich.

Art with a great big *A* certainly describes Fredric March's latest picture, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a marvelous portrayal of the good and bad there is in all of us, a sinister warning to each and every one of us not to allow the baser nature to overcome the better.

MRS. R. B. DAVID, Dayton, Ohio

SPIRITUAL LESSON

Many years I have attended my church faithfully, but never before has a sermon on "the wages of sin is death" been brought to me so forcefully as it was in the phonoplay "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Here I saw portrayed vividly the result of one following his baser impulses and the effect not only on himself, but upon those with whom he came in contact. I came away from the picture feeling that I had been taught a spiritual lesson.

MIRIAM MILLER, Washington, D. C.

"DELICIOUS" AMERICANIZATION

I arrived in America from Wales nine years ago but in all that time I have never had such a feeling of pride and happiness because I am an American citizen as I experienced during the showing of "Delicious," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. At the time of my arrival in this country I was too young to understand what it meant to be admitted to America. This picture made me realize how fortunate I really am.

DYLIS EVANS, Margate City, N. J.

CANADIAN ANSWER

I spent a few days in the United States this summer. I won't say that the screening was only fairly good nor that the sound apparatus was ghastly (as one of your readers said about our theaters) but I can truthfully say that the reception was not one whit better than the showings in Canada, for I saw them again here some time later.

LILLIAN JENNINGS, Toronto, Canada

LIVE, DON'T ACT

Movie queens, such as Garbo and Dietrich and others, rely on their beauty rather than brainwork to guide them through a picture. These actresses could increase their drawing power by taking a lesson from a future screen idol—Mae Clarke, who says, "Simply live your part, do not act it."

JOE J. KOVARIK, Garfield Heights, Ohio

PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES, GIRLS

I would like to know why Tallulah Bankhead had to dress and undress before the public in "The Cheat"; why Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondell had to run around in their underwear in "Night Nurse"; why producers and directors believe that the success of a picture depends on half clothed heroines.

JULIA YOUNGS, San Antonio, Texas

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

FILM is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay ..to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Two reasons for decay
Three rules for fighting it

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet... interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate, acids manufactured by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—see suggestions—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called *film*. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims the sparkling brilliance of your teeth.

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. Film must be removed for safety—*twice every day*.

A new cleansing material

Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is SAFE—safe, because it's soft, twice as soft as polishing material in common use.

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USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (*Oct.*)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP — Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (*Nov.*)

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE — Columbia. — Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (*Sept.*)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people —Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (*Sept.*)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (*Sept.*)

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (*Jan.*)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (*Feb.*)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN** — Universal. — Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (*Jan.*)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (*Jan.*)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (*Oct.*)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (*Jan.*)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (*Oct.*)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (*Feb.*)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (*Dec.*)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (*Jan.*)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (*Oct.*)

GREAT LOVER, THE — M-G-M. — Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (*Sept.*)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (*Dec.*)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE** — M-G-M. — Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-razy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (*Oct.*)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (*Jan.*)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (*Sept.*)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (*Oct.*)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (*Dec.*)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (*Nov.*)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (*Jan.*)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (*Jan.*)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (*Jan.*)

HOMICIDE SQUAD — Universal. — Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (*Nov.*)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (*Sept.*)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (*Nov.*)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (*Jan.*)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN** — Paramount. — This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (*Oct.*)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (*Dec.*)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY — Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (*Feb.*)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE — First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (*Sept.*)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A tedious Tyrolean story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (*Oct.*)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (*Dec.*)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (*Feb.*)

★ **JUVENILE COURT**—Ziedman Prod.—Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (*Feb.*)

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (*Sept.*)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (*Oct.*)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (*Feb.*)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (*Dec.*)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (*Dec.*)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (*Dec.*)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (*Sept.*)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (*Feb.*)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Grimmer than that grim picture, "DRACULA," more gruesome and awe-inspiring than "FRANKENSTEIN," EDGAR ALLAN POE'S remarkable mystery story "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," laid in the dark caverns of Paris, will thrill you to your finger-tips. Beautifully enacted by

BELA LUGOSI and **SIDNEY FOX**

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A FAMOUS hotel is about to close its doors. A vast and weird assemblage celebrates its passing, and stark drama whirls through rooms and corridors. Ghosts of a glamorous past fill every nook and corner—and, in room 705, a ghastly plot unfolds which fairly makes your blood run cold—a boiling pot of sinister emotions.

Directed by
CHRISTY CABANNE

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (*Feb.*)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia. — (Also shown under the title of "Arizona.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (*Oct.*)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (*Jan.*)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (*Feb.*)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (*Sept.*)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (*Sept.*)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (*Sept.*)

MONKEY BUSINESS — Paramount. — Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (*Oct.*)

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouper Bessie Love. (*Jan.*)

MOTHER AND SON — Monogram Prod. — Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil.* (*Oct.*)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.—Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (*Oct.*)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount.—With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (*Sept.*)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (*Nov.*)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (*Sept.*)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (*Nov.*)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the doldrums. (*Jan.*)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (*Dec.*)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (*Nov.*)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (*Dec.*)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (*Dec.*)

OPERA BALL — Greenbaum-Emelka Prod. — English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (*Jan.*)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (*Jan.*)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The *Sadie Thompson* theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (*Nov.*)

★ **PALMY DAYS**—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (*Oct.*)

PARDON US—Hal Roach—M-G-M—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (*Nov.*)

PEACHO'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (*Jan.*)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (*Nov.*)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (*Nov.*)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE**—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (*Dec.*)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (*Feb.*)

★ **POLITICS** — M-G-M. — Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (*Sept.*)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (*Jan.*)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risque, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (*Feb.*)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A — Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (*Oct.*)

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE—Radio Pictures.—After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (*Sept.*)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (*Jan.*)

RAINBOW TRAIL.—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (*Feb.*)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (*Dec.*)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (*Jan.*)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (*Nov.*)

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (*Jan.*)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (*Dec.*)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (*Nov.*)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (*Oct.*)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (*Jan.*)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (*Sept.*)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (*Nov.*)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (*Sept.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

HOWARD HUGHES
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Take These Beauty *Tips*

To Gain What You Envy in the Stars

Oh, that flashing smile of Lupe Velez—how it is envied!

The slim princess, or should I say Marquise? To be as slender as Constance Bennett is the secret desire of half the feminine world

Madge Evans' natural, unaffected beauty draws envious sighs

AS you read this page I am in Hollywood preparing a surprise for every reader of PHOTOPLAY who is interested in personal improvement and beauty.

You will be simply delighted when you look through your April issue of this magazine because you are going to find therein the most complete and helpful beauty department ever printed in any magazine. I am right now out here in Hollywood gathering for you all the beauty secrets of all the stars, and what I have already learned surprises even I who thought I knew a lot about them.

Going to the movies is one of the most stimulating beauty treatments I know! Why, you ask? Because I rarely ever see a glamorous looking star that a certain amount of dissatisfaction with myself is not created.

I find that I go home, wondering why my figure isn't as svelte, as say, Constance Bennett's. Or why my eyes aren't as expressive as Joan Crawford's. And after I have wondered long enough, I find that I have a new stimulus to take those exercises that had been boring me. And I find that perhaps I could find a little more time each day for the special care of my tired looking eyes.

Sylvia is right. It is only laziness that keeps us from being the charming looking creatures we want to be and ought to be. It is that extra half hour that could be spent in a little self-beauty culture that we never seem to find in our day's whirl. It is the seemingly tiresome little things that we shirk which would bring us the most benefit.

FROM your letters I find that most of you consider beauty such as you see reflected on the screen, quite unattainable. An extra pound about the hips bars you from the Constance Bennett class. The lack of a flawless skin ruins all hope for a natural looking beauty like that of Madge Evans or Dorothy Jordan.

Let's see what you envy most in some of your favorites. And then see how a few simple beauty tips will put you on the right track toward attaining what you want!

Now there was a girl who wrote to me bewailing her teeth. They were regular but they didn't sparkle like those of Lupe Velez!

I know that it seems unbelievable that in this day of wonderful mouth washes, dentifrices and brushes, that teeth should not be actual pearls. Yet yellowness is a common complaint.

Did you know that exercise is important to teeth health? It is. You should chew systematically and eat foods that really give your teeth a workout. Fibrous foods, hard foods are what your teeth need daily. Brush your gums as well as your teeth. And have several tooth brushes so that one can be sterilized while the other is in use.

SUCH simple precepts, but they do wonders for the beauty of your smile!

I listened to a lecture by an eminent physician recently. His interest at the moment is directed toward laboratory research in behalf of beauty. He defined beauty as

"PERFECTION RESULTING FROM A HARMONIOUS COMBINATION OF ELEMENTS."

Isn't that an intelligent definition?

Thus, you see, in order to gain perfection, you simply must harmonize all the elements of your own body.

One of Joan Crawford's most striking features is her eyes. They are large, lustrous and tremendously expressive. And her figure is reputed to be one of the loveliest in Hollywood. Yet Joan started out in the movies weighing on the heavy side. She has worked hard to keep that slimness she finally attained. She believes that you must look at yourself with the eyes of a critic.

You can't hope to have eyes like Joan's unless you give them daily attention. An eye wash should be a morning rite. There are dozens of good ones on the market. Or you can use a home-made remedy of soothing boric acid solution. Pads of cotton, dipped [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

I can not answer letters which do not enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, so don't forget it when requesting booklets or personal advice.

I will gladly answer questions on personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type and shades in make-up. Ask for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives general advice on the care of the skin with specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

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Illustrative Photo Studies of MAE CLARKE, *Universal Star.*

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Do you know how uncomplimentary, how unflattering a camera can be? Think how perfect in texture; how satin-smooth Max Factor's make-up must be to appear flawless before the searching camera lens; to add a wondrous charm to beauty. Now you may discover what a difference there can be in make-up.

THIS BOOK FREE...*read what 60 famous screen stars write about make-up.*

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	Grey.... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily. ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel.. ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black. ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy.. ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

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It is the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine—recommended by physical instructors and physicians.

Exercise and diet all too frequently lower vitality so that germs multiply more rapidly. Disease takes hold quickly. Dieters are easy prey to serious colds and more dangerous infections.

Used as a gargle, full strength Listerine helps Nature to overthrow germ invaders. It kills germs in the fastest time possible to measure scientifically. Reduces bacteria in the mouth 98% and maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Listerine's value as an aid in preventing and treating colds is not a matter of opinion but of fact. Tests on 204 persons in normal health revealed this astonishing truth: *That those who gargled with Listerine twice a day had from 50% to 66% fewer colds than those who did not gargle with Listerine.*

When Listerine users *did* contract colds they were only one-fourth as severe and lasted one-third as long.

Such results are clear proof of the benefits of Listerine's germicidal action. That Listerine is, at the same time, non-poisonous, safe to use, and actually healing in its effect on tissue recommend its use over ordinary antiseptics so harsh they may damage tissue.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and every night whether you are dieting or not. It is your protection against infection and your certain assurance that you are free of halitosis (bad breath). Listerine is the swiftest of deodorants—instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 4 days. Always keep Listerine handy in home and office. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Otto Dyar

OUR lowest Chesterfieldian bow and our wildest applause goes to Fredric March for his amazing and spectacular work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That picture puts him right up in the very first line of actors, either stage or screen, marching between Lionel Barrymore and George Arliss

Elmer Fryer

JOAN BLONDELL has been charged with grand larceny at least half a dozen times since she reached Hollywood. She is the most consistent picture stealer in the colony. When Joan is in the scene every other player, even the star, works frantically to hold on. She's a bundle of dynamite—that girl

THEY billed her as a Lillian Gish type when she crashed the movies a few years ago. But the photographer of this new picture evidently forgot that now they are casting Helen Twelvetrees in tough parts that would give sweet Lillian the heebee jeebees. You'll be seeing Helen next in "Panama Flo"

Ferenc

DICKIE MOORE is mad as mad can be. The director wanted him to cry and said if Dickie didn't he was going to get another boy to play the part in "Slice of Life." "Let him get Jackie Cooper for all I care," mused Dickie. "What's the use of Christmas presents if you never get time to play with them?"

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU

Of course, you're invited everywhere, or almost . . . anyway. You're one of those popular girls seen at the brightest parties; your heaviest problems are usually such jolly decisions as: "Shall I go dinner-dancing with George; or watch the hockey match with Jim?" A man feels really *thrilled* to take you out, and other girls envy . . . or wonder.

But, if they're really clever, they'll investigate. And it's pretty certain that they will discover some of your secrets. You're careful about choosing the right clothes, of course, but you take even better care when it comes to choosing cosmetics . . . face powder, in particular.

Girls who'd like to be more popular will find, if they snoop about a bit, that many perfect complexions depend on Coty Face Powder. For, though a man hates you to look powdery, he thinks a shiny-faced girl even worse. Coty Face Powder saves its users from these two facial blunders. Subtly smart as all creations in the French spirit—it brings your face the loveliest fragrance—you'll adore it yourself and its heart-twisty effect on men is likely to prove a sensation. Twelve tones, for powder invisibility; various precious odeurs, $1.

Coty

"Miss Martha Washington"

—IN SKINNER'S CREPE SATIN

Marian Stehlik

THE Martha Washington theme—fashion headliner for the Bicentennial year!

Skinner's Crepe Satin—supreme among fabrics.

They are here united in a widely-heralded gown—a modern adaptation of the inaugural dress of the wife of our first President.

Marian Stehlik, of New York, fashion creator for the Silk Show of National Silk Industry Week, designed it as a forerunner of 1932 styles.

Grace McCoy, chosen for the role of "Miss Martha Washington," is here pictured wearing it. From scores of candidates, she was selected by a committee of judges including McClelland Barclay, artist, Prince Georges Matchabelli, perfumery expert, and Moses Dykaar, sculptor, to feature the dress at the Silk exposition.

"When asked to create this Martha Washington gown, I visualized a combination of the modern molded silhouette with the flattering bodice of the eighteenth century," said Marian Stehlik. "A material of soft, clinging quality which would lend itself perfectly to long flowing lines was needed. My choice was an egg shell shade of Skinner's Crepe Satin."

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS—*Estab. 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Los Angeles
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's
Silks

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

MARCH, 1932

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

MY personal nomination for the most versatile and capable young leading man in pictures—seconded by the charming blonde with whom I hold hands in picture theaters — is Fredric March. And this goes for those billed as stars of first magnitude. No player in pictures or on the stage could surpass his performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Any man who can handle this heavily dramatic rôle with such finesse, and also put over an entirely different personality, such as he did as the rollicking brother of "The Royal Family," is a first-class all around, journeyman actor.

Incidentally, he's a great guy off screen and confines his acting to his professional work.

AND while I am all steamed up about my picture pets I can't get away from this typewriter without expressing my admiration for Miriam Hopkins. Of all the luscious wenches that ever threw a sinful shadow on the screen, I recommend her to you in "Dr. Jeykll, Etc." Please, Mr. Paramount, don't make her a good woman. Let us have one siren who can wreck a man with a laugh. Some of us are so tired of those glowering vampires that lead men astray by wrinkling their foreheads. We need a new technique in masculine annihilation once in a while.

EDITORS, like human beings, sometimes have emotions. As the copy for "Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY," on page 116, passed over my desk this month it left me feeling as blue as my editorial pencil. Tragedy and happiness, hope and disillusion, paradise gained and lost, life and death.

With one or two exceptions I have known them all. And only this morning as I brushed my hair I found silver threads among the gold.

IN the first flush of her romantic marriage to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, Gloria announced that she wanted lots and lots of children — oh, perhaps seven or eight.

Well, the stork was never even suspected of flying over Gloria's home until Henri had gone bye-bye and Gloria married Michael Farmer. Then, before you could say "Tonight Or Never," came the news that she was knitting little things.

Now Constance Bennett, just married to the marquis, is quoted as saying she is interested in home and babies.

And a few days later she adopted a three-year old boy.

WHEN you read all this ballyhoo about television being "just around the corner" don't rush right out and load yourself up with television stock.

It may be around the corner, but the corner is somewhere over in the next county.

TWO feminine members of the PHOTOPLAY editorial staff disappeared for a whole day recently. They showed up next day in my office with a "well-what-do-you-think-of-me-now" grin on their altered and beauty-parlored faces, and with brand new coiffures.

I hadn't the heart to chide them for their truancy. The day before Carolyn Van Wyck, the magazine's beauty editor, had sent in from Hollywood such a bewildering package of beauty tricks for next month's issue they just had to go and try them out.

Thousands of young husbands will be politely cursing PHOTOPLAY when they come home and find dinner late.

EXCERPTS from a hysterical advertisement in a motion picture trade journal:

"Griffith! . . . sends roaring across the screen this devastating story . . . personally directed . . . 'The Struggle.' . . . This picture is box-office! . . . overwhelming in its timeliness! . . . tremendous as entertainment! . . . Skelly! This one picture will send him zooming to stardom, just as Griffith's previous triumphs sent blazing to the cinema heavens such illustrious names as Pickford! Valentino! Gish! Barthelmess! . . . Aye, and a hundred more."

The only thing true about these statements is that Griffith started Pickford, Gish and Barthelmess. He did not make Valentino! Rex Ingram and June Mathis did. Skelly, a grand stage actor, will have a hard time living that picture down. He deserves a chance to prove he is not as bad as he was directed.

AFTER that historic United Press dispatch from Baltimore describing the reception accorded Lawrence Tibbett, when six women fainted as he sang his "Cuban Love Song," we wouldn't be surprised at anything. Watch your home town papers for dispatches like these:

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., Feb. 5—(Via a little bird)—

Millie Miff, 16, was serving customers at her father's newsstand, Ye Olde Beverlyy Hillse Smoke and Paper Shoppe, here this afternoon.

She heard a guttural voice at her side.

"Giff me, bleese," it said, "a goppy of dis afternoon's Hjollywood Sjentinel-Tjimes!"

Looking up, Millie saw that the inquiring patron was Greta Garbo.

Sixteen-year old Millie dropped dead.

WAUKESHA, WIS., Feb. 8—(By hook or crook)—Little Fannie Smosh, six, has now been crying for 147 consecutive hours.

Her case has utterly baffled the efforts of local doctors, as well as a couple of Chicago specialists rushed here by dog-sled.

Nothing hurts her, say physicians, and no pins are sticking her. She spurns all offers of dollies, candy, ice-cream, pie, cigarettes, toys, cocktails, motorcycles and little baby sisters.

"I declare," Mrs. Smosh, the worried mother, told reporters today, "I can't think what's got into the child!"

The only clue to little Fannie's mysterious malady is that she screeches over and over, between sobs, "I want Jackie Cooper! I want Jackie Cooper!"

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 9—(By cracky)—The Bijou Dream Theater, neighborhood movie house here, was a mass of trembling ruins today. Police threw a cordon as far as they could about the wrecked building today.

Last night, during the showing of Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Possessed," dozens of male patrons began shouting "Darling!", "Joan, I luff you!", "My sweetheart!" and "Oh baby!"

The climax came with the display of a close-up of the beautiful Miss Crawford. At this point a mob of some 500, mostly men, rushed to the stage and tried to kiss the screen.

"If I have ever another theayter," Manager I. C. Kornblatt said sadly today, "I shall show nothing but 'Our Gang Comedies' and 'Mickey Mouse'."

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 11—(By no means)—Mr. and Mrs. Frank X. Hootle were walking up Broadway this evening, looking at the electric signs.

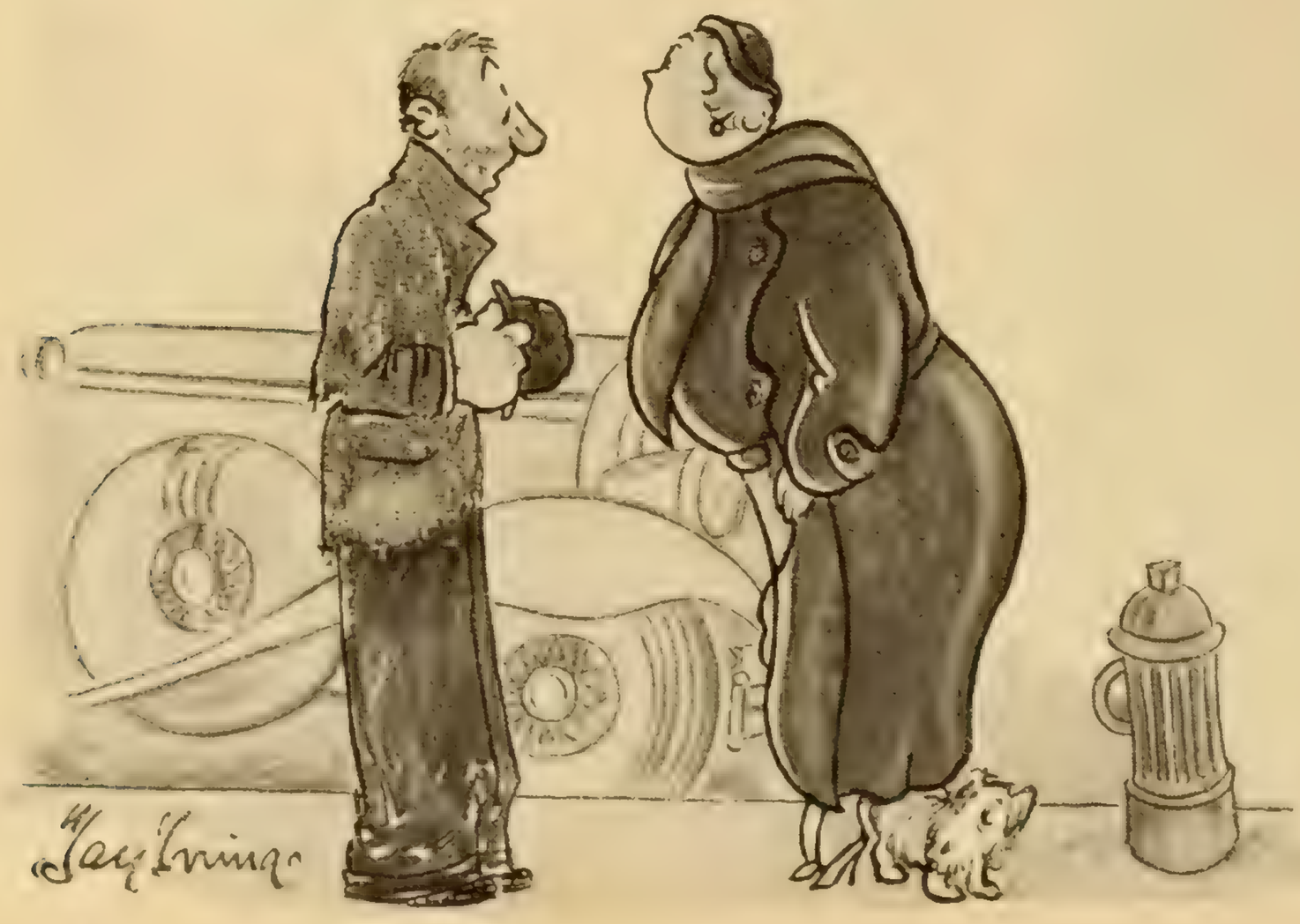
A handsome, well-dressed man approached the couple.

"Ooh, Frank!" screamed Mrs. Hootle, clutching her husband's arm and almost falling senseless to the pavement, "there's Clark Gable!"

"Nuts!" Mr. Hootle replied, and socked her on the nose.

I NEVER could understand why the average producer looks upon and acts toward studio cameramen as mechanical appurtenances. With few exceptions, every director is guided in camera angles, lighting and visual flow of a picture by his cameraman, who, if the motion picture is entitled to consideration as an art, is entitled to consideration as an artist.

Stage directors, who know no more about motion picture technique than dentists, come to Hollywood, get credit for directing good pictures when as a matter of fact, they are as helpless as children in a kindergarten without the advice and cooperation of the cameraman.



"Lady, could you please spare a dime for a former movie star?"

MARION DAVIES gave a kiddie party and among the Hollywood children who came to eat ice cream and cake, all dressed up in their party clothes, were little Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett. Shame on you, Joan, for bringing your hoop to a party. Put it right outside the door or you won't get a single drop of gin

How Garbo's Fear

By

Katherine

Albert

The triumphantly smiling man in the circle is a Chicago reporter who interviewed Garbo as she changed trains on her way home. But about all he got out of her was, "Don't annoy me"

GRETA GARBO has a bad case of agoraphobia.

What is more she suffers acutely from anthropophobia. But don't be alarmed. None of these high-sounding ailments will take her off—unless it is to Sweden. Those goofy words are simply what any first class psychoanalyst calls plain old-fashioned "fear of people." You may have it and simply think yourself self-conscious.

Agoraphobia means fear of crowds. While anthropophobia is fear of society. You must use high-flown words about Garbo.

Let us consider her recent sensational visit to New York. Several days before the story of her incognito trip broke in the papers, Harry Hershfield, the famous columnist and cartoonist (you all know his *Abie Kabibble*) was wandering around the Metropolitan Museum. He is well-known there since he, himself, is an art collector. One of the guards called him aside and said, "That tall woman in the tweed coat is the movie actress, Greta Garbo."

Hershfield took a good look. It was Garbo. He went up to her, introduced himself and said a few words in praise of her work.

She was most sweet and cordial, but she put her finger to her lips and said, "Yes, I'm Garbo, but don't giff me away."

A few days later the news got out and the St. Moritz Hotel, where she was stopping under the name of Gussie Berger, looked like a reporters' convention. You all know about her long-legged jaunts through Central Park, Walter Winchell's account of his meeting with her in the hotel elevator, the remark about the gentlemen of the press being no gentlemen accredited to her, her little excursions to New York's best speakeasies with Director Berthold Viertel and later Ramon Novarro.

Why, New York went wild and so did all the reporters. They were furious with her for her attitude of silence (a thing that the Hollywood press has long ago accepted).

One man cashed in on her presence. In Central Park he set up a telescope (a battered old telescope, where for a dime you could see Orion and Ursa Major on a moonless night) and charged a quarter for a peep at that greatest of all stars, Garbo. But it wasn't Garbo. The telescope commanded a view of a St. Moritz room. In the room one of the innumerable Garbo doubles walked back and forth in front of the windows. For a quarter and a squinted eye the suckers could see her.

Then came word that Garbo had not been in town at all. It was strange that just after all the excitement, that just after every

Of People *Started*

The order "Bring back a picture of Garbo or don't come back yourself," forced the newspaper photographers to do everything but hide under her bed. One invaded the beauty parlor where she was having a shampoo, but this is all he got

columnist in town had literally turned over his space to Garbo anecdotes, her picture "Mata Hari" opened. Was it a publicity stunt? Had the mysterious Swede been languishing in her Brentwood Heights home all the time, and had M-G-M simply evolved this giant press-agent ruse? If she really wanted quiet why did she go to the St. Moritz Hotel, the haunt of stars, instead of to one of the smaller, less publicized houses?

Garbo was in New York—there's no doubt about that. A lot of fancy was built up about her visit and much of the saga concerning it was untrue, but she was in Manhattan and she was at the St. Moritz, and she does fear (and hate) people. Her fear was once a vital and a devastating thing.

SHE is the psychological Case D, the pet of all the analysts. And anyone with only the vaguest working knowledge of psychology can trace the simple steps that gave her the phobia of which she is a victim.

It has been said thousands of times that Garbo was unhappy in Hollywood because she knew nothing of American ways and language, and could not understand. But dozens of foreigners have come to our shores and have not acquired sudden complexes, complexes that lasted for years and years. It is true that people laughed at her when she first came over, but her phobias, her self-consciousness started long before that, and for a psychological reason that is as simple as all great truths.

Her height was the beginning of her self-consciousness. Any girl who has, at twelve or thirteen, suddenly begun to grow tall, knows the experience. She towers head and shoulders above the other girls of her own age. She sees sprightly, precocious youngsters, their little pleated skirts just missing their chubby [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Every time Garbo tried to take a quiet walk in Central Park she was dogged by reporters and cameramen

What Really Happened To *Buddy Rogers*

"He's ga-ga and so very, very sweet," they said. Buddy said he would show them. And he did

By Llewellyn Carroll

OTHER boys have come to Hollywood at the age of twenty and have matured gracefully in the goldfish bowl supplied by their cinematic peers. Charles Rogers, however, came as "Buddy" and Buddy, at best, is a patronizing nickname. It keeps a boy in short trousers unless he compels respect by virtue of a redoubtable character.

Buddy helped keep his trousers short. He bubbled youth, naïveté, eagerness. He dazzled the community. The wearily wise and the cautiously wise refused to believe him.

"It 'ain't' true," they marveled.

Buddy was happily unaware of the ripple his *Peter Pan* character had created. To him, Hollywood was just another city in which to be Buddy, the lad used to the affection and approval of family and friends, to personal popularity.

Paramount had brought him to Hollywood, taking him from the University of Kansas, where he conducted his own collegiate band, to New York and the Paramount School of young players. He had scored in "Fascinating Youth," and a contract and Hollywood was his reward. Jesse Lasky called him the greatest male screen find of years.

Hollywood pleased him with its vast yawn of country and its charm of sunshine. His contract pleased him. It meant good money and in the years to come he could return to his first love and his real ambition—leading a jazz orchestra, achieving, possibly, the position of a syncopated Sousa.

BUDDY liked the girls, but he never aspired to be a heavyweight with them. His seriousness revolved in his drums, his saxophone, trombone and horn. But Buddy also relished a good time and when invitations from the film famous climaxed his introduction to these film famous, he accepted them. To his terror, he discovered the girls he met were not the gentle souls of Olathe, Kansas, memories. They smoked cigarettes, and cigarettes are prohibited in Kansas. They drank, and drink, too, is prohibited. Worse, they were the attacking sex.

When they cast appraising eyes upon his six feet of broad-shouldered slenderness; when they permitted a flirtatious gleam to sparkle their eyes; when they nestled significantly in his arms as his dance partner—well, sir, as Buddy might explode with his favorite expletive, they weren't interested in his musical instruments and ambitions. No, sir, they were interested in the stuff that had swept Sodom and Gomorrah to destruction. Buddy knew. His parents were devout Methodists and Sunday the entire family would go to church.

The girls agitated Buddy's peace of mind. So he ran away from them. He ran to the sanctity of the home where he lived with friends, a safe distance from the sex battlefields of Hollywood. He sought his fraternity brothers and their friends and his musical instruments. He didn't exactly say "No" to the ladies, but he didn't say "Yes" nor so much as a half-hearted "Maybe."

"Buddy Rogers?" a vivid screen personage tittered. "He's ga-ga."

"And so sweet," crucified another.

"A Rover Boy in search of a choir," cooed yet another.

In Hollywood lived Claire Windsor, who admits to Cawker City, Kansas, as her birthplace. Confessing to the same state as did Buddy may have had something to do with her conquest of the "no boy." Being blonde and beautiful and persevering may have had more to do with her lulling to rest his fear of proximity. She appropriated Buddy and he came to rather like the possessiveness of love. When he went to San Francisco on location for a picture, his hotel telephone rang frequently during the day and the night and when he answered the ring he was rewarded with Claire's caressing voice.

This is the meek lad who almost let Hollywood lick him. He was good to his mother, but a dub in the back seat of a parked automobile. Some smart aleck called him, "A Rover Boy in search of a choir"

Romance elevated Buddy to the dignity that prepared Hollywood to erase the stigma of his being the "no boy." Then Buddy's mother came West. Hollywood heard, and deduced her appearance on the scene was to sever the ties of blonde loveliness.

TITILLATING stories bubbled and skipped. Mrs. Rogers had had a frank talk with Miss Windsor. It was said that she had stressed the discrepancy in the ages of Miss Windsor and her son. That other matters affecting Buddy's freedom were gone into.

Buddy said nothing. Claire confided only to her intimates. Mrs. Rogers departed. Buddy was again in short trousers. Hollywood shrugged. Hollywood has little patience with apron strings.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Preston Duncan

When Buddy Rogers toots his trombone and other assorted instruments the notes sound like one big, booming razzberry for Hollywood. This is the new Buddy, full of pep and gumption. No longer the dear boy, he has a fast line and a Follies contract. Read how he got that way

"Gentlemen, a toast. We toss off the first forkful to our mutual wife!" Husbands Nos. 1, 2 and 3: "To Gloria!"

Being a fairly incorrect report of a meeting of The Boys Who Used to Be Married to Gloria

The scene is the Brown Derby Restaurant, on Vine Street, Hollywood—a thriving venture in which Mr. Herbert Somborn, No. 2, is happily interested. The other characters at the meeting are Mr. Wallace Beery, No. 1, and M. Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Falaise de la Falaise, No. 3. The current Mr. Swanson, No. 4, is enjoying his honeymoon in foreign parts. The three boy friends are assembled around a table in the restaurant, and getting their share of stares you may be sure. Mr. Beery is the biggest. Mr. de la etc. is the handsomest, and Mr. Somborn is very nearly, if not quite, the most prosperous-looking.

MR. BEERY—Well, boys, the club might as well come to order. As a starter I recommend that Henri, here, as the newest member, be voted into the chair.

M. HENRI—But no! It is only fitting that Mr. Beery, the senior member, should preside! Name of a name! But yes!

MR. SOMBORN—Now, no bickering, fellows! I really think you rate the chair Wally! After all, you date 'way back to the Mack Sennett days. So I vote with Hank here.

MR. BEERY—(simpering becomingly, if you can imagine Mr. Beery simpering at all)—Well, all I can say, men, is thank you. It is a great honor to preside at the first regular meeting of the Ex-Mr. Swanson Club. And now I move that we have a nice *filet mignon* all round and get down to business.

MR. SOMBORN—I'll second that motion—Hank, you don't even have to vote, as we've got a quorum already. Gus—three of those special filets, and they should be succulent.

NERVOUS OLD LADY FROM MIDWEST—(I almost forgot about her)—Gracious sakes, Madge, what three fine looking men those be!

MADGE—Sh, Auntie! They all used to be married to Gloria Swanson!

NERVOUS OLD LADY—Gracious sakes! And they act so friendly like!

MADGE—Ah, they have a Bond!

MR. BEERY—(rapping on his water tumbler with a fork and causing six jobless extras, working as waiters, to choke on their boneless sole)—Now, men, let's get down to brass tacks. What is the pleasure of the meeting?

M. HENRI—I think, messieurs, we should dispatch the cablegram to that so gallant Mique de Farmer—our distinguished successor. Yes? No? *Que voulez vous? Oui? Non?*

MR. SOMBORN—Hank, it's a great idea! I move that our distinguished president write a cable right here on the tablecloth—I'll pay the laundry bill with pleasure. Wally, it is the sense of this meeting that you compose a wire to Mr. Michael Farmer, No. 4, here and now, and we'll split the toll three ways. Right, Hank?

M. HENRI—Okay keed.

MR. BEERY—Boys, I take this commission in the spirit in which it is offered. How about this? Dear Mike comma congratulations and best wishes for a wonderful honeymoon period You have undertaken a great and noble career and one that will demand all your fortitude period We all wish you better luck than we had period Love and kisses from the Swanson alumni meeting at the Brown Derby.

MR. SOMBORN—Wally, it's a pip. I bet that will cheer Mike up all right! Oh my goodness, boys—what a woman!

MR. BEERY—You said it, Herb! What a woman!

M. HENRI—*Eh bien! Quel femme!*

MR. SOMBORN—Oh boy, eh?

MR. BEERY—Yes sir—oh boy!

M. HENRI—*Ma fois! Oh garcon!*

MR. BEERY—Well, it was a great experience, men. Mere chit of a girl when I up and married her—back in the old Essanay days, that was. Gosh, it makes me feel old! The truth is, I don't remember her very well, but I've seen her in pictures.

MR. SOMBORN—Well, Wally, you date pretty far back. She was a star when I married her, you know. Boy what days those were in the movies! Why, money lay around loose in the streets!

M. HENRI—(Feeling slightly faint)—*Mon Dieu!*

MR. SOMBORN—Fact! You came along pretty late, Hank! Things around here had slowed up a lot by the time you blew in.

MR. BEERY—(rubbing his hands as the chow arrives)—Heigho! Here come the filets. Gentlemen, a toast! We toss off the first forkful to our mutual wife!

(All stand, with poised forks. The restaurant is largely agog.)

MR. BEERY—To Gloria!

MR. SOMBORN—To Gloria, God bless her!

M. HENRI—To that so handsome, that so charmant M. Farmer!

MR. BEERY—Down the hatch!

(The three gentlemen bolt the first forkful of *filet mignon* and then throw the forks at the

The Ex-Mr. Swanson Club

"Who are those nice looking men?" asked the Nervous Old Lady from the Midwest. "Sh, Auntie," said her niece, "they all married Gloria"

nervous old lady from the Midwest, who falls in a dead faint, accompanied by her niece.)

Mr. Beery—(sitting down)—Boys, did I ever tell you about the time Gloria—I think it was in '19—was walking down Hollywood Boulevard—it was all lined with pepper trees in those days, and—

M. Henri—Ah, those days in Paris, when we were young and charming. The trees in the Bois, the music at the Reetz, the cocktails at Zelli's! Ah, that night when Gloria took off her shoes and went—what you call wading—

Mr. Somborn—Speaking of wading, reminds me of the time Gloria was on location at Santa Monica. It seems that a big leading man named Hector Glutz, or Glitz, or something was—

Mr. Beery—Heigho! Them *was* the days! Why, when Gloria wore that Sennett bathing suit the cops used to—

Mr. Somborn—(shaking his head reminiscently and wiping away a tear with a roll)—Dear little "Bunny"!

Mr. Beery—(stopping short and glaring at Mr. Somborn)—I beg your pardon, Herb. You're wrong. Gloria's pet name is "Toots"!

Mr. Somborn—(trading him a particularly nasty glare)—Mr. Beery, I said "Bunny," and "Bunny" it was and it is. DEAR LITTLE "BUNNY"!

M. Henri—(leaping to his feet and waving a butter knife)—Messieurs! My fraaaans! Who should know better than I that Gloria's name is "Snookums"! Such strange names sadden me. Please, gentlemen! Darleeeeng leeeetle "Snookums"!

Mr. Beery—"Toots"!

Mr. Somborn—"Bunny"!

M. Henri—"Snookums"!

(Mr. Beery winds up and lets go with a boiled potato. Mr. Somborn sees that and raises it with two hard rolls. M. Henri, not to be outdone, wafts a salt shaker and sings the "Marseillaise." The firing then becomes general.)

By Leonard Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

"Boys, did I ever tell you about the time Gloria—"

WHIRR! Burrr! Boom! Look out, below! The airplane comes so low that men in the war-torn village street flinch, fearful lest its wheels may graze them. All is excitement and tense nervousness, as real as life. Yet this is simply a scene for a big, special film

Photo by Stagg

HOLLYWOOD'S most dynamic personality — the barking, biting, shrieking Von Stroheim plays movie director, *Mr. Von Furst*, in "The Lost Squadron." Wearing his inevitable gloves, carrying his inevitable cane, he and the camera crew watch this tricky scene

Wide World

Handsome, dashing, singing Larry Tibbett and his bride, the former Jennie Marston Burgard. When Larry sings, ladies faint with emotion, but Jennie looks as if she could stand up under the spell of a lower G or two. Lawrence is warbling with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, but don't let that worry you—he'll not give up his screen career

International

One of the cutest pictures ever taken of that cute little trick, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. Having cut short a vacation in France to rush to Hollywood and quash unpleasant rumors about her husband and Marlene Dietrich, she is now a gay member of the colony's social set

DOES Greta Garbo wear artificial eyelashes? That is a question that has intrigued Hollywood as well as millions of her admirers, and PHOTOPLAY has received hundreds of questions on this subject.

Greta's eyelashes are naturally long, but even in public she wears a heavy mascara make-up. Now, that's settled.

The new fad of artificial long eyelashes has hit Hollywood hard. At a recent dinner party, Mrs. Raoul Walsh, wife of the director, who is so good looking that it is certainly gilding a lily in her case, wore them applied so skillfully that it was almost impossible to detect them. At the same party, Hattie Carnegie, famous fashion designer, was also arrayed in a complete set.

WHEN Jackie Cooper appeared with "Our Gang" on the stage of The Capitol Theater in New York, eighteen months ago, his name was not mentioned in the program.

Now he's offered $7,500 a week to appear in person at The Roxy.

WHILE Tom Mix was lying in a hospital between life and death, following his operation for acute appendicitis, the former Victoria Mix, who had secured her final decree of divorce just a week before, was married to an attaché of the Argentinian Embassy at Washington. As Tom had turned over to her about three-quarters of a million dollars she is pretty well fixed financially.

It has always been said that one of the troubles between Tom and Victoria, whom he married when she was working as a cowgirl in pictures, was that she objected to Tom's friends, and the living room which he insisted on decorating with revolvers, guns, steer horns and saddles. Adjoining this she had her own little French salon.

Her wedding was performed in the swanky Tuxedo, N. Y., home of Mrs. Ramos, the former Millicent Rogers, society girl, who also married an Argentinian.

WELL, Clark, you have arrived. Cadiz, Ohio, your birthplace, now prints its post cards with the heading—"Cadiz—birthplace of Clark Gable."

BILLIE DOVE and Howard Hughes are romancing again. They went together for a long while in Los Angeles. Then they seemed to go their separate ways, and Howard was seen beauing Lilian Bond around. Lilian seems to have slipped out of the picture.

Cal York

Announcing—

Seymour doesn't like this snappy model. He thinks that setting hen on the lady's head gives her a rakish look that is not the mode of the moment. But once, Seymour, old boy, that was a darn smart hat. Have you guessed it? An old still of Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly"

Wide World

Take off that swanky lorgnette, Joan Bennett, you're not the Marquise de la Falaise. Sure, your boy friend's name is Markey but that's his real monniker and not a title. This snap was taken just after Gene Markey slipped a sapphire and diamond engagement ring on Joan's finger. The groom-to-be is a writer and used to go places with Gloria Swanson

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!

HERE are some of the names of old-timers working at one of the small independent studios one week, every one of them a former star of considerable magnitude: Henry B. Walthall, Clara Kimball Young, William Farnum, William Desmond, Franklyn Farnum and Priscilla Dean.

DID you hear about the desert house Clara Bow has built herself? Right out near Rex's shack. Only, of course, the house is for both Rex and Clara.

Well, instead of a number (and who the heck wants a number on a desert?) steer horns hang above the door. The house outside is all red and white stucco. There is a huge living room, 46 by 30, with beamed ceiling and red cement floor. The fireplace is granite and gold-bearing ore dug right out of them thar hills.

Back of the living room is another room with a bar and yes, yes, my hearties, it has a rail. It also contains a roulette wheel and—now wait—a slot machine. Gives it atmosphere, Clara says.

Clara and a slot machine. If that isn't a typical Bow gesture!

Upstairs is Clara's orchid and black bathroom and orchid bedroom. The other three bedrooms are downstairs. So are the servants' rooms.

A huge veranda surrounds three sides of the house and the garden is composed of huge cactus plants. The kind that stick when one unexpectedly backs into them. If one is rash enough to back. In the center of the garden is an old Joshua tree over a century old. Well it may have had a dull old time in the past century but what it's in for the next, my, my!

"My desert paradise. My desert of love," Clara calls it. Pretty, don't you think?

AND who remembers when Greta Garbo first came to Hollywood and told an interviewer she'd like to have a room with some nice quiet Hollywood family?

OVER on the RKO lot a movie extra was called out from the mob. "Name," he was asked.

"Creighton Chaney," he answered.

"Well," replied a rather sarcastic assistant director, "it's Chaney, eh? I suppose you were related to the great Lon, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "He was my father."

And the assistant director looked rather silly all that day.

FOR ten years, a tall, swarthy-looking individual has been roaming, rather aimlessly, about Hollywood, doing bits and small parts in pictures and an occasional stage play.

Today he's the most talked of man in pictures. William Henry Pratt (or Boris Karloff, the monster, to you) has certainly rung the bell and has recently signed a long term contract with Universal Studios.

And so it goes in Hollywood. It's the break around the corner that keeps them hanging on.

A BIG show-off was bragging about what a swell movie star he'd make if he ever got to Hollywood. "Well," said a bored eavesdropper, "you might at that, you rat. Mickey Mouse is a hit."

THE prize freak accident of the month occurred on the "Polly of the Circus" set. Ruth Selwyn, dressed all up like a Christmas tree, in a tinsel dress, sat on her horse waiting to enter the ring. A camel nonchalantly strolled up (being a camel he would be nonchalant) and, mistaking the tinsel for sugar, began nibbling at Miss Selwyn's skirt.

Much annoyed (for after all nothing is more annoying than a camel nibbling at one's skirt) Miss Selwyn pulled away her dress, whereupon the camel reached over and deliberately nibbled away a portion of her anatomy that she needed for riding on a horse.

And Miss Selwyn didn't ride horseback for several days after.

A WRITER was talking to Jackie Cooper on the telephone about his meeting Tallulah Bankhead at the party given by Joan Crawford for the specific purpose of bringing these two together.

"And were you thrilled at meeting Miss Bankhead?" she asked.

"Do you mean was Tallulah thrilled at meeting me?" Jackie answered.

MET Marie Dressler on the second of January, 1932.

"How are you?"

"I am still alive," Marie said serenely, reminding us that the soothsayers had foretold her certain death in 1931.

And Marie has always been one of our most ardent believers in the psychic. Has had each month foretold for her.

Well, she isn't quite so ardent!

SIDNEY SKOLSKY tells the story of a chorus girl, quite stuck on herself, who attended a party that Howard Hughes gave in New York.

"I think Howard is trying to make me," said the chorus girl.

"I'm not worrying," replied the boy friend. "It took him two years to make 'Hell's Angels.' "

LUPE VELEZ has a new boy friend. Randolph Scott, Paramount's so-called new Gary Cooper. Now, ain't that fate? The lad comes down to Hollywood, heralded as the successor to Gary, and the first gal he meets is Lupe.

He must be determined to be a *true* successor for one look at each other and Lupe forgot all about Jack Gilbert. Can scarcely remember she knew him.

It's Randolph's eyes. They got her. Oh, me—oh, my, and it was Gary's eyes in the beginning.

However, we're glad it's all happened. It's the first time in months we've seen Lupe really happy. All the worn, sad look gone away. She's more beautiful than since the first days she fell in love with Gary. All because she's learned that very old lesson: It may take a long time but there always comes a day when another man can make a woman forget even the "one and only."

But then, you can't judge all women by Lupe.

POOR Randolph Scott. He's learning about Hollywood with a vengeance. He'd only been there a few days, brought from stock in San Francisco, when he met Pola Negri. Interest at first sight.

Then Pola was taken sick. Randolph met Lupe Velez. Love in a second.

Then Pola got better. He went to see her. She was cool. Lupe heard about it. She was taken sick.

An old hand at the Hollywood game took him aside: "You must learn first of all in this town to tackle one wild-cat at a time, Randolph."

Reverend Gable will now lead the congregation in song. Turn to Hymn two hundred and eighty-nine in the big blue book. But the big blue book in this case is the script for "Polly of the Circus," in which Clark plays the rôle of a minister. Marion Davies is *Polly*, of course, a character you all know, and the two are taking a quick rehearsal before the next scene. Do you think "What-a-Man" Gable is the type to play a reverend?

Ann Harding doesn't like her new contract. She thought she could pick her stories and found she couldn't. She doesn't like her picture "Prestige," but she likes husband Harry Bannister

GRETA GARBO simply stood the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on their heads by her mysterious trip to New York City. And the rest of Hollywood, too.

No one knew she was going. No one knows why she went. But Hollywood thinks it was just another trick of Greta's to prove her independence. She has a contract to be renewed. And just when Metro thinks she's ready to sign she takes walk-out powders.

THE younger sister of a present musical comedy star was given a contract with a Hollywood studio and arrived on the Coast preceded by the usual fanfare of publicity.

Taken to a publicity office, she was asked the usual questions from the printed blank and among them was, of course, this:

"Are you married?"

"No, not married," she replied.

The publicity man, as a gag, asked her the next question, which was:

"Any children?"

"Yes, one," she answered, "but the front office knows all about it."

A PEROXIDE blonde, who was successful in getting a term contract with a major studio in Hollywood as a featured player, was filling out the usual information blank for the publicity department and getting along famously regarding height, age, weight, etc., until she came to a query as to her education.

The kid had never been beyond the seventh grade in public school, and when the question, "Where educated?" confronted her, she decided to put on the dog a bit.

"Educated by a private tooter," was what she wrote. The spelling was her own.

WELL, well, well, Mrs. Clark Gable certainly pays her bills on time. She was in Magnin's shortly after the first of January and gave the saleslady a check to take to the accounting department to see if it checked with the store's figures of what she owed them. She had kept track of her bill and brought in the check before she received an accounting! And was she getting attention! Seven salesladies hovering over her at once. And the customers whispering to each other, "That's Mrs. Clark Gable."

I couldn't help but remember Clark's remark, "And a year ago I could have walked down Hollywood Boulevard munching a doughnut and no one would have paid any attention."—Least of all the salesladies of an exclusive shop.

ERNEST BOOTH, author of "Ladies of the Big House," will never be able to see the picture made from his story because prison scenes are never shown in penitentiaries. He is a "lifer" in Folsom Penitentiary.

THEY have completed the renovation of "Pickfair," the home of Doug and Mary, and there are a lot of nice new bedrooms available for royalty that might drop into Los Angeles from now on.

UNTIL PHOTOPLAY'S story on "The Man That Gloria Swanson Married" appeared in the last issue, Hollywood was very busy with rumors about the bridegroom. And such rumors. His income was $25,000 a year and not a cent over. Gloria was going to have to support him. He really didn't have any social background.

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood office had writers call with *proof* (supposedly) for these wild statements.

Then PHOTOPLAY told the whole story and proved that such yarns came from those who have always been jealous of Gloria.

AND about the same time, rumor was doing away with Adrienne Ames' fabled wealth. "Huh. She isn't the little rich girl she pretends.

"A penthouse in New York. That's the bunk. She's just trying to make the grade on the old gag of a rich-girl publicity."

Then Adrienne went to her penthouse in New York for Christmas.

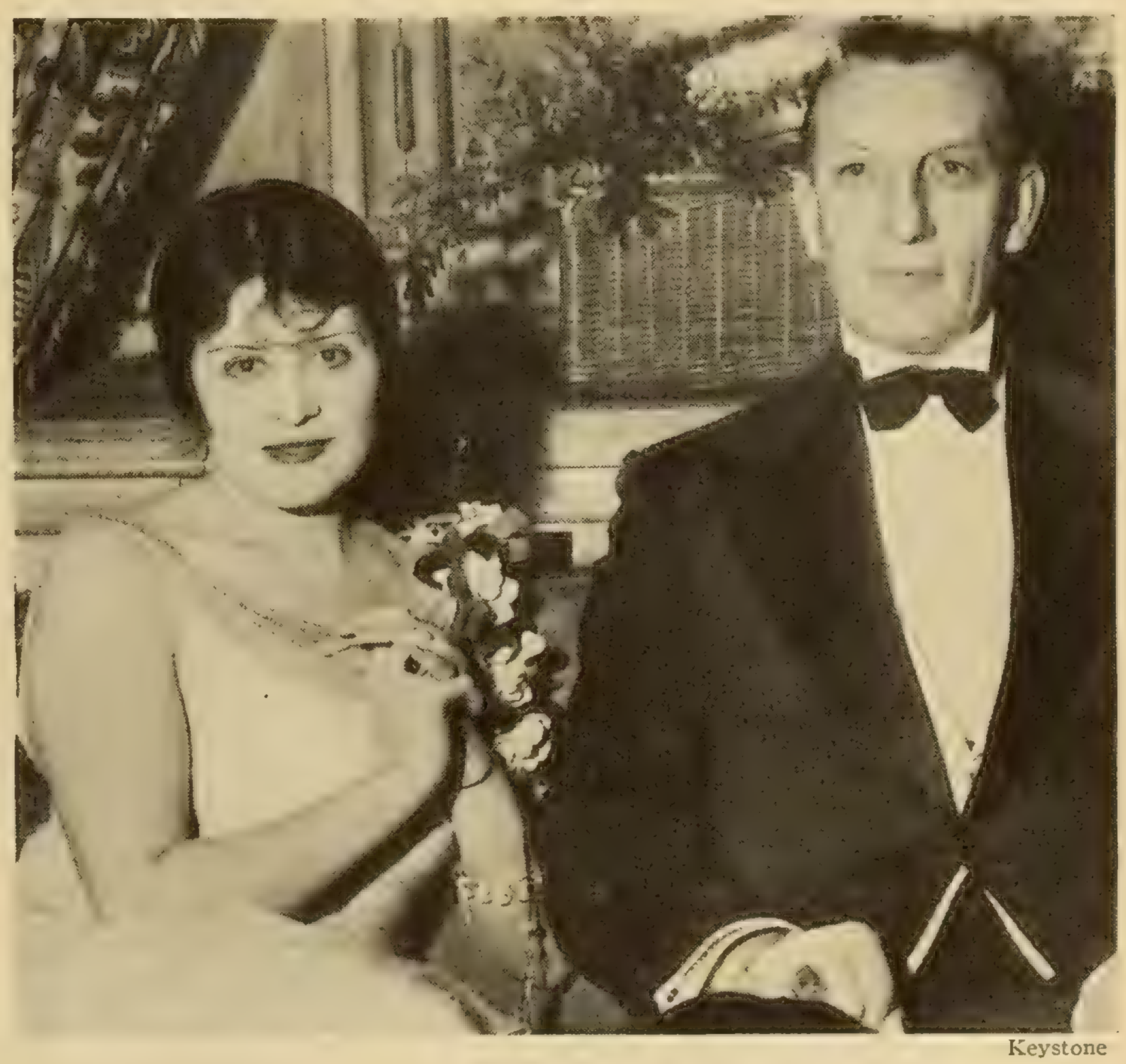
Paramount took pictures and they arrived back in Hollywood.

The gossips gasped. You never saw such a place. Just one little item: A chaise longue cover of ermine on one side and black velvet on the other. Worth enough to pay the expenses of most of the Hollywood gossips for several months.

We don't want to brag but we do want you to read us so you'll get the real truth about these people.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]

Lookee what we found in an old file. What grace, poise, charm! When Seymour saw it he ran screaming from his office and hasn't been the same since. It's Wally Beery as a comic servant in an old picture



Keystone

One of Hollywood's most charming and popular hostesses. The name? Look again. Have you forgotten those eyes? Don't you remember when press-agents said she was born in the shadow of the pyramids and dined on humming-birds' wings? Theda Bara is now content to be Mrs. Charles Brabin and shine in the glory of her husband's directorial light, but you'll hear rumors of her screen return. That's Charles with her

The Unknown Hollywood *I Know*

By Katherine Alber.

WHEN Joan Crawford first came to M-G-M she was more unhappy than Garbo. Joan's unhappiness was within herself and had no external cause. Garbo had a reason for misery. Joan's vague, intangible emotions were later to grow into thoughts. There is no pain so great as that which comes when one first begins to feel an idea wandering about in a hitherto unused brain.

I flatter myself that I saw what was going on in Joan. Although I did not like her at first and disapproved of her in many ways, I knew that within her was a deep well of intelligence and logic waiting to be used. In the years that followed I saw Joan Crawford become a personality.

She was a strange girl—wanting more than life had to offer, but unable to open the door and take it. She thought it lay in the realm of gayety. She found it did not. When she was winning all those dancing cups, she was unhappier than she has ever been (and she has, during her life, been very unhappy).

She went from night club to night club, danced madly for hours and found nothing. It was worse for Joan than most people, since she did not drink. I believe that cabaret habitués are able to keep going because of the false stimulus of liquor.

JOAN never drank. She does not to this day. Therefore, she had to bolster herself up on her own emotions. It is a difficult and a wearing task.

She got out of one scrape only to find herself in another. Always lavish in her generosity, she remembered all of the workers at the studio with gifts. Among them was a set musician. She gave him, like the rest, a sweater and an autographed photo. His wife sued for divorce and named Joan co-respondent. Of course it was ridiculous, but the papers said it with headlines.

It was the second time she had been unjustly named and something had to be done so we, in the publicity department, prepared an answer. The creator of this answer would not want me to tell his name although he should have credit for such a grand retort. Said he—the words were surrounded by Joan's quotes for publication—"I'm tired of being a target for disappointed wives."

Joan was a vivid study in contrasts. So many pictures march across my mind. Joan dancing, dancing, dancing at the Montmartre, the Ambassador, Cocoanut Grove, the beach places . . . Joan sitting in the middle of the floor of her room at a smart seaside hotel making an entire dress for herself without a sewing machine . . . Joan, going into raptures over a flamboyant, beaded velvet hanging (now she prefers the beauty of an old English print) . . . Joan, reading aloud the notes from her boy friends . . . Joan, living on coffee and cigarettes . . . Strange, unhappy, ever-changing Joan.

You see these girls change before your eyes. They come to the screen so young and so unformed that they must crystallize as they work, whereas women and men in other professions and arts do most of their internal growing before giving themselves to the public. The picture public is a witness to all the stark nakedness of mental growth. I should prefer to have my divorces or my affairs of the heart flaunted to the world rather than my thoughts, wouldn't you?

Joan's change from an eager, tragic girl into a lovely woman was everybody's show. Yet it was a lovely thing.

Four years ago when I was visiting in New York a nice voiced young actor called me and explained that he was a friend of Joan Crawford. He suggested that we have tea together. We had it together—with an olive, while he told me of meeting Joan when she was on location at West Point. He adored her but he told me then that she had been perfectly honest with him and had never said she loved him. It was Joan's honesty (sometimes, in those early days, amounting to rudeness) that saw her through the first part of her troublous career.

THE lad I've just mentioned came to Hollywood and made good in pictures. His name is Monroe Owsley and he may now say he and Joan were sweethearts, but she never held out false hopes to him and she wrote him immediately when she fell in love with Doug.

Joan's life, at its beginning a muddled mass of emotions, is now beautiful, but she is not yet through growing. Every time I see her I say to myself, "She has come to the last of her capabilities. She is as good, as a person, as it is possible to be." And then I see her again and some new facet has turned in the light of her personality.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Don't miss a word of these intimate and never-before-told stories of famous stars

How did Lon Chaney achieve the effect of blindness in one eye for "The Road to Mandalay"? You'll find the secret in this story

Ferenc

MICHAEL CURTIZ directs for all he's worth. Star Marian Marsh looks her most beautiful. But it's that old, decrepit camera that tells the final story of this close-up for "Alias the Doctor." Look at the darn thing with its broken jaw bound up in adhesive tape! Yet it always has been and always will be the real god of the set

Eugene Robert Richee

They've found a story for Dietrich. It's "Shanghai Express." Clive Brook is also a passenger. There's love trouble aboard

Clarence Sinclair Bull

Brush it back and there you are. Who but Garbo could get away with that hair-dress? Better not try it yourself

Otto Dyar

BEFORE Maurice Chevalier was ever heard of in America, Bill Hart was one of the best known personalities in the world. Today Hart would give his best pinto to be back on the screen, while Maurice longs for the quiet of private life. They're great pals—these two—and spend days together at Bill's rancho outside Hollywood

A Gallant Mother

"I didn't like you in the last part of 'Over the Hill,'" Mae Marsh's daughter, Mary, told her. "You were too old. But I guess all that work would make anybody look old." And isn't Mary like her mother was in "The Birth of a Nation"?

"Mary really decided me to play the part," says Mae. "She said that none of her playmates at school would believe I ever was an actress because they had never seen me in a picture. And I couldn't let my children down, now could I?"

By Franc Dillon

THE San Francisco earthquake drove Mrs. Maisie Marsh, a widow with six small children, to Hollywood about twenty years ago. There were Marguerite, Elizabeth, Oliver, Mae, Frances and Mildred. A lovely family with no money. No place to go.

Mrs. Marsh heard of a small hotel where she might get the position of manager. "But not with children," she was told. "The owner wouldn't want children around."

She got the job. Nothing was said about the children. She hid them. With threats and bribes she kept them under cover. Until one day the hotel owner dropped in unexpectedly. Six small children scrambled under the desk in the lobby. Six small children drew back into the darkest corner, in an effort to efface themselves. For they had been told about the hotel owner who didn't like children.

And then suddenly the quiet was broken by a small giggle. Just a tiny, little giggle, stifled almost before it was born.

But the hotel owner heard it. Little Oliver was pulled out from under the counter. The man looked at him; looked at the embarrassed mother; sensed her fear of losing her job.

"Hell!" he roared. "I knew you had a child all the time. I want to tell you that after the way you have run this hotel, I wouldn't care if you had ten children. It's all right."

"But there aren't ten," protested Mrs. Marsh. "There are only six." And one by one they were pulled out into sight. She didn't lose her job and managed to keep her little brood together until Marguerite, the eldest, was old enough to look for work. A beauty, she began her career as an actress at the old Belasco Theater.

A few years later D. W. Griffith brought his Biograph Company to California to make pictures during the winter months. Marguerite had no trouble in securing work with him. And little sister Mae went to the studio with her.

"Could my kid sister do some extra work?" Marguerite asked Mr. Griffith. And so Mae's career began.

It wasn't much of a career at first. Mae, recovering from an attack of appendicitis, was thin to the point of scrawniness. She was freckled. Her nose turned up. But extra work and small bits fell her way and were eagerly accepted.

Then came "Sands O'Dee," one of Mr. Griffith's first pretentious pictures, and Mae got her first big chance. Everyone knew that Mary Pickford, the star of the Biograph Company, would play the leading rôle. Mary's heart was set on it and it was an accepted fact around the studio that the part would be hers. But Mary and Mr. Griffith had a trivial argument and to discipline Mary, perhaps, Mr. Griffith rehearsed Mae in the part. She was surprisingly good. In fact, she was very good, and Mr. Griffith decided that she should play the part.

Mary's heart was broken and soon after she left the company.

"I didn't mind so much that Mae got the part," Mary explained later, "but she was so good in it. That hurt."

MAE was always on hand to gather up the crumbs left by other stars and in her hands the crumbs always seemed to grow to huge cakes.

"Home, Sweet Home" turned out to be another success for Mae, another milestone in her career, and paved the way for her greatest rôle, the little sister in "The Birth of a Nation."

Another crumb which had grown to a full sized cake.

Mae's story from then on is too well-known to bear repeating. Her career never traveled along the middle path of success. Her work was always either a sensation or it was dwarfed by a poor picture. And often she was miscast. But it was at the very height of her success that she fell in love with and married Louis Lee Arms, a newspaper and fiction writer.

For a few years she continued her work and then it became necessary for her to choose between a career and her home. Home and children won and Mae became just Mrs. Arms, living in a big, Colonial house on a six-acre estate in the exclusive Flintridge district, high up in the hills above Pasadena.

For eight years Mae stayed in retirement. Three lovely children came to the big house. The little sister of "The Birth of a Nation" was lost in a medley of babies, bottles, nurses, croup, measles and tonsilitis.

Any day she could be found [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

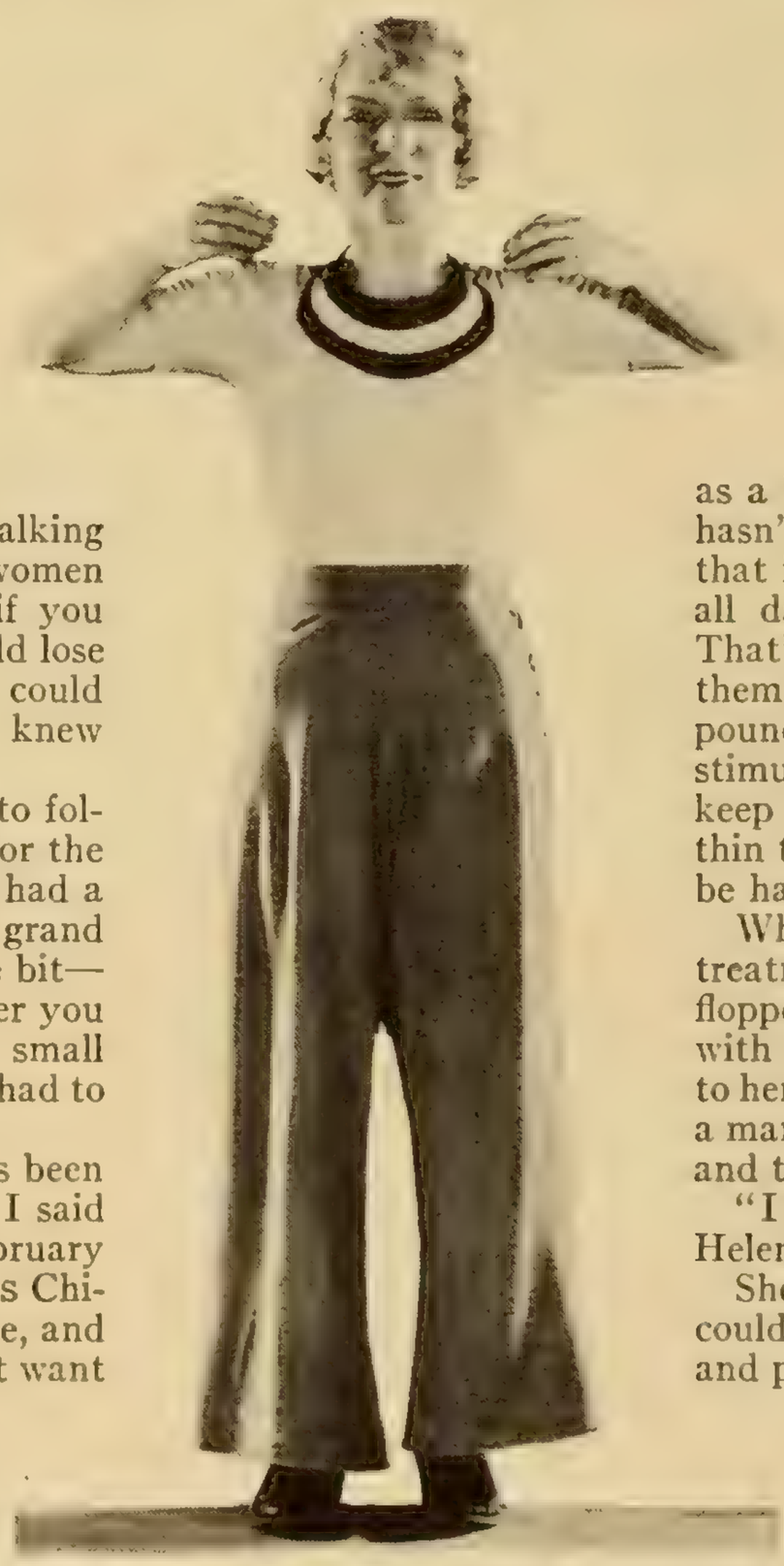
Come On, You Fat Girls!

She made motion picture stars beautiful and kept them in trim. She can do the same for you

Listen To

A—This is the exercise for you fat girls who don't want hips. First you take this position. Stretch the left leg far back, toe pointed. Draw the left leg up and put your weight on it (as in picture B). As you do this be sure that the hips rise in the air. Progress as you move hands and feet

B—Go entirely across the floor, back and forth three times. Do it slowly and be sure that you feel every muscle in your hips pulling, pulling. Gradually increase this until, at the end of ten days, you're walking across the floor six times. This is my own exercise. It is designed to shave off your hips



Underwood and Underwood

C—To develop the bust stand in front of an open window. Push shoulders back. Relax. Raise arms, inhale through nose, counting to eight, palms down. Turn palms inward, draw hands to chest, as I am doing. Straighten arms at right angles to body. Hold breath for eight counts. Exhale, putting arms at sides

I'M ready for your alibis!

Last month I told you that I was talking to just one out of ten of the young women who read my article. I said that if you followed my minute instructions you could lose fifteen pounds. I told the thin girls they could pick up the same amount. Well, what I knew would happen has happened.

Oh, you meant well. You were going to follow the diet word for word. You did it for the first five or six days. And then a friend had a luncheon party and there was a dish of grand creamed chicken and you ate just a little bit—not enough to hurt. And a few days later you went to a tea and you saw that plate of small pastries and they looked so good you just had to have one. And one led to two and three.

You can't kid your Aunt Sylvia. She's been kidded by experts—Hollywood experts. I said last month (and you who missed the February issue may have it by writing PHOTOPLAY'S Chicago office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, and enclosing twenty-five cents) that I did not want those who wouldn't follow my instructions to read my articles. But behind my hard-boiled exterior there beats a heart of gold. I don't know why, but I get to thinking about those poor, fleshy girls who didn't do what I said. So I'm going to give them another chance. But just one! If you don't brace up and make a brand new set of resolutions, I'm through with you forever!

I'm going to cite Helen Twelvetrees as a bad example. She is a dear girl, but she hasn't the ambition to fight flesh. I will admit that it is hard for stars to work at the studios all day and come home and take exercises. That's why I have to be more tolerant with them than I'm naturally inclined to be, so I pound them to get the blood circulating and stimulate them to fight flesh. Stars have to keep thin to hold their jobs. You have to keep thin to hold your husband or get a husband, to be happy and to have good health.

When I gave Helen Twelvetrees the first treatment, she was dead to the world. She flopped down on the bed and tried to vamp me with those dreamy eyes. "Well, baby," I said to her, "it's no use. I might fall for you if I were a man, but I'm only little Sylvia, so up you get and take your exercises."

"I hate to do it, but I suppose I have to," Helen said.

She started off well for about a week but she couldn't keep it up. She is rather a large girl and puts on weight easily.

Now don't emulate Helen's example. Buck up and try once more. But try hard. You can do it yourself but you must have the intestinal fortitude (if I were talking to you instead of writing to you I'd use a stronger word) to keep it up and keep it up and keep it up.

Come on, darlings, be beautiful and lovely and attractive! You can if you will. Give up tasting rich food "just this once." Follow the diet to the letter of the law. Take your exercises. Be

Hey, You Skinny Girls!

Sylvia

Lose or gain *fifteen pounds in one month.* But Sylvia says you've got to help yourself

Lazarnick

"I told you so! I said that nine out of ten would not obey me. And you didn't! I suppose you'd rather go around looking terrible with all that surplus weight. You don't want to be pretty, do you? But I'm going to give you one more chance!"—That's Sylvia

good girls. Every one of you has the makings of a beautiful woman. The framework is there. Come on—snap into it. Do this for Sylvia. Do it for yourself!

Women must fight to be attractive. Look at yourself in the mirror. Your figure looks terrible. Look at that spare tire. That should make you fight! You can be beautiful. That should give you ambition! Step on the bathroom scales. Good Lord, you didn't know you weighed that much! Well, you do. But don't you want to change?

There are two kinds of people. Those who did not follow my instructions and those who did. To those who did I say, "I'm proud of you." Don't you feel grand? The first ten pounds were the hardest, yes? But you're on the right track. You don't mind passing up rich and highly seasoned foods. You've got more ambition. You're light on your feet. People are beginning to tell you how marvelous you look.

You wonder how you ever ate so much. It was worth it, wasn't it? Worth every minute of trouble and work and denying yourself pleasures. You've lost fifteen pounds and you're going to lose more.

I told you I was too busy to answer letters but, since I'm trying to do so much for you, I'm going to ask you to do a favor for me. Write to me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and tell me how I've helped you. Thanks! Sylvia's proud of those who followed advice. The others—let them stay fat if they want to.

As for you others—don't you wish you had listened to me and were now fifteen pounds lighter than you were just a month ago? Shame on you! Well, come on. Get together. Try again. This month it will be different. You know you're a little ashamed that you didn't have the nerve to stick to the routine.

Now I'm going to tell you fat girls how to reduce your hips and I'm going to let you thin girls in on the secret of building up your bust. Also I'm going to give you the anemia diet. Then I'll make it possible for you to lose weight and keep your face from getting flabby. Here goes.

You can take several inches off your hips in a month. I promise you. That body swinging exercise I gave you in my first article, the one you were to do for twenty minutes every morning, was to limber you up, to prepare you for this hip exercise. Therefore you can substitute this for that.

I've illustrated this exercise in Pictures A and B and described the movement in the caption.

It will darn near kill you at first and you'll say, "If ever I get my hands on that Sylvia." Well, if ever that Sylvia gets her hands on you—but never mind. I don't need to get my hands on you. You can do everything I can do for you and better, too.

But don't neglect your dancing. Turn the radio to a peppy band and, with arms above your head, hips swaying from side to side keeping your spine moving, do an old-fashioned two step: One, two and one, two, etc. You can take a good long step at the beginning and hop more than you did last month. Do this for one hour every day [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

D—There are three vital spots on the face that must be stimulated if you want to keep your face firm while you're taking weight off your body. My right hand indicates one spot, my left hand another. The temples are the third. Press the fingers, making them tremble like a vibrator, on these spots

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

☆ *THE HATCHET MAN—First National*

IF he can't be a gangster and knock 'em off with machine guns, he'll join a Tong and be a hatchet man, is Eddie Robinson's answer to the censors. The splendid acting, the novelty of the background, the magnificent sets and the exquisite gowns (both Occidental and Oriental), will hold your interest, in spite of story weaknesses.

Robinson equals his best performance as the Chinese merchant made wealthy by his dearest friend—a man whom he was forced to kill in allegiance to the Tong. His life is devoted to bringing happiness to this man's daughter whom he has reared and married, only to have her snatched from him by a young, Americanized, gin-drinking Chinaman. Loretta Young, lovely in her Chinese make-up, wins new laurels. Leslie Fenton and Dudley Digges are also excellent.

☆ *LOVERS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M*

ONE of those sweet, idyllic stories which make you believe fairy tales may come true in spite of modern sophistication and depression worries. Therefore, very much worth seeing.

Robert Montgomery is at his wisecracking best in this adaptation of "Courage," which he played on the stage. But even Bob's good acting would have made only half-a-picture without Madge Evans. That girl is grand! A vivid personality, if you ever saw one.

It's not a big production and depends upon an old theme —the rich girl who tosses everything overboard to starve with a struggling playwright. But love and good performances make it a safe proposition for a bang-up-evening.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *ARSENE LUPIN—M-G-M*

THE acting is so superb that no one should miss it. For here you have the two Barrymore boys in their first appearance together and at their best. And that, good people, is a real best.

The well-known story of the daring thief who baffles the Paris police is too well known to repeat here and yet it has been sufficiently modernized, with sprightly lines and situations, to keep your interest at a high peak. Certainly there are some weaknesses and a few directorial slips, but when Jack and Lionel are working together you don't care whether the plot sags at the knees or faints away.

John Barrymore is *Arsene Lupin* and that means he furnishes the romantic interest, while medal-winning Lionel dashes off a character performance, as the captain of police, that may have been equalled but just at the moment we can't remember where.

Which one does the best acting? That's a little problem with which to start a family argument on a long winter evening.

Karen Morley, the girl with the Garbo voice, has her splendid moments, but at times she has to work hard to keep up the pace the Barrymores set.

Put this film on your list. You'll be fascinated by it.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ARSENE LUPIN — THE MAN I KILLED
THE HATCHET MAN — LOVERS COURAGEOUS
DANCE TEAM — MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "The Man I Killed"
Lionel Barrymore in "Arsene Lupin"
John Barrymore in "Arsene Lupin"
Jimmie Dunn in "Dance Team"
Sally Eilers in "Dance Team"
Edward Robinson in "The Hatchet Man"
Madge Evans in "Lovers Courageous"
George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God"
Paul Lukas in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 125

☆ ***DANCE TEAM—Fox***

ONCE again the team of Eilers and Dunn hit the bull's- [illegible] this picture [illegible] second "Bad Girl," [illegible] he old story of [illegible] s catches up— [illegible] or a moment. [illegible] imie Dunn, as a [illegible] kids you knew in [illegible] headline dancers, [illegible] er, barker and hot [illegible] then Jimmie, the [illegible] are some over- [illegible] by others in the [illegible] being anything

☆ ***THE MAN I KILLED—Paramount***

EVERY once in a while someone makes a motion picture that is a gem, a beautiful, living poem. And now no less a person than Ernst Lubitsch, director of frothy musicals, has made a touchingly beautiful picture.

The story deals with a young French musician whose soul is constantly haunted by the face of the man he killed in the trenches. Deep remorse drives him back to the man's town in Germany, where he is taken into the man's home by the father and mother who never dream the thing he cannot bring himself to tell.

He falls in love with the dead man's sweetheart who learns his secret and forces him to make the sacrifice of remaining forever in the home as a substitute for the man he killed.

The story is beautifully and simply told. Phillips Holmes, as the Frenchman, gives a grand performance. Chalk up another perfect performance for Lionel Barrymore, as the German father.

Nancy Carroll, as the German sweetheart, brings a quiet naturalness to the part. The whole thing is a powerful preachment against war.

It's a picture that will appeal to those who love a tender, beautiful story. If you must have sex and snap and sophistication, don't see it.

☆ ***MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE—Universal***

ANOTHER shocker with all the time-honored appurtenances—clutching hands shadowed on the wall, the monster menacing the beautiful heroine, the madman with the homicidal complex, yet this famous Edgar Allan Poe story manages to smack of the novel. It is different from "Frankenstein," and if that sent the cold chills up and down your spine, prepare yourself for another thrill evening.

He plays *Dr. Mirakle* and, although folks who like the repressed school of acting will get a little annoyed with his tactics, he is, nevertheless, the perfect type for this sort of film. Score another one for smiling Junior Laemmle, the producer. Score a nice performance for Sidney Fox. And give the ape a hand.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD—Warners

WITHOUT George Arliss this would be mild entertainment. But Arliss' skill is so great that the rather old and, at times, unbelievable situations, are gladly overlooked. The story concerns an embittered, deaf man who, through lip reading and a pair of powerful field glasses, comes to know the needs and problems of the people in the park below. Violet Heming is splendid. See it.

THE SILENT WITNESS—Fox

COURT-ROOM drama in a strangling mystery, with the victim the mistress of a gilded young man whose father attempts to shoulder the blame. It's quite all right, and made more so by Lionel Atwill, stage favorite, in his talkie début. You'll want to see him again. That cockney witness who steals the show is Weldon Heyburn. Greta Nissen plays the loose lady, but hasn't much to do.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount

PHILLIPS HOLMES fits the rôle of wealthy playboy, and Miriam Hopkins is the senator's daughter from South Dakota, who succumbs to the excitement of New York and the charm of young Mr. Holmes. Wynne Gibson, playing the "other kind" of woman, causes the complications. Miriam should have meatier rôles; Irving Pichel has done better; the story's weak. But entertaining, if you're not too critical.

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners

A BREEZY, amusing opus of "The Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Bill Powell, promoter, whizzes his way through a ticklish proposition to the edge of the penitentiary. Being a pretty good character, he only hits the edges. Powell is splendid, as is Evelyn Brent, the girl friend, who would like a home and babies but must take bogus bonds to keep up with her financial high-stepper.

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathe

THE murky setting of a tropical penal colony again accentuates Ann Harding's platinum loveliness, but it doesn't compensate for blatantly careless plot construction. The way in which Miss Harding, as a poised Frenchwoman, is forced at the point of a camera to stand stoically by while her weakling husband goes native, fails both actors and audience and offers only an anticlimax to "Condemned." Exquisite photography.

FREAKS—M-G-M

IF you're one of those who pay admission to the side show and pass up the big circus, you'll like this picture, which is a vivid story of the sordid life of pathetic creatures who have missed part of their physical and mental heritage. Baclanova, who has the part of the beautiful trapeze performer, gives an excellent performance. The freaks were gathered from all over the world for this film.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox

SLOW motion where swift is needed is the trouble with this latest offering of *Charlie Chan*. Detective stories should get away to a snappy start and keep your mind on the run. This lets you walk. However, if you're a detective fan you'll want to watch that excellent actor, Warner Oland, as the famous Earl Derr Biggers sleuth, get his criminal. There's a grand cast to help you enjoy it.

NO ONE MAN—Paramount

THIS is a lavish production of a dull, slow moving story, all about a girl who is bent on marrying three times. The players, including Carole Lombard, Ricardo Cortez and Paul Lukas, more than make up for a weak plot with gay, sparkling performances, while excellent dialogue, sumptuous clothes and smooth direction make you forget how little action there really is. Nice enough.

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount

YOU saw the silent version of this several years ago under the title, "The Goose Hangs High." Despite the sincere efforts of such stars as Richard Bennett, Frances Starr, Charles Rogers, Frances Dee and Peggy Shannon, this just doesn't click. Perhaps the passing of the jazz age has left us a little cold to the pranks of thoughtless youth and sacrificing parents. Charles Ruggles is a bright spot.

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe

SITUATIONS that are different and should have been entertaining somehow go haywire in this potpourri of a New York speakeasy, a Panama honky-tonk and the South American jungle. Neither Helen Twelvetrees, as lovely as ever, nor Charles Bickford, can rise above the inconsistencies of the characters and the trite dialogue. Players as capable as Twelvetrees, Bickford and Robert Armstrong deserve meatier stuff.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount

ANOTHER conversational stage play and not a "moving" picture! With the exception of a few scenes, Ruth Chatterton is not the lovely, wistful Ruth you know so well. She plays the rôle of a woman who is frustrated in her desire for motherhood. Paul Lukas, as the Viennese doctor, is superb. And Robert Ames in this, his final picture, gave the best work of his long career.

SKY DEVILS—United Artists

IT'S been done before — making a comedy of life in the trenches. You've even seen some of the gags! But they're done so well with new faces that even the old ones bring laughs. A good hour and a half of giggles, and a look at some great air stuff is our promise for this one. William Boyd, George Cooper and Spencer Tracy are capably humorous.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]

Claudette, *Your* New

"Buttons are the thing," says Claudette Colbert, pointing to her new brown silk frock. Yes, and that diagonal arrangement is new, too. Clever brown leather belt, Claudette. And did you say your hat is Rodier fabric, stitched? Four sables gave their all for that scarf

Just like a man's lounging pajama suit—but very feminine withal. Claudette wears this for the orange juice and coffee hour. They're yellow brocade trimmed with dark blue silk—isn't that a grand combination? Don't miss the side stripes or the crease on the trousers

Not only a change of costume but of hair coloring, too, it seems. You'll have to see the picture to find out why Claudette does it! Meanwhile, study this lounging outfit — it's a knockout! Coral velvet embroidered in gold thread for both trousers and blouse. Very gay sleeves from the elbow down. This is for more formal leisure

Screen Clothes *Are* Grand!

Don't miss a detail in this exclusive preview of the fashions Claudette Colbert wears in "The Wiser Sex"

Photographs by Shalitt

"Of course this jacket goes with the skirt, silly!" says Claudette. "It's terribly smart to wear a plain skirt with a diagonally striped jacket." It's black woolen, the skirt plain, the jacket finely striped. A black crepe blouse has an Ascot scarf attached. In the circle, note the two diamond clips on her black felt hat. Also the up-in-back roll and eye tilt. This Claudette knows her fashion ABC's, all right!

By
Sara Hamilton

Sara says you don't like clothes, Norma, but if you are thinking of throwing away this lovely new outfit with its black velvet jacket and tricky ermine sleeves, let us know. We'll be hanging around, hoping you might let us in on such new fashion tricks as that white satin dress, creased over each knee like a man's trousers. And those short black gloves —are they the choice of a girl who doesn't care about fashion trends?

NORMA SHEARER is a sensible woman with a giggle. Which should explain a lot of things about the young lady. But probably doesn't.

In spite of everything, she will bite at her nails and walk in her sleep. But not, of course, at the same time. For instance, she never bites when she's walking or walks when she's biting. At least she's pretty sure she doesn't.

And the biting has been reduced, at only Norma knows what cost, to the littlest finger on her left hand. It, however, is practically bitten away.

She always plans too many things to do in one day. And usually does them all. The more there is to do, the happier she is. She is deliriously happy three-fourths of the time.

Clothes bore her to death. Claims she could weep at the sight of them. Nevertheless, she is compelled to give them considerable thought. And has never been known to shed a tear over it.

She takes infinite pains in seeing that every accessory matches. A new dress is permitted to hang in her closet for weeks at a time until she is absolutely certain she has the proper hat or shoes to wear with it.

She visited Paris without buying a single frock and hurriedly snatched off two hats while passing through London. She wears plain, tailored sports clothes that run to woolens and scarfs in the daytime. And plain satins for evening. Her wardrobe is not extensive, but she wears things just one season. And then promptly gets rid of them. In the spring, she sells her last summer's clothes. In the fall, her winter things.

She loves the frilliest and laciest of underwear. But wears only the plainest of pink knit. With no lace. Or no anything. Just plain knit. And decidedly pink, too.

As Norma says, herself, she can't imagine why the report that she wore no brassiere in her picture, "Private Lives," should get scattered all about.

As a matter of fact, she declares, she didn't wear a brassiere in "Private Lives" or in anybody's lives for that matter, but why start a report about it? That's what stumps her. Tch. Tch. Tch.

Luncheons or tea parties during the day bore her to death. Actually

Oh, Miss Hamilton, how can you dare tell such very intimate things about Miss Shearer?

Fie, Norma, don't you go biting your pretty nails anymore. And, is it true that you sometimes walk in your sleep?

Telling on Norma

give her the fidgets, Norma claims. Thinks of all the things she could and should be doing while she sits there.

She loves gay times with friends. But only after six o'clock. And promptly at eleven becomes so sleepy she can't imagine where she is. Or why, even. Comes eleven and Norma wants to go to bed.

She seems, to those who know her slightly, much more gay and optimistic than she really is. For very often, and for no reason, she'll be seized with moods of self-consciousness and imagines no one likes her. And suffers horribly.

Old things have a strange hold on Norma. She has the same studio maid she began with. Years ago. The same dressing-room. While Marion Davies, Garbo and Crawford revel in exquisitely furnished bungalows of four and five rooms, one must climb a rickety pair of stairs to a long row of doors where next to a door marked Miss Greenwood is one marked Miss Shearer. A tiny nook of a dressing-room. The one she began with. And nothing would induce her to change it.

She keeps the same servants. Year after year. And after talkies did away with any need of stage musicians, Norma kept hers. And paid them out of her own salary. So strong is her belief in old things bringing luck, that when she began making "Let Us Be Gay," she moved back to the house in which she lived while making "The Divorcee." She was positive the old house would bring her luck. Otherwise she loathed the place.

Dropping hairpins means losing a friend to Norma. She'll search for hours on her hands and knees for a lost pin. No losing friends if she can help it.

She has a tremendous appetite, but claims food wearies her to death because she likes and eats everything. Is constantly threatening to become fussy about her food so people will fly madly about preparing extra dainties and worry dreadfully. But, somehow, she always forgets about it until she's eaten everything in sight.

AT the studio she has her luncheon sent over to her dressing-room from the executive's table. And never knows what she's having. She says she loves to be surprised. But seldom is. It's usually beans and cutlets.

She postpones drinking her tomato juice until the very last thing because she isn't too fond of it. But molasses cookies she dotes on. No such cookie on the tray, and her whole afternoon is practically ruined.

Norma Shearer is immensely proud of her little son and has grand ideas about him. Thinks a parent's job is filling a child's life with happy fun and gay times together. And not holding on and twining oneself about his thoughts and heart and soul. So that when it's time for him to leave, as they always do, she can reach out a hand in gay, happy fellowship and say, "Best of luck. Your life is your own. Take it and live it."

And, too, she thinks no mother should place a child before a husband. Children always leave. Some time. Husbands seldom, if they're kept sweethearts.

Wise, beautiful lady.

And she is much more beautiful off the screen than on. Her skin is clear and fair. She wears a clean, scrubbed look and an amazing dimple in her right cheek. That doesn't photograph for some provoking reason.

She curls her own hair. Taking long clean strips of cheese cloth and wrapping each strand of hair about the cheese cloth strip until she finally emerges with an amazing mass of cheese cloth ends. Like a platinum-headed pickaninny.

Thirty minutes later each strand [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

When I Faced Death

Our Favorite Cowboy wrote this to his many PHOTOPLAY fans from the hospital

By Tom Mix

THE only thing that hasn't taken place in my hospital room is a post-mortem—commonly referred to as just plain "post," in hospital lingo.

First, I am in all wrong. Am in the right church, but the wrong pew. I don't belong on this floor, they tell me, cause it's clean. I belong on number three, that's dirty. Reason—this floor is for clean surgery and the third, dirty surgery, such as drainage cases. Here's how come I'm here. The night I was unloaded and left on the front porch of this open-all-night physical institution of search and research, they didn't know if I had been kicked by a horse, struck by a side winding rattle snake or listened to the fermenting of the home brew too long.

The night watchman, making his rounds, discovered me and like an orphan left on the door-step, I was taken in and turned over to the research department, which put me through the dipping vats and disinfecting chute, declared me free from hoof and mouth infection or fever ticks and said I could pass the quarantine to the open range and grazing grounds of the research boys, who I could hear grinding their knives and waiting with gurgling, ghoulish glee.

But, about this time, my friend Dr. Smith arrived from his ranch out Malibu way, riding his best cutting horse, to major domo the round up.

He had me dragged to the periscope pen and looked into, and discovered that the old pen-dix had gone plumb wild, quit the home range and was running all over the restricted territory. Dr. Smith marked the spot where he thought he could locate this old rascal, slipped me in a hurry over to the brandin' corral, where Dr. Hutchinson sneaked up behind me and shot a load of sheep dip, or something, in the third joint of my spine, which put all of me from there down out of working order, in order for Dr. Smith to try and get his rope on that galloping pen-dix and bring him into camp. In the meantime, leaving me from the third lumbar up in a state where I could read brands, watch the count and put them in the tally book.

THE boys are all in a corner planning how to drag the range, when Dr. Smith stampeded them out of their covey, using sign language, and the first thing I knew, I was hog-tied by this bunch of Klu Klux dressed up Indians.

I know now why they put on them thar masks and all the fixings around their heads; it's to keep the "Exhibit A," if he don't turn out to be a *corpus delicti* from recognizing them, so he will know which one to shoot first in case he met up with him at some out of the way place.

Dr. Smith takes his favorite bowie, runs his thumb over its edge, consults his Rand McNally, takes a peek at the almanac, sees the sign of the moon is okay and goes to work.

When he had been at it what seemed about four or five hours to me but actually five minutes, I took a squint and I thought I was looking into the Grand Canyon, so I decided they could do the rest without any help from me.

Then all at once I heard Dr. Smith say, "Folks, that old pen-dix has teamed up with another tough *hombre* called peritonitis, and between the two of them they can sure make short work of a boy, once they get him down."

I hear this and says to myself, they may think they'll get me down and stomp on me, but I might fool them.

So, anyway, they took old pen-dix into camp and chased that peritonitis in a corner but he broke out past them. Dr. Smith sent for his old elephant gun and shot him full of holes.

IT looked for a while as if I would cross the range and, after all, the trails I rode had not been so smooth—plenty of cactus and catspaw—as a boy draggin' wood to the chuck wagon helping the cook, horse wrangler, night hawk, cowboy, horse-breaker, wagon boss and foreman. It was a long trail full of thrills, spills and happy-go-lucky, take 'em as they come.

Movies, success, beautiful home, friends, my baby Thomasina. So I looked over the horizon with curiosity, wondering what was there. I had no fear of death. God knows me.

Then I thought of the many things I wanted to do and the looking after of my baby girl, Tommy; the friends and the young folks a-pulling for me, so I couldn't lay down on the job.

That decision being arrived at, I snapped the old jaws together and let them hop to it. Never having been worked on in the region of the belt buckle before, it made me kind of squirmish.

When they sent Tom home from the hospital he insisted on sitting out in the yard to greet "Tony," and you should have heard that pony whinny his happiness after five weeks' separation

OF course, I'd been hungry, had the collera morba when a kid, ate and drank everything that caused a fellow to make resolutions in the middle of the year. But when they started poking around in my equator, like twisting a rabbit out of a hole with a green briar, uncoiling a mile or so of those things necessary to have, I got a-thinking, maybe they wouldn't get them untangled, coiled and hung on the right peg in the saddle house again.

I could see by the expression of the doctor's eyes, (the rest of his face being covered by a mask), that everything was not so good, but I had confidence in Dr. Smith, plus fifteen years of friendship, and knew he would do his stuff.

They sewed me up, using three or four pairs of rubber gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off sticking up out of the wound, which handed me a laugh, for my tummy looked like a rubber plant. Then they have a gag of using pearl buttons, setting them four on each side of the wound and about two inches apart and up, down and across, connected with a draw-string running through my hide, so they could clinch it up tighter any time the saddle began to slip.

This handed me another laugh, for I looked as if I had on a four-button, double-breasted coat, only

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Otto Dyar

No, no, gentle reader. The picture of Frances Dee isn't upside down. But turn it up if you want to. You'll do it, anyhow

She Talked Too Much

By Ruth Biery

IT was the second day on the set of the Maurice Chevalier picture, "Playboy of Paris." Frances Dee, the newly discovered leading lady, was walking downstairs in a gorgeous white gown, under the tutelage of Director Ludwig Berger. Just a week before she had been a merest stock bit player at seventy-five dollars weekly. Now, she was a full-blown leading lady.

Naturally, Mr. Berger was taking many pains with Chevalier's inexperienced discovery. It was necessary. She was pretty, she had charm, but she knew little of pictures. He told her step by step how to descend those stairs so the camera would catch her to the best advantage. She tried it several times. Something was wrong. Finally, Miss Dee approached the director:

"It is because you do not allow me to descend them naturally. A woman in this kind of gown would come down—*thus!*" She ran to the top and started down. The director watched. The girl was right! She was as natural as a butterfly flitting from one bud to another, *her* way.

This story spread on the Paramount lot as rapidly as had the rumor of the quarrel between Lilyan Tashman and Eleanor Boardman! For an *extra* girl on the second day of her big opportunity to tell a director how she should make a picture was heresy, and heresy has always made good gossip.

But she continued to make suggestions and Director Berger continued to listen! Of course, she was riding for a fall. It was inevitable. They waited! Then came the day when he whirled on her: "Sometimes you make good suggestions; sometimes you make bad ones. You shouldn't talk so much!"

There were rumors about this new girl. She didn't seem a bit excited about her success! She took it as calmly as though it were her divine right to be selected by Chevalier. And when Josef Von Sternberg chose her for "An American Tragedy," she took this in the same nonchalant, I-expected-as-much manner.

I remember the day Anita Page took a test for "Red Headed Woman," to be made by M-G-M. We all knew about it. Anita was so excited at the opportunity to make a test for a big lead that she told the entire world! Youth gets excited when opportunity almost knocks in Hollywood. It means so much if it *should* happen. Even older actresses succumb to that. Hedda Hopper was wild with enthusiasm on the day they told her she *might* play Greta Garbo's maid in "Grand Hotel." Marie Dressler was like a child with a new toy when she read the script of "Politics."

AND here was this newcomer acting as though "breaks" were especially ordained for her! Sidney Fox told me when she and Frances were working in "Nice Women": "I wish I could be like Frances Dee. She never gets excited about anything."

This twenty-year-old has a philosophy. She analyzes her emotions and controls them through stern mental training. Most actresses live on the bubbles or the dregs of emotions. They are exalted today with the prospects that glimmer before them. They are in the depths tomorrow, because those prospects have proved to be bubbles.

Frances Dee is assiduously trying to save herself the nervous thrills of the heights [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

I'm Forever Chasing GARBO

By

Leonard Hall

Padded Cell No. 1313
New York State Looney House
June 42, 1819

DEAR EDITOR QUIRK:

Well, Editor, here I am in a nice comfortable cell, picking black-eyed susans from the walls, just as you have often prophesied—and all because Greta Garbo spent a couple of weeks in New York!

I like it here. Napoleon drops in every afternoon for a dish of tea or a friendly shot in the arm, and Cleopatra is a great pal of mine—we are raising asps in our spare time. Believe me, Editor, the peace and quiet of this place is swell after what I went through running the Stockholm Baritone up alleys and over spiked fences while she was in New York. "Scoop" Hall, your demon reporter, did his stuff for PHOTOPLAY, all righty, and if it landed him smack in the booby hatch, he got the story for you and our 500,000,000 readers.

And here it is!

I was enjoying my usual afternoon snooze in the back room of Tony the Boot's when the alarm bell, which I always carry in my vest pocket, clanged loudly. Hurriedly pulling on my rubber boots and clapping my chief's helmet on my somewhat addled noggin, I rushed into the street in all directions.

"Pst!" psted Sleazy Joe, my stool-pigeon. "Greta Garbo's in town. She's registered at the St. Moritz Hotel as Mrs. Gussie Berger." And with a last "pst" Joe dove into a nearby man-hole.

I was off, like a shot, to the St. Moritz—a new and fancy hotel, of some hundreds of rooms and 12,000 sunken baths, that smiles down on the southern fringe of Central Park.

It was true! Garbo was in New York! Hastily assuming my Disguise 22, "Visiting Scientist," consisting of a red Van Dyke beard and shiny pants, I was ready for duty.

Then, Editor, began the maddest, merriest few days that ever blistered the life and singed the soul of a great reporter.

I had to be sly, for newspapermen were as thick as flies in a livery stable. Walter Winchell, the noted Broadway columnist, disguised as The Archbishop of Canterbury, pottered about the lobby, demanding an interview on the Religious Aspects of the Soviet Five Year Plan. No dice—not even acie-deucie. Garbo turned him down cold. His ego painfully fractured, he hobbled to his typewriter and spanked her mystery in burning print.

But not "Scoop" Hall! He remembered your orders—"Bring back that story or else do a double-back-jackknife off the Empire State Building!" I stuck to it, Editor! "Garbo or bust!" I said grimly.

"Mrs. Gussie Berger"—egad, Editor, what a name for the Swedish Rose!—was in that there hotel! And I would run her down!

I buttonholed the help. One bell-hop, who had been inspecting the keyhole for mice, admitted, with the help of four bits, that he had heard Garbo sneeze. An elevator man, goose-greased with a dollar, said that he had heard The Great White Silence say "Yop" or "Yup," he couldn't remember which.

FIERCE reports came to the corner of the hotel lobby where I lurked, now disguised as a syringa bush.

Garbo, hiking in the park for a breath of fresh air and cinders, had been set upon by a mob of ten thousand, who had pulled out all her hair for souvenirs. Garbo had been shopping on Fifth Avenue for a second-hand tweed topcoat. Garbo was selling apples at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Garbo had been seen at a famous night-club in Harlem, talking Hoch Swedish and Ordinary Mississippian with a Senegambian banjo-twanger.

I jumped on my raging red motorcycle and ran these rumors down, other and feebler reporters puffing and cussing in my wake. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of that old coat going over a high fence, and heard a sneering voice mutter "Ach,

"Scoop" Hall, greatest living authority on the Stockholm baritone, writes from padded cell about Garbo's New York visit

ILLUSTRATED BY

RUBE GOLDBERG

Nurtz!" but it may just have been the goofy, ga-ga imagination that finally landed me here.

Then came the night she went to the theater, and—well, Editor, I guess I owe you an apology for that one!

FOR go to the theater she did, with a gent'man friend. The play was a giddy comedy hit, "Reunion in Vienna," and there was Garbo, all decked out in a green frockie and stealing the show from the actors, who were pretty put out, I can tell you! The fact is, I learned this from my pal, the gal who sells peanuts between acts. I happened to be sitting up with a very sick friend that night, and somehow I just missed her. As I galloped up to the playhouse on "Silver King," my pinto hoss, Garbo had just left in an auto-gyro and mounted coppers were massaging the scalps of the huge mob with their nightsticks. But I darned near had her that time, Editor! Why do friends get sick to be sat up with?

Then came the greatest break of all! It happens that one of my pals is the smartest girl press-agent in New York, and among her accounts is a beauty shoppey run by one Louis Parme. Well, there had been some comment about a Mrs. Gussie Berger who was coming up there to get her wool rubbed and shredded. "Looks like an old-maid school-teacher!" commented one of the help—her name was Heloise or Gert.

My press-agent friend took one quick look, and—oops! You've guessed it, Editor! It was Greta, the Guttural Goddess, and none else!

There she sat, with her bib on, getting a good going-over, having tight curls put in her back hair that, when combed out, would become the familiar Garbo hair-arrangement. Well, then the shoppey *was* in a fine dither! Garbo wore black stockings, a long, shapeless tweed coat, a white turtle-necked sweater that came right up to the chin, a skull cap and dark goggles. When she went into the street again she looked like a sun-blinded student of Anglo-Saxon on her way to the public library! And about all she said, while in the shoppey, was "Bleeze close dot gurtain!" whenever the little maidens rallied round for a free peak at divinity with its hair down.

And—well, Editor, I might as well confess that I missed *that* one, too. You see, Mother had sent me out to get one of these Wall-Eyed Pekes, and by the time I had stolen the brute, sneaked it home, and rushed to the shoppey, Garbo had, as they say, taken it on the lam. But you can see I was in there fighting, Boss!

And so it went. I picketed the hotel, acted as porter and room-clerk, went upstairs on trays disguised as a tomato juice cocktail. But somehow I never quite got delivered to Gussie Berger.

One morning I went up to the manager and said brightly, "Well, and how is my old friend, Mrs. Berger!"

"MERCIFUL heavens, Professor! Haven't you heard?" asked the horrified Boniface, Mon. Godfrey Taylor. "Why, Mrs. Berger left for Hollywood last night to get a job as Greta Garbo!"

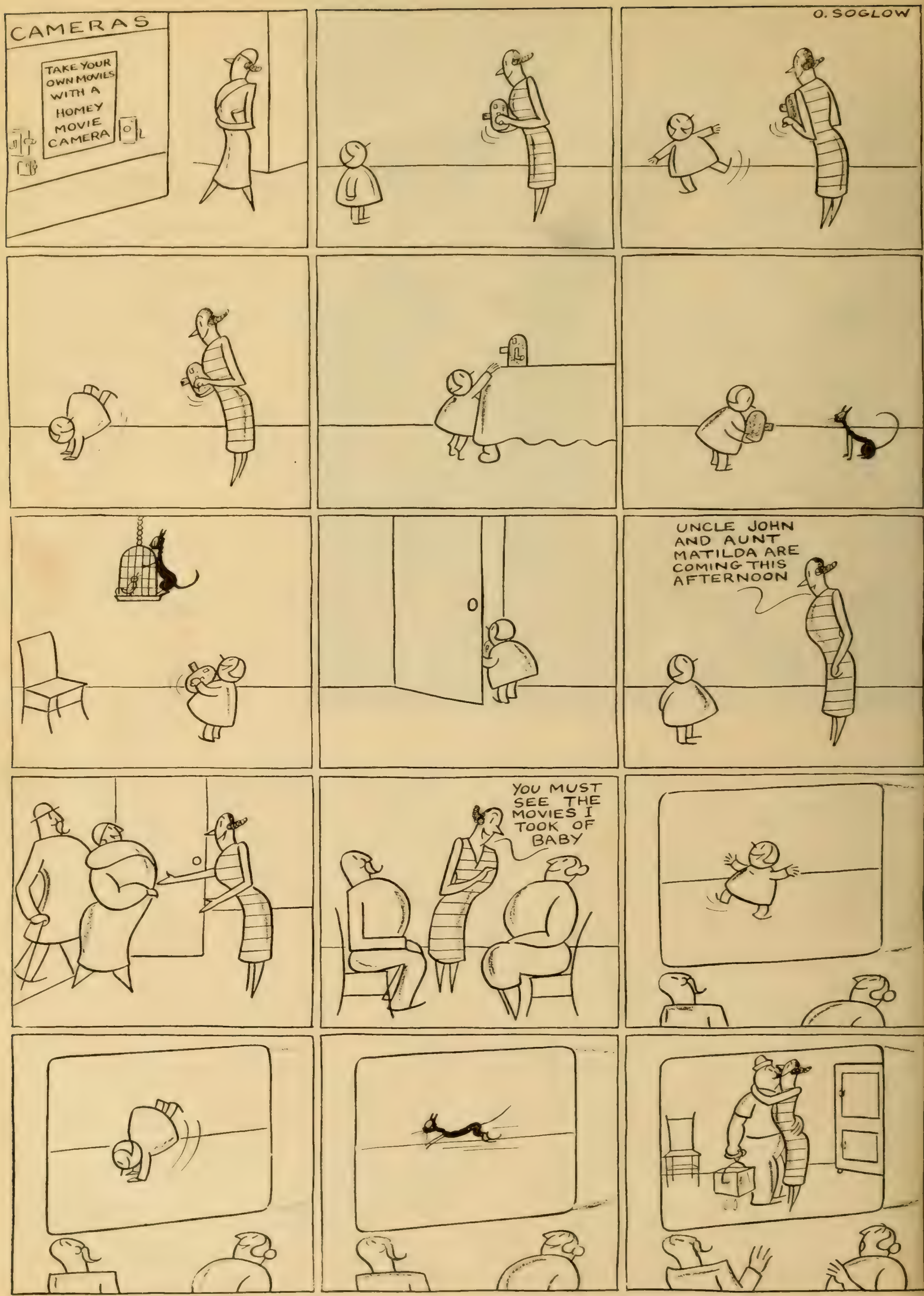
Then it was that I went cuckoo. I hurled the manager into a fountain, frightening fifty goldfish to death. I kicked and screamed. The next thing I knew a man in white was saying, "Take it easy, brother!" And here I was, and still am—playing pinochle with a couple of Julius Caesars and unsuccessfully counting my fingers.

So "Scoop" Hall missed—just by an eye-tooth and a couple of molars. But he got the story for you, Editor, the story of Greta Garbo in New York as Mrs. Gussie Berger. My rep as one of the greatest reporters of all times is still unsullied.

Hoping you are the same, Editor,

I am still your famous reporter,

LEONARD HALL


CAMERAS
TAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES WITH A HOMEY MOVIE CAMERA
O. SOGLOW
UNCLE JOHN AND AUNT MATILDA ARE COMING THIS AFTERNOON
YOU MUST SEE THE MOVIES I TOOK OF BABY

White is Favored in "No One Man"

MUCH of the action of "No One Man" takes place in Florida, so Carole's clothes make an excellent forecast of what you will be wearing this summer. Below, the bathing suit is the new two-piece style of shorts and brassiere. The cape is a nice variation of the beach robe—in white jersey trimmed with balls of yarn.

WHITE is big in fashion this year—for daytime or for evening. Circles of brilliants are cleverly embroidered in a scattered pattern over this white crepe romain gown that Carole Lombard wears above. Don't miss that bodice detail. The front is designed so that two pieces of material cross in front, cross again in back, and tie in front. Very unusual. The back decolletage is extremely low.

IMAGINE a dazzling white jacket of seed pearls and brilliants, topping your black crepe evening gown. That's what Carole Lombard is wearing on a warm Florida night in the picture above. The waist-length jacket fits snugly.

THERE'S FASHION NEWS IN HATS, SLEEVES AND NECK-LINES THIS SEASON

PORTRAIT of a young lady waiting for the first warm day to wear a new suit! This one of Miriam Hopkins' is cut on simple, tailored lines, but looks feminine. Probably because the tweed is woven in a soft, irregular pattern. A small rolled turban, in the same black-and-white tweed, has a piece of ribbon tied in front. Note that the jacket is belted and has pockets. Trick flare on those hand-sewn gloves. Seen in "Two Kinds of Women."

THIS white silk blouse should never be covered by even the best looking jacket. Miriam Hopkins wears it under the suit I described above. Don't miss two big details you'll be seeing on both frocks and blouses. The neckline tied high with a big bow. And full sleeves caught in at the wrists by smaller bows.

THE whole design of clothes is simpler, and trimmer. Less period stuff —and more really wearable things. You'll notice this trend in new screen costumes, especially. Feminine details still linger because they are becoming. For instance, this collar on a black crepe dress worn by Miriam Hopkins in "Two Kinds of Women." It's organdie, all done up with little flowers and a big bow. The same flower idea is repeated on bell sleeves. Cire ribbon, finely shirred, makes a smart turban trim, I think.

— Seymour —

MORE collars and cuffs—seems to be quite a rage, doesn't it? Our smart friend, Lilyan Tashman, uses crisp Irish lace for collar and cuffs on her black silk jacket frock. Those short sleeves are on her jacket. Note how simple in line her dress is. Black and white is being worn by our smartest stars.

HERE'S a tip on your Easter bonnet. It can be small, like Evalyn Knapp's, have a feather sticking up at the side or in back—and be a combination of rough straw and felt. This one is blue—one of the first spring colors. Don't forget the tilt!

ORGANDIE and bows again! It looks like a screen fad. Organdie is a nice contrast for black satin, too, as worn here by Loretta Young.

YOU can hardly tell whether a dress is knitted or crocheted these days. Crochet stitch is up in fashion and this sports frock Lilian Bond wears is a smart example of it. Black and white contrast is used effectively.

WHITE with a color—and what better than red? This silk sports frock Lilian Bond is wearing, below, lets a red bordered collar serve for sleeves. That surplice fold is clever. Note the red pocket and sash—also the straight silhouette. Nice outfit.

Personal Appearance

"Li'l Gawgia" Gets

White Studio

Can this be the same girl who is putting on the hot-cha-cha look to Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll, etc." on the opposite page? "Nope," you say. And you're ready to lay your last, tattered, gilt-edged bond on that

The startling rise of Miriam Hopkins from a scrawny ingénue to a girl who's got everything

By Al Hughes

AS ONE who knew her when, during the days of her mere ingénuehood—and there never was a merer one!—I'm convinced that "Li'l Gawgia's" sudden flare-up and flame has been one of the most astonishing in picture history.

If you were to ask me—please be a pal, and do!—who has made the longest, fastest strides in talkies during the past year, I shouldn't think for a minute of the bigger and gaudier shots.

I'd pass by Gable and Robinson and Cagney, fine though they are, and I'd vote, in a loud, hog-calling, carrying voice for Miriam Hopkins!

Hardly a year ago—with all due respect to the darling—Miriam Hopkins was just another rather skinny blonde child mugging for the camera. As one old film-hound to another, I couldn't see that she had any more screen future than an Easter bunny.

Then, almost overnight, the moth turned butterfly. Today she is a lovely, voluptuous and practically vicious picture-stealer—a dangerous threat to any star in whose celluloid opera she appears. Don't be surprised if by the end of 1932 her name shines in bigger and brighter lights. She's come fast and she'll go far.

Why? Miriam Hopkins suddenly, miraculously acquired glamour—that mysterious, magnificent quality that is vital to outstanding screen success.

And how? Lawsy me, chile, if I knew I'd be getting five grand a week from the movie moguls instead of crouching over a one-lunged typewriter yarning about the darlings of the gods!

BUT get it she did—and if we poke about in the minor drama of her young life before fame's lightning struck her pretty blonde noodle, we may find a couple of clues.

It's worth it. Anybody who can come as close as "Gawgia" did to yanking a picture out from under Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant" is worth a right smart spell under any microscope. If we could find the answer, you and I and Maisie and Joe could rattle out to Hollywood in the old Ford and collect our million.

I first clapped an eye on Miriam Hopkins in the first great Irving Berlin girl show, "The Music Box Revue." But I didn't know it, really. For Miriam, just up from Savannah with an accent you could cut with a butter-knife, was a chorus girl. No—sort of a super-chorine, for in that show one song number was trilled by "Eight Little Notes"—eight delectable blondies whose names were Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti and Do. Whether "Gawgia" was Mi or Fa, or one of the two Do sisters, I can't tell—but now that she's in the big picture money, I have a hunch she was one of the Do girls.

She was pretty, and cunnin', and about nineteen—and if she was a bit on the thin side, why, the bald-headed row liked 'em slender in '22!

Glamour!

It wasn't long till Miriam battled her way from the chorus into the legitimate drammer, and her life as a mere ingénue began on Broadway.

Never shall I forget, mates, the time I saw her make her party bow in her first big part. Manager Arch Selwyn had imported a translation from the German called "The Garden of Eden," and for those modest days—back in '25 or '26—it was a right snappy piece!

The leading feminine part was that of a modern girl, a little in the daring line, and the climax of Act II—the sensational sock that was to set the customers to rolling and howling in the aisles—was when the young lady tore off most of her clothes as a gesture of defiance to the villain, and stood before him in her teddy-bear (or whatever the darned things were then) and her armor of girlish innocence.

That was Miriam's part. I, as a critic, squatted pop-eyed in an aisle seat. The moment came. "Gawgia" ripped off her evening gown, and what did the great revelation reveal? Why, a skinny, little tousle-head with undeveloped shoulders and arms and positively scrawny legs. The great moment was a total dud—the luscious heroine stood revealed as a bony hop-pole, and with no more allure.

I relate this shuddering episode because it furnishes the key-note to the Miriam Hopkins that was. No appeal, no richness—in short, no glamour! I'd have bet my studs that "Gawgia" had no future at all in show business. "The Garden of Eden" died the quick, painful death of a perfect flopperino on Broadway—and Miriam Hopkins was off on her trying career as a flop actress!

OH, she got a good part now and then, and played it well enough. But shows died under her and people had a dismal way of saying, "Oh, yes—Miriam Hopkins. Pretty little thing! Darling accent!" That about let little Miriam out, in her pre-glamour days. Competent enough, pretty enough—but no peppo, none of the old dash and derring do, no spizzerincktum, none of the stuff that turns a diffident daisy into a full-blown rose.

I used to see her at parties, now and then, and we laughed and joked together over other times in the theater. And when I was on my way home alone I used to muse on the strange Fate that put a tousle-headed, little blonde Southe'n gyurl into the theater without the natural equipment to make her shine above a faint, feeble glow. How much labor I might have saved my muser, in the face of the Hopkins of today!

So she went her very modest, rather unsuccessful way. She married Austin Parker, the writer (they've separated since, by the way). And then the talkies called—as they have had a way of doing since 1928, The Year of the Big Microphone Blight, as we old geezers call it.

With no fuss, no feathers and no praise, "Li'l Gawgia" debutted in Paramount's "Fast and Loose,"—born on Long Island and died all over the nation.

I cast a bilious eye upon it—and so did a good many others. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

But yes, indeedy, that conventional baby on the other page is none other than Miriam Hopkins as she appeared a few years ago on the New York stage, shortly after she had said good-bye to the peach blossoms of Savannah, Ga.

He Won't Argue

By Sara Hamilton

But try to get Walter Huston to do anything he doesn't want to do

WALTER HUSTON was at a famous banquet in New York not so long ago and his turn to speak came directly after a famous aviator's. The aviator had succeeded in flying over the greater part of the globe and had done a wonderful job.

He spoke at length on his achievement and the applause at the end of his speech was deafening.

Then Huston's turn came. He stood there, head a little on one side—you know how he does—and looked about. Finally he said, "I'm out of place here. I'm an actor. Not a doer. I'm a man with a talent. A talent which was not even achieved. It was given to me. I am a man who merely gives imitations of men who do things. Who achieve things. In this world."

And darned if he didn't sit down. It simply stumped them. For Walter Huston was one of the most famous men in New York. Acclaimed by men like George Cohan, Eugene O'Neill and every New York critic.

Only last month Ring Lardner was telling a friend about Huston's speech. "I'll never forget the amazing simplicity of that statement," Lardner said. "It left us all thinking."

But here's the funny thing about it. Walter Huston didn't make that speech through any sense of modesty. I doubt if he has five cents worth of modesty along those lines. Neither did he make it for effect.

No. Walter Huston saw the truth, knew the truth, and spoke the truth.

He's an actor. He imitates other men's deeds, he says other men's words, thinks other men's thoughts. That's his job.

And you can beat the drums, and blow the bugles and throw the confetti all you want.

You're not fooling Huston. You might as well take your confetti and go home. Nobody is clouding the issue for this man.

He wants the truth of everything. Not just what he thinks. He'd be the first to tell you that isn't always the truth of things. Or the way you think, either. It's what actually is true.

Especially about the characters he portrays.

GEORGE COHAN was talking to a friend about Huston. "Grandest guy I ever met," Cohan said, "but say, did you ever try to get Huston to do a thing he didn't think was the right way? About playing a character, I mean. I insisted that Walter change a certain character around a bit. Add a little more theatrical color, and so on. Huston listened carefully to everything I said. 'Sure, George,' Walter said. 'I'll try it that way.' And he did. That very night. But the next night, darned if he didn't go right back to playing it the way he saw was true.

"No words. No arguments. That's Huston."

He's an athlete, this Huston. Swims, boxes; swell hockey player. Can do most anything they ask him to do along those lines.

Even to cracking long South American whips.

But he hadn't ridden much when he came to Hollywood to play the rôle of *Trampas* in "The Virginian." And the cowhands didn't feel too good about one of these New York stage actors coming out to play a cowboy. And then, in one of his very first scenes, he was to ride a horse to the top of the hill, singing and puffing a cigarette as he rode.

At the top of the hill he was to turn the horse quickly about and go on with his singing.

WELL, he made the hill all right, puffing and singing, but at the top he swung his horse too abruptly and the horse dropped.

Still in the saddle, never missing a note or a puff, or showing the least concern, he got his horse to his feet and nonchalantly finished the scene.

And so easy, so natural was the whole thing, that they shot it exactly as it happened.

The director was amazed. "How come you didn't forget to sing, or fall off or something?" he asked.

Walter just looked at him. "Why, a fellow like *Trampas* wouldn't have done any of those things, would he?" he asked.

You see, as usual, he was playing his character true. From the inside out. Not the outside in. He was *Trampas*.

He reacted exactly as *Trampas* would have.

And you never saw as many horsehair belts as those cowboys kept making for "this here New York feller."

He was playing golf with a friend just before he played the district attorney in "The Criminal Code." Finally the friend stopped and said, "For God's sake, Huston, quit barking at me. You're not a district attorney yet."

HUSTON is a Canadian. Born in Toronto. He joined his father in the contracting business, but he soon saw he wasn't fitted for it. So he went on the stage. Playing in stock and vaudeville.

And finally made the Great White Way even whiter.

We were talking the other day about an actor that had put up a row about his salary.

His $2,000 or $2,500 a week wasn't enough.

"You know," Huston said, his head on one side and an earnest light in his gray eyes, "here we are, a bunch of actors in Hollywood. Sitting on top. While all about us is grief. Want. Depression. Where we ought to be, those of us who have, is on our knees before God Almighty. In thanks."

Now how do you figure a guy like that?

"Where we ought to be, those of us who have, is on our knees before God Almighty, in thanks"

OLD Maestro Ernst Lubitsch and cigar view the set from atop the biggest camera crane ever built. This amazing toy weighs many tons, can be managed by the pressure of a finger and was used for the trick shots in "The Man I Killed"

It's All Done With Scissors

IT ("Mata Hari") begins with Greta Garbo dancing, very badly indeed, in leggings and something that looks like a pillow on her wiggling rear.—*Time.*

"THEY (the stars) find they can have both babies and a career simultaneously; their public is sticking. When fans approve of an actress they imitate her, so watch the country's birth rate from now on. It's going up."—*Billie Dove.*

"THERE was a time when everything thrilled me. . . . But no longer can I, for example, go downtown to a store shopping and lose myself in the throng—and you'll never know what it means to be deprived of a pleasure like that."—*Norma Talmadge.*

WE believe, with the correct casting, Cagney's popularity could equal or overrun Gable's this 1932. The lad isn't tall, isn't handsome, isn't romantic. He's cute, and he has a grand sense of humor, and he's one swell actor.—*N. Y. News.*

THE chronic film picture of Mickey Mouse shows unmistakable symptoms of a paranoidical dementia on the part of his creator. A diagnosis of the thin-legged, hydrocephalic, astigmatic and neurasthenic Mickey Mouse proves in the first place troubles of feeling in the sphere of vision and hearing, an ailment commonly known as the delusion of the senses. —*Der Querschnitt.*

"AFTER ten years in pictures, the best years of my youth, I feel that screen acting is stifling to a man of ambition."—*Ramon Novarro.*

PEOPLE engaged in motion picture production work as hard as those in any industry in America. In about seven out of ten cases they work longer hours than do those employed in any other line. More actual creative effort is required than in any other profession or business. More careful, scientific regulation of habits of eating, sleeping, exercise and recreation is required than in almost any field imaginable.

I speak as a trained newspaper observer who has watched the operations incident to the production of motion pictures for more than ten years right here in Southern California. I speak as one who has written originals and scenarios, produced and directed pictures, and who has equal opportunities today with anyone to observe the routine of every studio in Hollywood.—*Leo. Meehan in Motion Picture Herald.*

IT is not surprising that the movies used to inspire all the pretty waitresses of Keokuk and Kankakee to hie for Hollywood. Did they not recognize their types in many of the stars and featured players of a few years agone? Talking pictures probably have done more to stabilize the restaurant business in the Middle West than anything else in recent years. When the waitress hears Ruth Chatterton or Ann Harding she recognizes a type she cannot imitate and sticks to her job. —*L. A. Times.*

JOAN BENNETT: The stars portend no marriage for her in 1932, nor in the coming few years. Nor is there, in 1932, any sign of an important romance.—*Darcos, Hollywood's Fortune Teller.*

"CHAPLIN, born a cockney in a city of caste, is the one person who can see nothing funny in his own antics. Too keenly has this debonair ornament of society felt his part."—*N. Y. Times Magazine.*

THE legend of Garbo is greater than she is. That is the difference between Garbo of yore, who was great enough to start the legend, and Garbo today. Her hold on her public, or on a new public caught up in the legend, is, of course, unquestioned, but, as I have hinted before, there will come a time when even the legend will not be able to carry her through. She is still fascinating enough as a screen personality, but there is not enough technical variety in sight to overcome the monotonous beat of her voice.—*John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.*

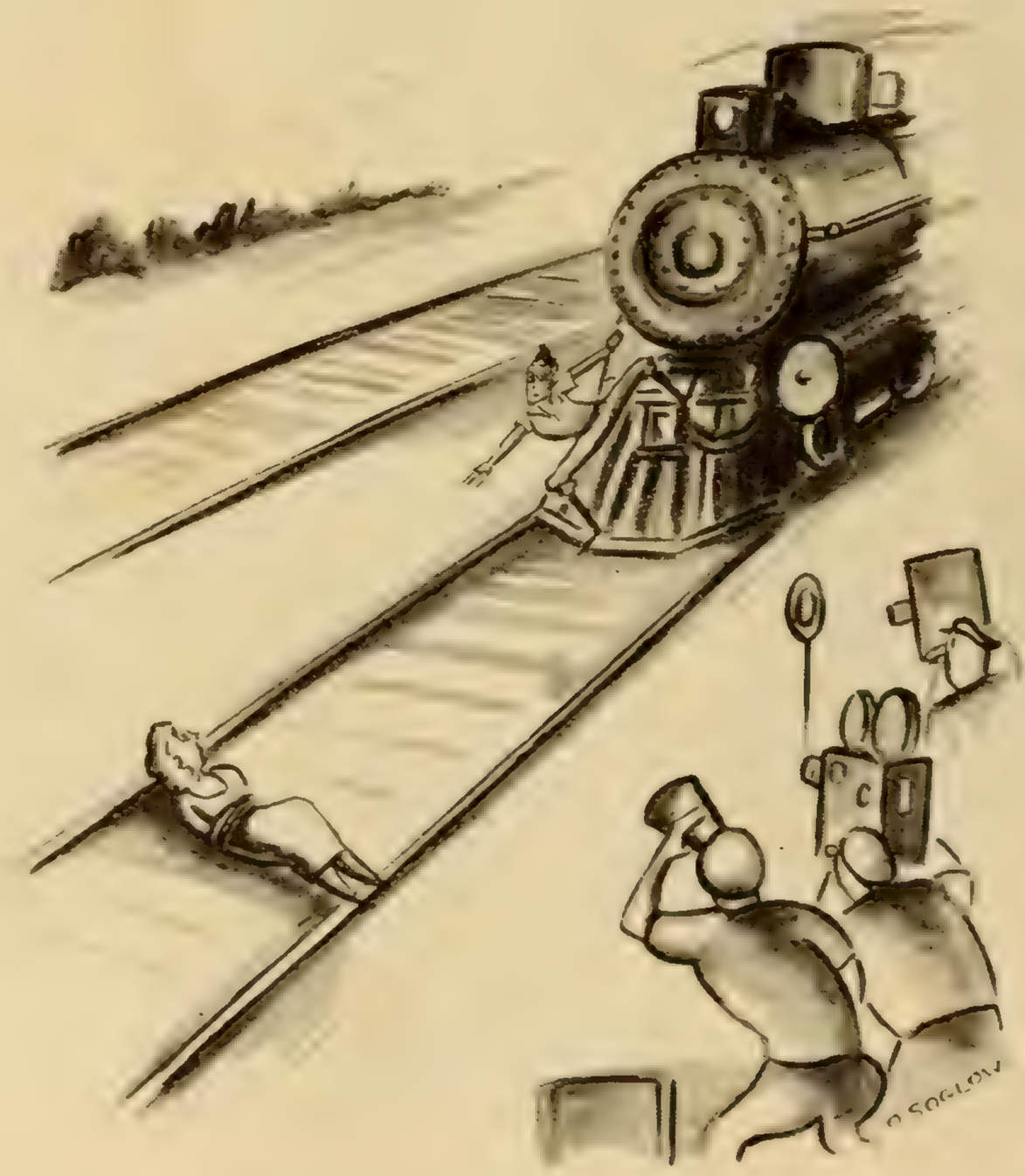
"I CONSENTED to rôles that I knew couldn't augment my draw at the box-office. I accepted directors who had never worked on a picture before, permitting the studio to cut down on expenditure on films already sold to exhibitors. Believing promises of great treatment in future films, I agreed to play parts of secondary importance."—*Buddy Rogers.*

SYLVIA SIDNEY is a distinctly new type as a screen star. Pint sized, cute, her little grin is by no means all that she has. She is an excellent little actress, in dialogue as well as out. Dark, sensual, she may be the proper relief for a public fed up on beautiful, blonde-white goddesses.—*John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.*

CONSTANCE BENNETT is afraid of any and all kinds of insects! That, I believe, is an informative sentence that will leave the civilized world literally gasping for its breath. She manages to keep under admirable control a stupendously emotional nature which when aggravated takes vent in an oratorical form rather than by gesticulations.—*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Vanity Fair.*

BY an axiom of the stage and screen, which asserts that when a villain makes an audience hate him he is a great actor, young Jackie Searl can be judged a capable performer, despite his years. Reports from theater men who have shown "Skippy," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and others in which Jackie has been the tattletale, cry-baby little pest, state that spectators, in lobby talk while leaving the theater, have voiced their desires to give that child a good, sound spanking. — *The New York Evening Post.*

MOVIE studios in Hollywood are now trying to regulate love. If the studio doesn't like the girl their big male bet is running around with, they threaten to break his contract.—*N. Y. News.*



Director: "Spit out your chewing gum"

THERE are only two pawnshops in Hollywood. And neither will give an actor a penny on his scrapbook.—*N. Y. News.*

"YOU know how it is. There are some things people just don't care for—pet aversions like spinach, sunburn, girls who giggle, sand in your shoes. Me, I just don't care for Hollywood. I'm trying to be honest about it, but nobody will understand."—*Barbara Stanwyck.*

"I'LL have to make another million to get in the state of mind where I can consider I can afford to get married again."—*Tom Mix.*

YET Gloria, one of our foremost stars, who proved in "The Trespasser" that she could handle the heavier meller and make herself mighty popular in the doing, continues to fiddle and twiddle while Rome (her career) burns.—*The Chicago American.*

YET Santa Claus, I fear, in an effort to get "Sooky" to us as a Christmas toy, neglected to wind it so that it would run as well as it might have. "Sooky," you see, will please the kids, whereas "Skippy" and "Tom Sawyer" pleased all ages.—*The New York Times.*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Loretta Goes Oriental

And here's the finished job. Good work, Perc Westmore. Loretta Young could fool us into thinking she was the mandarin's daughter

Intimate portraits of a smart, young, American girl being turned into a Chinese woman. Working time, two hours! Discomfiture, pretty heavy! Patience—a lot of that! Perc Westmore, who delights in making people what they aren't, does the skilful work on Loretta Young

The first step is accomplished by pulling the skin back from Loretta's eyes and pasting it down firmly with spirit gum and fish skin—not adhesive tape. The fish skin is then covered by make-up. Lips are made larger, eyes and nose are lined. The finished job might make you think Loretta was Anna May Wong

And why didn't a real Chinese girl get the part? Well, Loretta is under contract to First National, where "The Hatchet Man" is being made. Her tests were as excellent as the make-up, so they thought you wouldn't know the difference. Loretta has only to worry about the accent

Fryer

"WHAT, Mr. Warner, you're going to ask *me* to take a salary reduction?" asks George Arliss. "Haven't you heard that my father was born in Edinburgh and that the English income tax is very high?"

"It's the best short-cut to loveliness I know,"

says

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

● MRS. HAMILTON is the wife of a grandson of the late J. Pierpont Morgan . . . Her evening frock is by Bergdorf-Goodman, her suit and hat from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

● "GOOD LOOKS are an asset in business as in matrimony," says Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton. A gifted hostess and a brilliant young business woman beside, she cleverly solves the problem of looking always fresh and charming.

"In my office," she says, "I keep just the same beauty kit I have on my dressing table at home—Pond's Two Creams, Tissues, Skin Freshener.

"It doesn't take a minute to cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream, wipe it off with Tissues, pat on Skin Freshener—then a touch of Vanishing Cream gives the perfect base for powder . . . All traces of toil have been removed—your skin looks fresh and alive."

"I've no patience with women who don't look their best when it's so simple to do," says Mrs. Hamilton with her charming smile . . . "Pond's is the best short-cut to loveliness I know!"

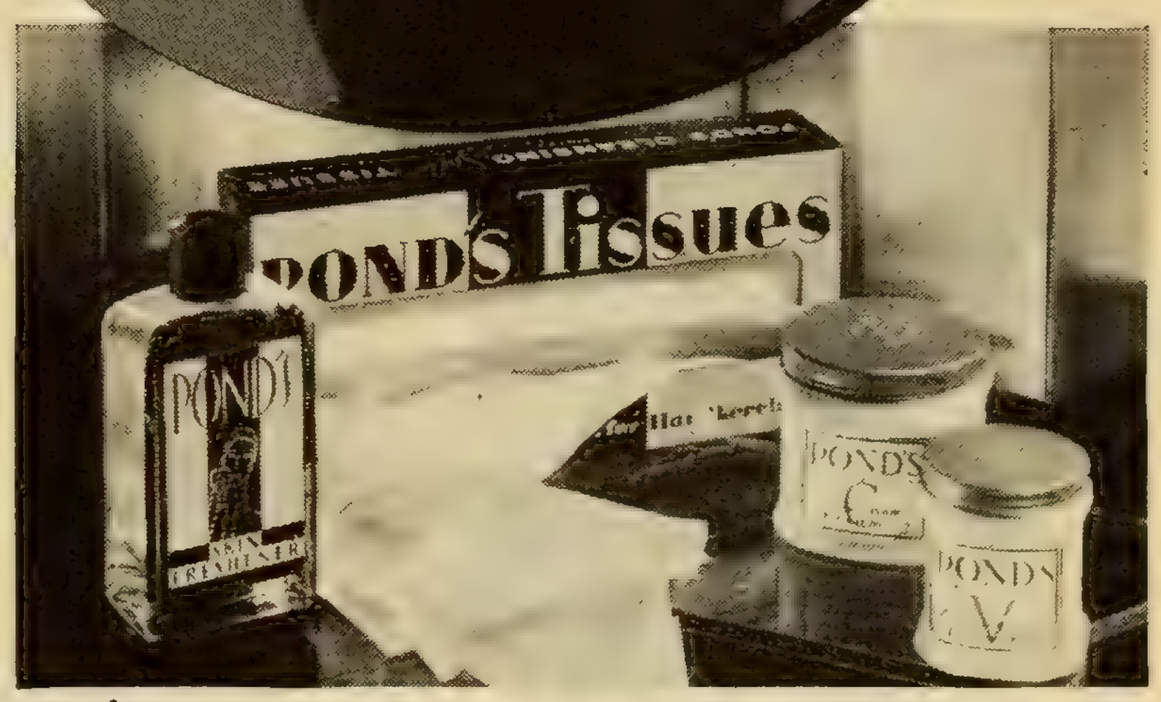
● FOUR THINGS your skin must have to keep it lovely, Cleansing and Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.

1—For immaculate cleansing generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent . . . White or peach.

2—Pat briskly with Skin Freshener to tone and stimulate . . . close and gradually refine the pores . . . keep contours fresh and young.

3—Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use this Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime . . . then, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin—leaving it on through the night.



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"I'm 20" JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 19" JOYCE COMPTON

"I'm 23" JUNE COLLYER

"I'm 21" FRANCES DADE

"I'm 22" NOEL FRANCIS

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

"Dear Mr. Dunn. I saw you in 'Bad Girl,' 'Over the Hill' and 'Dance Team' and I think you are swell. Will you please send me a picture of yourself for my collection?" To the average star, fan mail is one of the necessary evils of film fame, but to Jimmie Dunn it is all wildly exciting and sends little thrills of delight up and down his spine. Jimmie's just that new at the game

IN 1910, even before he worked as a comedian for the old Essanay Company, Wallace Beery was fired from the chorus of a Raymond Hitchcock revue. Now he is starring in "The Champ" which opened at the same Broadway theater from which he was booted.

CORINNE GRIFFITH'S vacation days are over, for the time at least. She has been in London with her husband, Walter Morosco, who is manager of a studio there. Now she is going to be starred in some English pictures.

OVER at the Brown Derby they were telling the story about the movie leading man who was nasty to the heavy in one of his pictures. Finally the heavy backed him up against a set.

"Listen," he warned, "either you treat me differently or when we come to that big fight scene I'll have my double beat the life out of your double."

FRIENDS who know Elsie Janis well, and have been guests at her home outside of New York, say that Elsie, who admits to 42, was never so happy in her life as she is with her 26-year-old husband, Gilbert Wilson.

Gilbert is a fine-looking young fellow, who has tried his luck at various undertakings, including motion picture acting. Elsie says that from now on he will be her business manager.

"I must have a business manager," she says, "and Gilbert has the making of a fine business man. We all need companionship, and Gilbert is the finest companion I ever knew."

We congratulate Mr. Wilson and wish Elsie all the luck and happiness she deserves, which is more than one human being in a million ever gets.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have a new answer to all those asking about that expected child. They've been asked so many times when it is expected that they now answer with, "It's entirely impossible to know when it will come. You see, we don't know yet which one will have it."

And then do they howl.

POLA NEGRI has a grand sense of humor. While she was critically ill she asked her secretary in case of her death to ship her body back to Poland on any boat flying the Polish flag. The secretary said that it was doubtful if they could find a ship of that sort. "In that case," whispered Pola, "my death will have to be postponed until we can find one."

WHILE Wallace Beery was on a visit to New York the reporters kept pestering him about Greta Garbo, who works in the same studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Beery said that although once when Garbo was not feeling so well her manager arranged for her to spend three weeks at Beery's cabin in the High Sierras, they had never met. What a big world a studio is.

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How to choke a lady in one easy lesson. Movie heroes have slapped their leading ladies and knocked them down but Director Marcel Varnel introduces something new and different in "The Silent Witness." Here he is showing Bramwell Fletcher just how to place his fingers on Greta Nissen's throat. But don't you try it on the girl friend. Remember Greta gets a lot of money for playing this scene

"I'll let you in on a secret"

"I always thought you had to pay a lot for a dentifrice to have white teeth and healthy gums. I believed it so firmly that for years I had been buying one of the most expensive tooth pastes on the market.

"But recently, money hasn't been so plentiful with us. I have had to look for bargains in everything, but I still persisted in paying a lot for tooth paste.

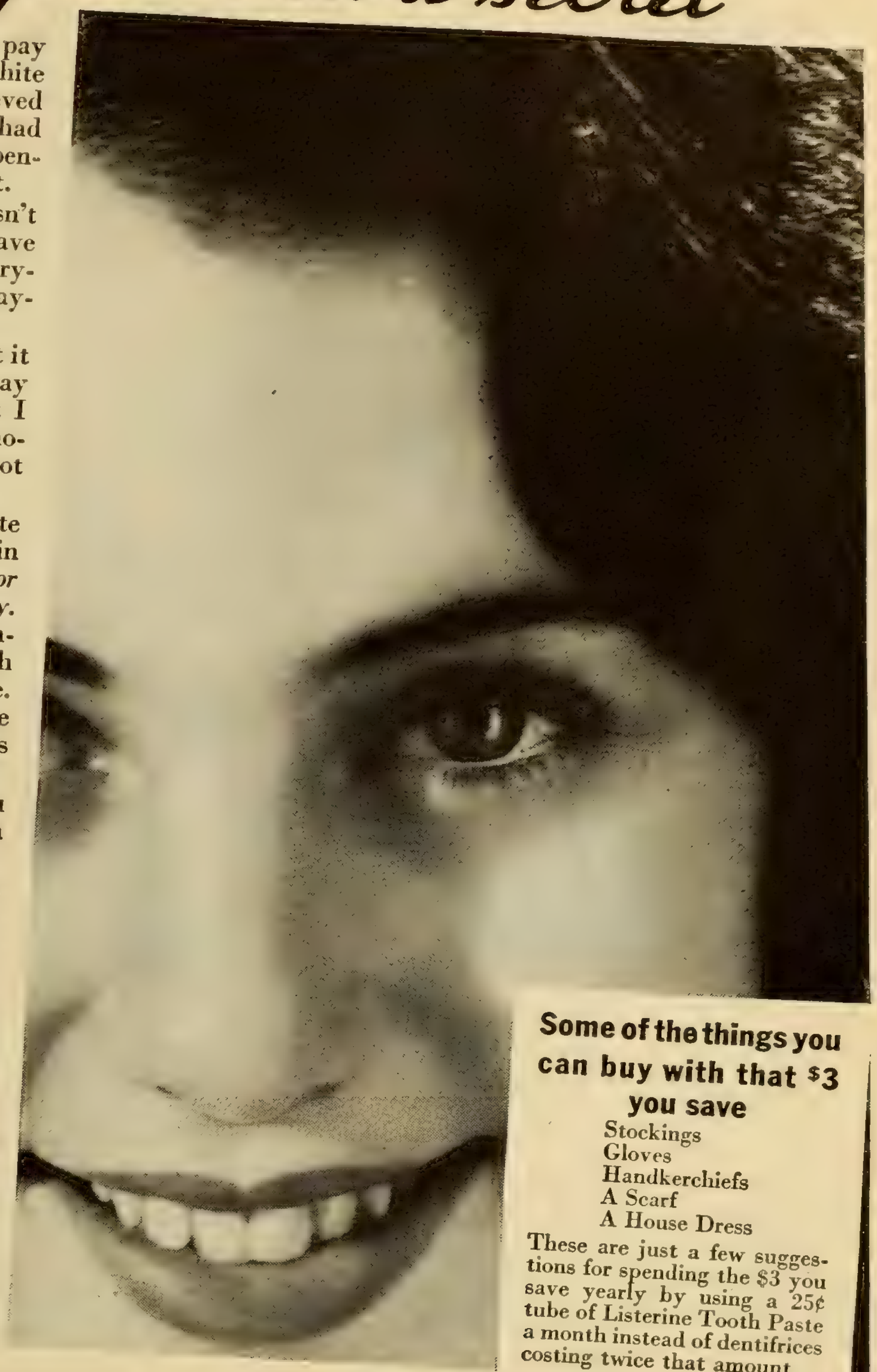
"John pointed out to me that it wasn't necessary any more to pay so much for tooth paste—that I was losing a good chance to economize in that direction. After a lot of persuading, I took his advice.

"I bought Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. And I'm going to let you in on a secret—*that's enough to pay for a dentifrice of first-rate quality.* John's teeth are as white and gleaming as they ever were. My teeth look fine and my gums feel fine. And even Junior speaks about the clean, sweet after-taste this famous tooth paste leaves in the mouth.

"I've been convinced — you won't catch me paying 50¢ for a tooth paste again."

The Listerine people put this tooth paste on the market, only after 50 years of oral hygiene study showed them what was needed to make a tooth paste really good. Now four million critical men and women have discarded older and costlier favorites for this modern tooth paste at the modern price.

Listerine Tooth Paste owes its remarkable effectiveness to a special polishing agent. This cleans teeth faster and more thoroughly than ordinary dentifrices do. It leaves no trace of tartar, tobacco stains, decay, or any discolorations. Yet it is so scientifically gentle in its action that it cannot possibly damage the most delicate tooth enamel.



Some of the things you can buy with that $3 you save

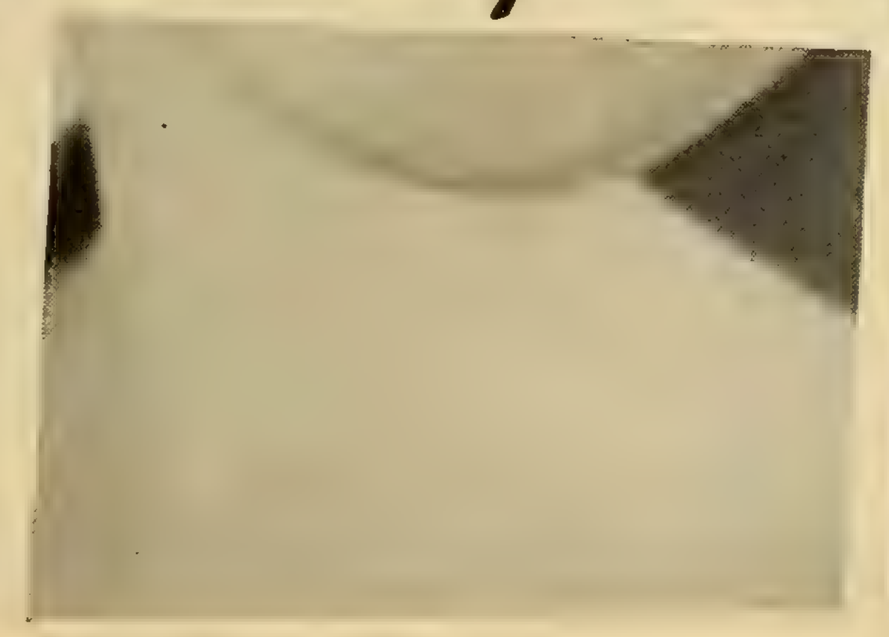
Stockings
Gloves
Handkerchiefs
A Scarf
A House Dress

These are just a few suggestions for spending the $3 you save yearly by using a 25¢ tube of Listerine Tooth Paste a month instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount.

"This Tooth Paste made me proud of my teeth"

Our Economies Save You Money

We are able to give you this extra-high quality dentifrice at an extra-low price because we use the most efficient manufacturing methods known, and huge demand permits production on a vast, cost-cutting scale. All these economies we pass on to you. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*



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And if just one more time somebody says, "The show must go on," we're going to reserve a nice cosy padded cell for ourself. When Jean Harlow was making personal appearances in Pittsburgh and suffered an attack of intestinal flu she insisted that her father, Marino Bello, carry her to the edge of the stage

ASK Blanche Sweet which she thinks is the vainer sex, men or women, and she'll tell you men, and prove it by an experience she had recently.

Blanche is doing an act in vaudeville and the routine is for the stage to be darkened just after the preceding act finishes, and, while the lights are out, her piano is rolled on, then she comes out in a brilliant spotlight.

While playing in Canada recently she got her cue from the orchestra leader and made her entrance, only to find no piano there. She was panic-stricken at first, then started to *ad lib* and under her breath kept hollering back stage, "Where is my piano?"

The audience got wise, so she told them she was minus a piano and she'd have to go back stage and find out what the trouble was. She dashed back and yelled to the stage hand, "WHERE'S MY PIANO?" To which he replied:

"It's the electrician's fault. He didn't darken the stage after that last act was off and do you think I'm going out there in front of all those people with my overalls on?"

It is reported Blanche nearly collapsed.

HERE'S a gem of a Skippy-Sooky Story from the *New Yorker:*

The parents of a young son who had been deeply moved by the film "Skippy" took him, as a Christmas surprise, to the sequel to that picture, called "Sooky." On the way home afterward, the youth was enthusiastic about "Sooky." "Better'n 'Skippy,' even," he observed. "It ends happier." "But it doesn't end happier, James," said his mother. "Doesn't Sooky's mother die?" "Oh, sure," said James, "but in 'Skippy' the dog died."

KAY JOHNSON has had her nose changed a bit here and there. It looks fine but then we never found any fault with the one she has been wearing since she was born. Gloria Swanson once considered fixing hers up a bit, but before she made up her mind to give the plastic surgeon the order the public began to rave about her beauty and she took no chances.

THE veiled mystery surrounding the baby that Constance Bennett — pardon — The Marquise Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray, and former wife of Phil Plant, brought back from Europe a few years ago was dissipated in a Hollywood court recently.

In legally adopting the three-year-old boy, Miss Bennett explained that he is the son of her cousin, who, with her husband, was killed in a motor accident in London two years ago.

The papers in the case, as is usual in all cases of adoption in Los Angeles, were sealed by the court, and the newspapers were not permitted to examine them.

YES, SIR, there's no two ways about it; the old town's changing. It's no longer quite as mad as a hatter. Slowly but surely it's gaining sense and balance.

A few years ago, for instance, a star as brilliant as Clark Gable, would have set out with all his new found riches, to dazzle the town with 15 room mansions, swanky cars, yachts, scandals and parties.

Listen to Gable. "I own two cars which I paid cash for. I rent an apartment. Just for six months at a time and not a year. I don't even own furniture. I'm saving my money."

WHILE in New York, Greta Garbo suffered terribly from insomnia, and often at five o'clock in the morning she would give up the effort to sleep and go out for a long walk, as it was only at that time she could be sure of eluding reporters and camera men.

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"Why, Mrs. Collins, that baby should be in the movies," said the neighbors of this child's mother. So Mrs. Collins and Cora Sue left their home in West Virginia and came to Hollywood. The mother sold stockings from house to house while she was taking Cora Sue around to the studios. Then the baby was picked by Universal to play in "The Unexpected Father" and given a long term contract. But that only happens once in every ten thousand

STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY* *that makes stockings* WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are *elastic*—they *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really *wear*.

**The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long*

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

Don't use too-warm water—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

Wash this 2-minute way:

1. 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.

Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dishpan* the world's cheapest beauty care for the hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX for stockings — *2 minutes a day keeps them like new*

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HERE is news. Josef Von Sternberg actually decided to get a hair cut. After all these years.

But the trouble was, Josef Von couldn't find the time what with Dietriching and so on.

So he summoned a barber to perform the operation on the set between scenes for "Shanghai Express."

Every time he had a free moment the barber sneaked up and snipped a lock.

He began snipping at nine in the morning and at three in the afternoon the last lock was sheared.

And the property man is still picking up Sternbergish locks all over the expansive Paramount lot.

These geniuses and near geniuses.

TWO nights before Christmas Marie Dressler's telephone rang.

"Anderson, Alabama, calling, Miss Dressler," the Butler reported.

A little girl's voice said, "Is this really Marie Dressler? Oh, thank you. I just wanted to call you up and wish you a Merry Christmas because you are my favorite actress. Wait a moment so you can talk to my little sister."

And little sister told Marie that the two, both under ten, had asked just one present from Santa Claus: this opportunity to talk to her.

Mother had agreed and told Santa Claus he needn't bring any other presents.

IS JOAN BENNETT laughing heartily these days?

When this blonde beauty first decided to try films, a good friend tried to get her in and she was willing to sign up for $250 per week on a six months' contract.

Three studios would not even consent to give her a test.

More recently two of the studios paid her more than $2,500 per week. And Dorothy Jordan, who was a dancing girl at Fox during the heyday of musicals at $75 per week, came back to the studio as a dramatic actress later at $750 per week.

DID you know that James Dunn played as an extra in a mob for the Paramount Studio in the East? Almost every major company gave him a screen test, and nobody wanted him.

DURING his personal appearance tour Jimmie Dunn told a story about his first meeting with John Barrymore. Jimmie was a young actor with plenty of self-assurance, and the meeting took place after a performance in which Dunn appeared.

"Excuse me, Mr. Barrymore," he said. "I saw you watching me act tonight. I have been on the stage for six years, and I was wondering if there is anything you can do to help me."

Barrymore looked at the young fellów and said gravely:

"That depends upon whether you still want to become an actor."

This month's most romantic Mexican wedding was that of Una Merkel (y'all know that li'l honey chile from the South) and Ronald L. Burla. Una once said she'd "nevah, nevah marry an actor, no suh," and she has kept her word. Burla is an aeronautic engineer. Una is one of the first string screen comediennes, but she really thinks marriage is a pretty serious business

IT seems pretty certain that wedding bells will soon ring for James (Bad Girl) Dunn and June Knight.

She was working on the coast until Ziegfeld saw her in "Girl Crazy," and she is slated to appear in the next New York edition of the Follies.

ZASU PITTS, charging desertion in 1926, is suing her handsome husband, Tom Gallery, for divorce.

MAE CLARKE is wondering what is going to happen to her next!

In "Front Page" she jumped out the window and killed herself.

In "Waterloo Bridge" she was blown up by a bomb.

In "Three Wise Girls" she died of poison.

In "Impatient Maiden" she is operated on right before the camera for appendicitis.

"At least they let me live. I don't want to be typed as a 'dead' one. It might prove fatal," she told us.

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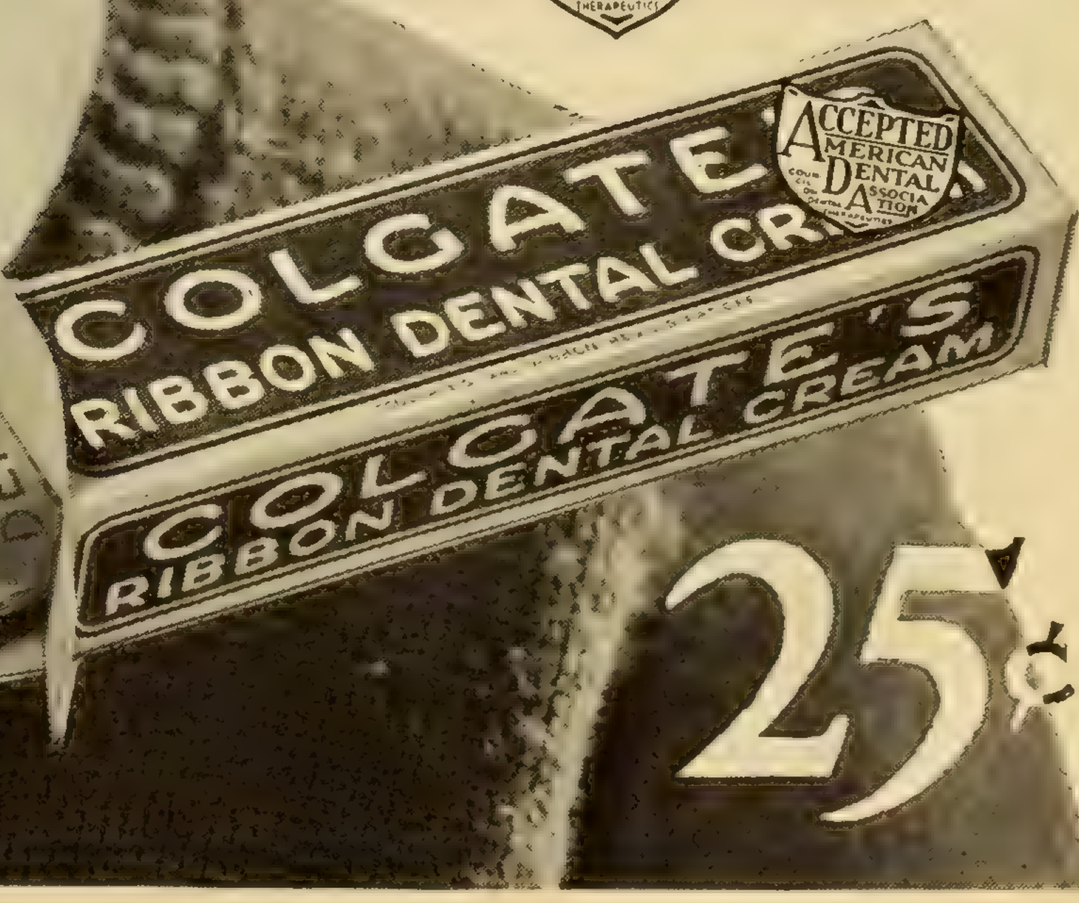
"I guess I can sit in this chair if I like," Mary Ann Elizabeth Brown said to the prop boy who told her that place belonged to the star. Joe E. Brown is her daddy and if he gets dignified she'll tell everybody how he acts around the house, always clowning and using up those gags he should be saving for the camera

"Heavens! Buddy must have a girl!"

"NO—you grown-ups are wrong again. I'm brushin' my teeth 'cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don't think it's keen—just try some yourself. It tastes swell—and I think a feller ought to have a right to do *some* things the way he *likes* to do 'em. Ma was complainin' the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin' my teeth reg'lar and he told her maybe she hadn't given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate's would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn't go wrong buyin' a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An'... I'll tell ya a secret Pa don't know . . . mebbe y' guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin' Colgate's."

* * *

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



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No, no, not another one. We can't bear it. Those long lashes, that sloe-eyed look, those tip-tilted eyebrows, that hair brushed off the forehead. Whom does she make you think of? Shh, don't say it. Sari Maritza has a glamorous background. Her mother is Austrian, father English. She was born in China and just before she came to Hollywood and signed her Paramount contract her name was linked with Chaplin's in Europe, but (whisper) it might have been just publicity. You'll be seeing her soon

IT isn't every divorced couple who remain good friends throughout the years, but Tom Moore and Alice Joyce are still pals to the extent of doing a vaudeville tour together, and, what's better, the new Mrs. Tom Moore and John Regan, husband of Alice, don't seem to mind it a bit.

AN annual announcement from Ziegfeld designing the annual model of the American girl is as sure as the annual income tax. According to him, the 1932 American girl should be blonde, five feet, six inches in height; one hundred eighteen pounds in weight, fuller curves than last year, and less stream lines. Ho hum.

MET Constance Cummings in a business office without hat or coat but wearing thick black kid gloves. She noticed our look of amazement.

"I don't bite my nails but I bite the skin from around my fingers. I am wearing gloves every moment until I break the habit!" she announced firmly.

A beauty hint for you, ladies, who boast nerves.

FATE! Ah, how difficult it is to understand it. Tyrone Power's last scene, before he passed from among us, was the deathbed scene as the *patriarch* in "The Miracle Man." He left the set to enact the same scene—his last—in life.

Hobart Bosworth, intimate friend of Tyrone Power since 1886, replaced him. They started together in the old "Augustin Daly" stock company in New York. Shared dressing rooms. And this is the third time Bosworth has replaced his friend. Twice before when illness hit Power.

IT may not make a bit of difference to you, but—

Mary Astor wears horn-rimmed spectacles off the screen.

Robert Montgomery seldom wears a necktie.

Arthur Brisbane once fired Jack Barrymore from a newspaper.

Wally Beery wears a huge diamond ring on his third finger but wears no garters.

Walter Huston is a tea drinker.

Joel McCrea was an employee of a cement company and helped build the sidewalks on Hollywood Blvd.

ALL stars of the films receive begging letters, but one Marie Dressler received recently takes the cocoanut cream cake. "This is the fifth time I've written," it stated, "and still no money. You can't possibly need it as badly as I do, so get it here at once."

"As if," Marie said, "I hadn't worked hard and long for every cent I've earned. Other actresses can stroll on the stage or screen, in a risqué gown, say a few sophisticated lines and make a hit. Or an ingénue can skip on, roll her eyes, look cute and is a wow. But me. Listen. I've got to fall over chairs, dive into oceans, break my neck coming down stairs or do some darn thing every time I make an appearance.

"Yes, sir, I work hard for my money. And what's more I'm keeping it. I earn it, don't I?" Marie asks.

THE laugh of the month comes from the story of a certain picture star who was describing a marvelous dinner party she had attended.

"It was wonderful," she said. "The dinner was superb and not too many people there. Just eight of us. There were Constance and the Marquis, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Dick and Jessie Barthelmess, my friend and myself."

"But who gave the party?" her companion asked.

"Oh, I forgot," she answered. "There were nine of us. The other man was from New York."

"How did he get in?"

"Well, he gave the dinner."

A CHICAGO newspaper has appointed a Garbo editor. This is the first time in history a newspaper has given any personality such individual journalistic attention. The funny thing about it is that the editor never saw Garbo except on the screen.

Now, perhaps, we'll hear of a Hoover editor, who may also double as Depression editor.

IN heaven's name what will they do next? Since most theaters in Hollywood are running a double bill, a brand new game has developed among picture players that has anagrams and backgammon beat a mile. It has solved the problem for many a Hollywood hostess. She simply loads all her guests into cars and drives from theater to theater reading the comical billing on every theater front. And does it get a laugh?

For instance here are a few that appeared in Hollywood last week:

MY SIN.....CAUGHT PLASTERED
ONCE A LADY.....WAY BACK HOME
WORKING GIRLS.....SURRENDER
RACING YOUTH.....SAFE IN HELL

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband

—and why so many women fail"

You must keep skin young, lovely, say over 20,000 experts, who advise daily use of Palmolive Soap—the one world-known soap made exclusively of vegetable oils.

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless—that husbands watch our complexions much more than we think. It was my beauty expert who warned me: 'Keep your complexion young—that look of youth is what men seek."

* * *

"Don't neglect your complexion. Don't use your face as a testing ground for soaps.

"Let me tell you the cleansing method I consider best. A thorough washing with the rich, deep suds of Palmolive Soap. Then a refreshing rinse with warm water, followed by cold.

"Cream? Yes, if your skin needs it, before applying powder.

"But Palmolive Soap. That's the important thing. I can't tell you the cases I've seen where harsh, strong, irritating soaps have dried once-lovely skin.

"Olive and palm oils are safe. I know of no two cosmetic oils that are better for the skin. Many of my own preparations are made of these same beauty oils. More than 20,000 of my colleagues believe in them, believe in and advise Palmolive Soap. You just try the method I have outlined. Watch the change it makes; the new light of admiration it brings to your husband's eyes."

"Your complexion decides your beauty possibilities", says the celebrated beauty specialist, Desfossé, of Paris. "I have seen the results, only too often, when women have experimented with the wrong soap. Use a soap you are sure of. A soap made of vegetable oils—a soap that CANNOT *hurt your skin—Palmolive."*

Retail Price 10c

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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WALLY BEERY tells this one. And swears they weren't motion picture directors.

It seems that a man was driving, one night, along the Colorado Street bridge, at Pasadena, when he saw another man just ready to leap over the railing.

"Hey. Wait a minute. What's the matter?"

"It's the depression," said the other.

"Now. Now. Things aren't so bad as all that. Sit down for a few minutes and we'll talk it over," said the first, filled with concern over the plight of the second man.

Down they sat.

They talked and talked.

Finally there seemed to be no more left to say.

They rose and exchanged a long, friendly, handclasp.

Then both jumped over.

A CERTAIN columnist discovers that some Englishmen have a sense of humor, even that romantic looking Englishman, Ronald Colman.

She relates that, during the holidays, a friend decided to send Ronald a telegram and chose one of the telegraph company's standard greetings, number 17, thinking Ronald would never know the difference.

Within a few days a reply came back. "Thanks and number 15 to you." (Signed) Ronald Colman.

HEDDA HOPPER was attending a party at Laura Hope Crews' where there were such motion picture people as Ruth Chatterton, Roland Young and others.

An intelligent and rather well-known stage actress from New York City was also among those present.

Her first motion picture party. She approached Hedda.

"Really, Mrs. Hopper, I'm amazed. You picture people have such charming manners. You seem like—well, charming people."

"What did you think?" Hedda's back stiffened.

"Did you expect us to bite you?"

"No. Not exactly. But you hear so much about Hollywood being gauche, you know."

Hedda made her get-a-way before she should give a good old-fashioned raspberry and prove exactly what the woman had expected.

MARLENE DIETRICH announced to the world that all is well with her and her discoverer-director, Josef Von Sternberg, by clinging adoringly to his arm at a Hollywood opening.

IN Freddy March's latest, "The Black Robe," a picture of his father plays a large part in the production. Freddy plays two parts, you know. Twins.

The art department produced one father after another for his inspection but Freddy didn't like them.

Finally, he brought down a small photograph of his own dad and said, "Why don't you use that?"

So they had it enlarged and hung it on the wall to take its place as almost an actor in the picture.

Just think of the thrill Freddy's father will get when he sees that picture back in Racine, Wisconsin, and finds himself playing a part with his son in the movies!

WHEN Una Merkel married Ronald Burla, aviator, unexpectedly, she left one very broken heart in Hollywood.

Johnny Arledge.

They worked together in "Daddy Long Legs" and Johnny just thought Una the greatest little gal in the world.

Still thinks so. But Una could only marry one man and she's happy and Johnny is happy to see her happy.

HOLLYWOOD has gone kitchenette. Many of the stars are giving up their beautiful and expensive Beverly Hills homes to move into apartment hotels with electric refrigerator privileges and no worries about servants.

The Richard Barthelmesses are the latest couple to rent their home and move into The Town House.

They still have their newly completed home at Malibu Beach, however.

JUST a few days before he left Hollywood, to go East, the late Robert Ames was talking to a friend about his future.

"What's this getting us?" Robert asked. "We work like dogs and think of nothing but money. I'm going to do one more picture and then quit. I'm going to live the rest of my life as I want to."

But Bobby Ames never made that picture. In less than a week he was dead in New York.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

We'll give you up to a million guesses on the identity of this here woman. Nope, it's not Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill," nor is it the pet scrub lady of one of the stars. We'll give you a little tip—it's all done with mirrors and grease paint. Meet Barbara Stanwyck (cross our heart and hope to die) as she appears in some of the scenes from "Forbidden"

Fluffy rolls of snow-white Kotex filler . . . you see row on row of them when your eye travels down this room in the sunlit Kotex factory.

In the Kotex factory, Kotex is cut, folded, packed by machine. Under a giant spotlight, 152 eyes inspect its immaculate progress.

Where safety is vital to health, in the great hospitals of America, twenty-four million Kotex pads were dispensed last year.

so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on the purity of genuine KOTEX

BY ITS very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

For beyond freedom from embarrassment, beyond women's mere emancipation for all activities at all times, there must be a serene assurance that one's protection is safe.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex, *nothing* must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish a misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable. No hovering question mark . . . *Where was it made? Under what conditions?* . . . to mar one's confidence. The familiar name of Kotex is women's shield against the mysterious, the nameless, the unknown. They trust it as they would dream of trusting nothing else. Kotex is doubly valuable to women because they *can* give it, as they do, that priceless, comforting confidence. Who would risk a substitute? Make sure, when you buy it wrapped, that you get genuine Kotex. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores, also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Never pay more than 35c

KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS

Ask the Answer Man

Fine work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" brought loud applause for Fred

FREDRIC MARCH is again a favorite. In the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY we told you that Freddie brought in the most "tell me" letters. Now, over a year later, following his great success as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*, folks are asking about him again.

For those who didn't save the January, 1931, issue, here's Freddie's history. He was born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1898. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Was educated at the Racine High School and University of Wisconsin. Was in many successful plays before he entered pictures in 1928. Married to Florence Eldridge, stage and screen actress. His next picture will be "The Black Robe."

And here's a surprise! Raul Roulien scored second in the mail bag. Some of you don't know him, but after you've seen "Delicious" you will want to know all about him.

Raul is a newcomer. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America, on October 12, 1905. His father, before his death, was the director of the National Musical Institute of Rio de Janeiro. Raul made his first stage appearance at the age of five. From then until he was twelve he travelled all over Brazil with various companies. Then he returned to school.

After he finished school he resumed his pursuit of a stage career. He formed his own musical comedy company and travelled all over the world. He composed the song, "Adios Mis Farras," the sale of which ran up to 1,700,000 on records and 386,000 printed sheets in seventy days. He wrote and staged more than twenty plays, such as "The Irresistible Robert," "Miss Charleston," "Heart," "Petals," and others. In addition to his achievements as song writer, playwright and composer, he has an architect's degree. His next picture will be "Widow's Might."

RITA CARR, PHILA., PA.—Junior Coghlan was born in New Haven, Conn., on March 16, 1916. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Junior's latest pictures are "Juvenile Court" and "Union Depot." Don't miss either of them. They're good and he's good in them.

PAUL FLORES, VENTURA, CALIF.—Jean Harlow is a native of Kansas City, Mo., born there on March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 112, has blue eyes, and—oh well, you know about her hair. Jean is divorced from Charles McGrew. Her latest picture is "The Beast of the City."

THELMA SCHMIDT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Robert Ames was about forty-two years old when he passed away. Hardie Albright uses his own name in pictures.

UNA ALLWARD, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Una, you have been raving about Lionel Barrymore in "The Mad Genius," when all the while it was John you should have been praising. Lionel was not in that picture. The other chap you mention is Donald Cook. Have you seen him in "The Public Enemy" "Side Show" and "Safe in Hell"?

BETTY DARLING, UTICA, N. Y.—Darling, who wins the bet? Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore from 1910 to 1920. Mary's real name is Gladys Smith. She has no children of her own, just an adopted daughter of her sister, Lottie.

MARGARET DESMOND, TROY, N. Y.—Kay Francis is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and the gorgeous Garbo tops her by one inch. I believe these heights are without shoes.

A FRIEND.—You can convince your pal that Edward Everett Horton did play a dual rôle in "Lonely Wives." Ed played the part of the criminal attorney and also the part of a vaudeville performer.

YÔLA FRANKOVSKE, LODE, POLAND.—Yola, I am glad that you like our American pictures. Maurice Chevalier has just completed work on "One Hour with You," with Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin. Grace Moore hasn't done anything in pictures since she made "Jenny Lind" in 1930.

IRENE KELLY, HAZARD, KY.—It was Ray Milland who played the rôle of the deposed king in "Ambassador Bill." Ray has played in several other good pictures. They are "The Bachelor Father," "Bought," "Larceny Lane," and he will be in the new Marion Davies-Clark Gable picture called "Polly of the Circus." Ray was born in Drogheda, Ireland, on January 3, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 168 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Was married to Muriel Weber last September.

CARLA LOSLY, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—The reason you don't see Ralph Graves so much in pictures now, is that he spends most of his time writing stories for the screen. He and Bess Meredyth wrote "West of Broadway," Jack Gilbert's latest picture. Ralph was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 1, 1900. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 170 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Virginia Goodwin. "A Dangerous Affair" was his last picture.

One picture rôle (in "Delicious") made Raul Roulien a favorite

JANET LOUISE EVANS, MALDEN, MASS.—Tallulah Bankhead uses her own name in pictures. Tallulah started her stage career when she was but seventeen years old. She was popular on the New York stage, but deserted it for London where she appeared before the footlights for over eight years. Returned to America last year to make pictures. Her latest is "The Cheat."

BETTY SMITH, OMAHA, NEB.—Irving Pichel was the *District Attorney* in "An American Tragedy." Charles Middleton was the *Prosecuting Attorney*. Irving was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., 40 years ago. He is married and has three children. His first picture was "The Right to Love" and his latest is "Two Kinds of Women."

GLADYS MATTHEWS, DES MOINES, IOWA.—Raquel Torres played the rôle of the half-caste wife of Ben Lyon in "Aloha."

MARJORIE CALVERT, MONTREAL, CAN.—The very first picture that Chester Morris appeared in was "Alibi," in which he also played on the stage. Chester's father, William Morris, played in a few pictures too, among them "Brothers," and "Behind Office Doors." Muriel Oakes was Robert Ames' fourth and last wife.

H. LORRAINE HEINKE, FLOURTOWN, PA.—As a typist you're okay with me, Lorraine. Here's the lowdown on Laurence Olivier, the new chap who has your heart all a-flutter. He was born in Dorking, Surrey, England, on May 22, 1907. Is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and dark green eyes. Appeared on the London stage and in British pictures before he came to America. I know it'll break your heart, m'dear, but Laurence is married to Jill Esmond. Jill, by the way, is also a Britisher. She was born in London, on January 26, 1908. Has appeared on the London stage, too. Jill has been appearing in American pictures recently, among them "Once a Lady" and "Ladies of the Jury."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

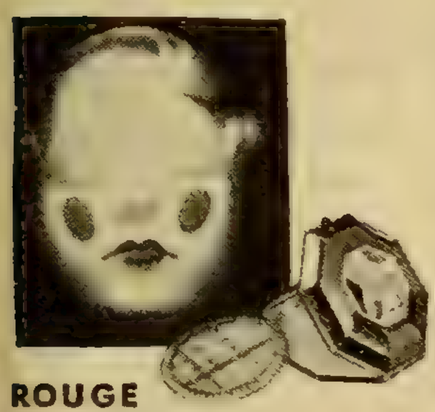
Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

What would it mean to you to BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?

LIPSTICK

Apply Seventeen Lipstick to the upper lip and to the center of the under lip. With your finger, gently work in the rouge until the outline is soft and natural. You will be delighted with the soft, natural effect—possible only with youth-tone shades. Light, medium and dark. . . in a smart black-and-silver case.



ROUGE

Apply Seventeen rouge to skin made firm and dewy by Seventeen Creams and Freshener. Remember that youth lines are up lines—avoid color placements that emphasize downward lines of the face. Choose your shade of Seventeen Rouge from five fascinating youth-tone tints.

TWO-TONE POWDER

Here's the Two-Tone Powder that lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth! Ingredients of two weights are blended. The heavier clings closely to the skin. The lighter weight, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone! What a glorious difference—from the masking dullness of ordinary powders!

HAVE you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth's own subtle coloring in powder, make-up? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here's what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with make-up. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It's in the past. Your complexion's future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in *Youth-Tone* shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You'll want Seventeen Rouge. Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For *perfect* results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing *your own mirror* reflect the radiance of seventeen!

Seventeen

Still as FIT as ever

Here's a dish for young men and men who stay young

YOU remember him when he was fresh from college—lithe and healthy and fit. He wants to keep as young and as athletic as he was then.

But no man has the time to figure out what to eat. He leaves that to you. You don't want to fail him — so give him a delicious cereal that's especially made for active people. Serve Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

These *better bran flakes* are full of a flavor men love—the matchless flavor of *Pep*. But even more important, they're filled with whole-wheat nourishment. Whole wheat is a favorite food for active people because nature has made it a storehouse of the food elements that build and nourish . . . of iron and minerals, of vitamins and proteins. And just enough bran to be mildly laxative. They're an ideal dish for the children as well. Have Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes for breakfast tomorrow. For your own lunch. For the children's supper.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. In the red-and-green WAXTITE *sealed* package. *Quality guaranteed.*

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FOR THE CHILDREN: *Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over* WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA,* WBZ,* WBZA,* WGAR, WJR. *At 5.15 Central Time,* KOIL, WREN, KWK; *at 6.00,* WGN. *Songs and stories children love.* *When available

Banana bread, crumb sauce, and beans Italian style

Recipes That Help Dorothy Jordan Keep Her Grand Figure

DESPITE the fact that everywhere you turn you hear that the good old curves are once again mightier than the angles, women continue to pursue that will-o-the-wisp, slimness. The response to Sylvia's first article in PHOTOPLAY last month proves that.

Dorothy Jordan gets her supply of good foundation material. Her lunch at the studio commissary wisely consists of a fruit salad, a glass of milk and raisin bread. Dorothy never neglects eating her quota of vegetables and fruits every week, which accounts for that lovely skin and nicely rounded figure.

Vegetables need not become a bug-a-boo on the menu. Here, for instance, is a grand way of giving the lowly bean an elegant air. It is called, *Beans—Italian Style.*

Beans—Italian Style

2 tablespoons chopped celery
3 cups cooked green beans
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup tomato pulp
2 tablespoons chopped onions
4 tablespoons olive oil
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Heat the oil in a frying pan. Then add onions and celery. Cook slowly until a light brown. To this add the rest of the ingredients, cover and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Be sure to stir frequently.

Carrots, broccoli, cauliflower or any other vegetable you might choose, will seem twice as tasty if covered with this excellent sauce.

Bread Crumb Sauce

¾ cup fine, dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons of butter.

Melt one tablespoon of the butter, then add crumbs when it is very hot. Stir this over the fire until the crumbs are a light brown, then add the rest of the butter. This is poured hot over the vegetables.

Banana bread often takes the place of white bread on the Fredric March's table. Here is how to make it—I might add that the best part of it all is that it takes no time at all to make it!

Dorothy Jordan has one of the most beautiful figures in pictures. By watching her diet carefully, it never varies more than a pound or two

Banana Bread

1 cup shortening
2 eggs
3 ripe bananas
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1 teaspoon soda
2½ cups flour
Pinch of salt

Mash the bananas with the sugar and shortening. Then sift the baking powder and flour together. Add the ingredients. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

And there's another way of dressing up vegetables so you can hardly recognize them. Here is one of the recipes.

Scalloped Eggplant

1 eggplant
grated cheese
½ cup of milk
½ box salted crackers
lumps of butter
salt and pepper.

Cook the eggplant whole until it is entirely done. Remove it from the water in which it has been cooked and peel it. Butter a baking dish. Break up the crackers in fairly small pieces. Slice the eggplant and put a layer on the baking dish. Then add a layer of crackers and small lumps of butter. Continue until the dish is almost full. Add the milk, sprinkle the top with grated cheese and bake in a medium oven until hot through.

Summer squash is excellent this way and so is oyster plant.

Even the lowly carrot is delicious if given a new zest. One of the best and most nutritious methods of cooking carrots is to cook them in boiling water whole until they are done. Take them out and skin them.

Put them in a pan and mash them with potato masher adding butter generously. When they are thoroughly mashed, beat them with a spoon, as you would beat potatoes, until they are creamy. You'd never know your old detested carrot.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
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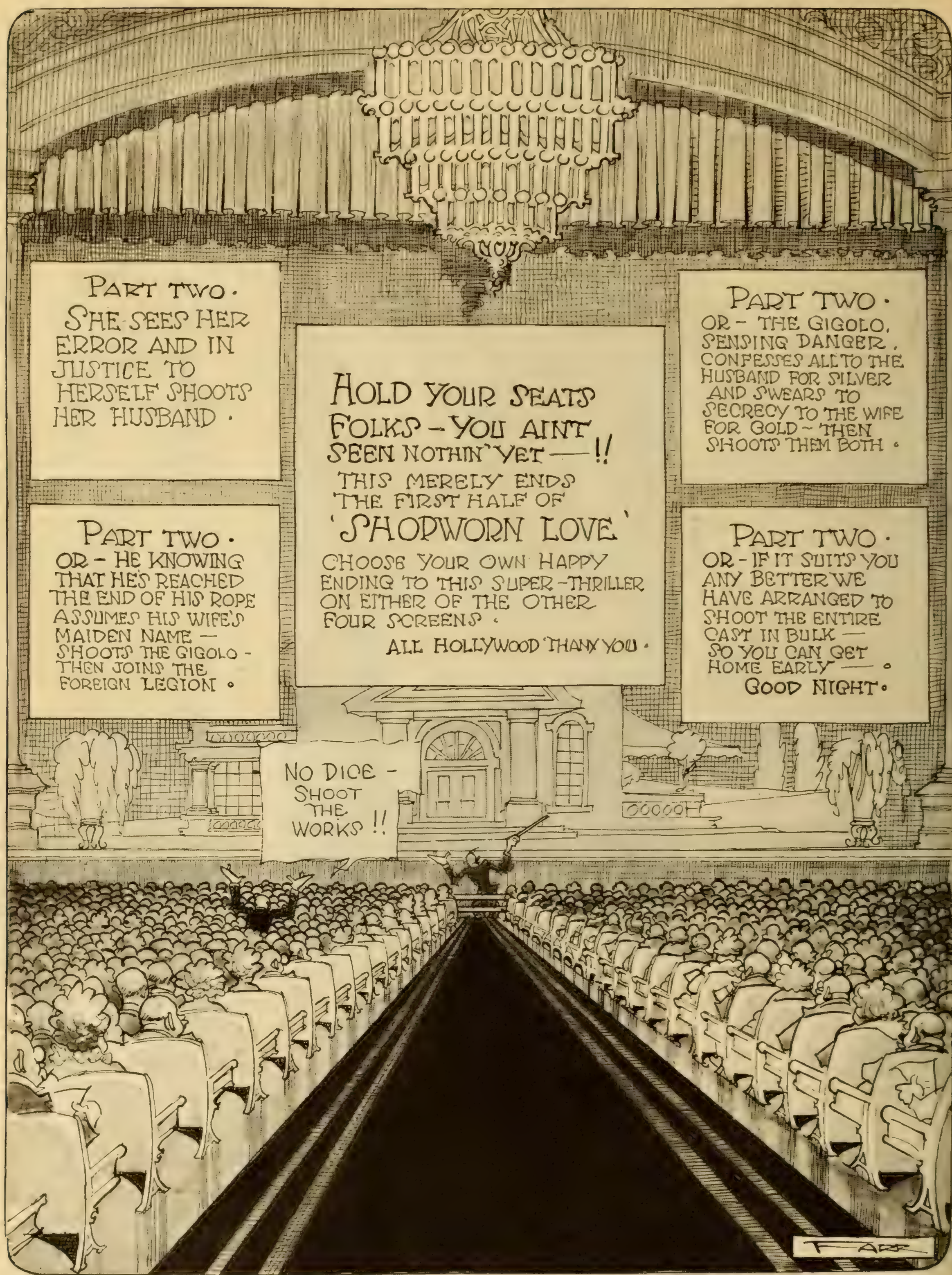

Choose your own ending. Nothing could be fairer, except to pay the audience for attending

are 1932 Débutantes choosing nail tips that are TINTED or NATURAL..?

Gowns from Mary Walle, New York

All Colors!

Every popular deb has at least two shades, and varies them with her gown, says world manicure authority

THE POPULAR GIRL OF 1932 is way past losing sleep over whether to wear her nails bright or pale.

The deep question that every smart young thing today is pondering is which of five shades of nail polish is best to wear with which dress.

Will she lure more men from the stag-line if she wears the white satin dress with Coral nails, or with Rose nails? Or the red crêpe de chine with delicate Natural finger tips?

If you're not bright enough to work out your own color scheme, you can look it up in the chart at the right. But whatever you do, don't be seen with the same color nails 7 nights in a row!

In other words one nail polish is no longer enough. To be smart you've got to have at least two shades . . . a lighter one and a deeper one.

And with color so Very Important you've also got to use a *flawless* polish. Cutex Liquid Polish has a grand lustre; dries in no time — lasts for days, and does not crack, peel, turn white, streak or fade! And the new bakelite cap wipes out the broken cork problem — keeping the brush (attached) neatly off the table top.

Go pick your favorite shades today!

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

•

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

•

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

•

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

•

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure . . .

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

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2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

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CUTEX *Liquid Polish* **. . ONLY 35¢**

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Billy Haines announced his engagement to Polly Moran (left), but it was all a gag. Here are the two of them with Anita Page, who came to Hollywood with Harry Thaw and made good in spite of it

But there was, at M-G-M, one woman whose life was never straightened out. I'm referring to Jeanne Eagels. The great stage star came to Hollywood to do "Man, Woman and Sin," with Jack Gilbert. Monta Bell, having written the story, was assigned to direct it. Having faith in Jeanne Eagels' ability, he didn't know what he had let himself in for.

Getting Jeanne to work was a task fit only for a Hercules. You already know the reason. One morning she arrived late on the set. The scene was a simple one. Seated at a desk, it was her sole duty to pick up a telephone receiver and speak a few words, any words at all, since this was before the days of talkies. They rehearsed over and over again but she could not coordinate enough to accomplish the single gesture required of her. Once, during a rehearsal, she did it right.

"We'll shoot it," said Bell.

They hit the lights and the cameras turned. Jeanne failed miserably before the cameras. Almost frantic with the waste of time and energy, Bell decided that they would keep on shooting the scene, right or wrong, in an effort to catch her when she was at her best. They did it twenty or thirty times, using valuable film and electric juice. Slowly she began to get it, slowly she was coming out of the fog which dimmed her brain. Bell heaved a sigh of relief. Ah, it was coming along.

JUST at that moment a publicity man, who knew nothing of the strain of the morning, walked on the set. He waited until one take was completed and then stepped in front of the lights and, before anyone could stop him, leaned over to Jeanne and said, "I'm writing your biography for our department. Miss Eagels, where were you born?"

Her face was enough to tell them all what was about to happen. Worn down by the repetition of the scene, her nerves frayed and jagged, she turned upon the press-agent and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Where was I born! Good Lord, who cares where I was born? You ask me where I was born! How should I know? Who wants to know? Maybe I wasn't born. Maybe I'm a living ghost. Born, born, born—God in Heaven, where was I born!"

Her hysterical shrieks shook the set. She arose from the desk and stumbled away, still shouting, "He asks me where I was born!" And there was no more work that day.

NOT very long ago I saw in the paper an article which stated that Lon Chaney guarded his make-up secrets carefully, particularly the one that made him appear sightless in one eye in "The Road to Mandalay." That is not quite true. Any friend who asked Lon could have had the secret for the listening. In this picture he used the lining of an egg cut to fit the eye and carefully slipped over the eyeball to achieve the effect. And Lon would tell you about it, for he was essentially an honest person.

"Stop her from saying those things!" cried executives. But the press-agents were helpless against Eleanor Boardman's frankness

THERE was another honest person on the M-G-M lot and she got herself and the publicity department in trouble because of it. The name is Eleanor Boardman. It was with fear and trembling that I used to take interviewers to Eleanor's dressing room. With utter frankness she answered whatever questions were asked her. She told exactly what she thought of life, love, marriage and studio executives—especially studio executives.

Invariably the interviewer would call us and say, "Do you think I dare print what Miss Boardman told me?" And we, on bended knees, would beg her not to do so. But Eleanor did not

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

"MEN ARE STRANGE CREATURES"

WHAT AN unmerciful twitting they give women about their bargains! And how they love to harp on "vain as a woman" when wives and daughters are successful in looking their best! . . . But to hear them at the office is another story. It's "my wife this, and my wife that"—with evident pride.

Vain? There's nothing quite so vain as men who have attractive and accomplished wives. How their wives manage the home — how they plan and buy — is a source of constant wonder and appreciation. Nothing pleases a man more than the knowledge that his wife is a shrewd manager and a deft hostess.

But what is so amazing to men is commonplace to women. Women know that shrewd management and good taste are not matters of chance, but qualities to be cultivated — personal qualities that depend upon a thorough knowledge of style and value.

It is not difficult for them to obtain this knowledge. *They read the advertisements in the magazines — printed statements of style, price and value.* Statements that are sponsored and signed by companies known for business integrity and style authority.

Guided by this knowledge, women choose wisely — and receive for their money the highest in quality, the utmost in style.

Men go wild, simply wild, over me . .

I'm not a bold bad baby who rolls her eyes. But men simply love to play around with me. Every time they get a chance they tickle my chin or tenderly stroke my cheeks!

All this has got me thinking that they like girls with complexion allure.

Now what I'd like to know is—what's the difference between complexion and skin? Grown-up ladies say what's above the neck line is complexion. Now, really I wasn't born yesterday. I know that my skin is the same all over me—and it simply feels grand after an Ivory bath!

I guess mother's come over to my way of thinking. She doesn't fuss over her face the way she used to do. She washes her face good and clean with my cake of Ivory Soap. I guess she realizes that a soap that's nice to my sensitive skin is just bound to be the best beauty treatment for her pretty face.

And she's getting my complexion allure ...I notice father is cheeking with her, too!

IVORY SOAP

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES · 99 44/100% PURE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

WHEN little Bette Davis' contract was not renewed by Universal, she was thrilled. Tickled to death. She had failed in pictures and was glad of it. She was going home, to New York, for good. Nothing would separate her from her boy-friend again. (A business lad in New York.)

She was working in "The Man Who Played God" on the Warner lot when she learned her option was not to be renewed. Just as she was ready to leave—all packed—Warners asked her to sign a long-term contract. Her heart dropped a mile but her ambitions jumped two miles.

She signed. Somehow, ambition always wins the old battle in the film city.

NOW here's a smart lad—and a chap who ought to go far in big business. The name's Jimmie Fidler and once he was married to Dorothy Lee.

When they were divorced he advertised the house he'd built for Dorothy for rent.

Dorothy was the first to apply for it and Jimmie rented it to her—for six months' cash advance.

SARI MARITZA is Paramount's new import from foreign lands. Another Marlene Dietrich hope for the studio that has lost Bow, Chatterton, Francis, Powell and that has let Wally Beery slip to Metro.

Well, if this little gal uses the same tactics to tackle Hollywood that she did to tackle England and her first picture, Dietrich had better look to her laurels.

It all started when Sari was eleven. The daughter of an English father and an Austrian mother (shades of Elissa Landi!) she was born, and reared until eleven, in China. She passed through Hollywood on her way to England and was shown the Douglas Fairbanks set where Doug was making "Robin Hood" with Wally Beery. Exactly ten years ago.

When she left the set, she announced loudly, "I will be a motion picture actress."

"Tush, tush, tush," said mother and daddy who were training her for a grand début in diplomatic circles in Europe.

SARI learned the social prerequisites. She speaks English, French, German and Chinese as though she were a native. She made her début—and then, one day, she slipped over to England and met an actress named Vivienne Gay. "I want to get into pictures. How can I do it?"

"I'll fix it for you. I will be your manager." Miss Gay went to the phone and telephoned five British producers saying that Sari Maritza, the great Austrian actress was in town between engagements and would consider one picture offer if the picture and the price were right.

She chose Sari's mother's name because it was Austrian and would uphold the story.

The five producers arrived; three of them made the great Austrian offers. Sari accepted

one and explained her awkwardness before the camera by the fact she had only been on the stage; never in pictures.

She's been playing leading rôles ever since, either for British concerns or for UFA.

If she could get by the British producers without a day of experience on either stage or screen—we'll trust her with Hollywood's head moguls.

BEFORE a kid named Jackie Searl became a screen actor, he lived with his dad, an oil driller, and his mother in a little house such as an oil driller could afford. The family either walked or used street cars and busses when they traveled. Jackie's toys came from the ten-cent store, and he played with the neighborhood kids.

Now Jackie Searl is a Paramount actor, making several hundreds of dollars a week, with prospects of being in the four-figure class soon.

And what is the result?

He's still living in the same house. His dad still works as oil driller. He still plays with the neighborhood kids. He still gets his toys at the ten-cent store, because his ma gives him $5 per picture spending money, and that's all he gets.

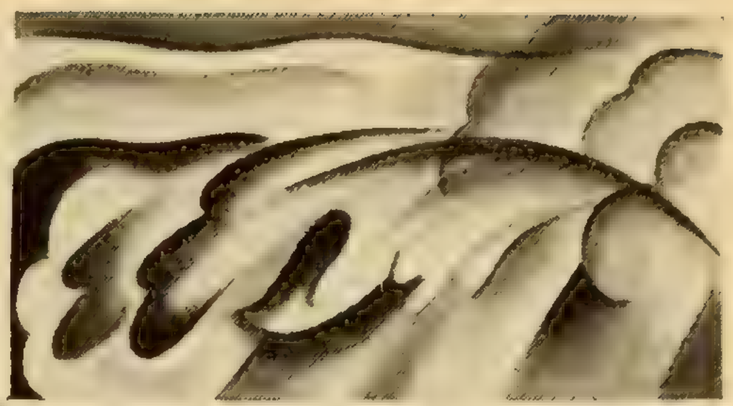
Every other cent of what he earns goes either into clothes or other material for his professional work, or into bonds in his own name.

Not a cent of little Jack's earnings are taken or spent by the family. They're still living on dad's salary.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Good work, Pola, you've never disappointed us yet. Look at this remarkable photograph. It was taken just as Pola left the Santa Monica hospital where she fought for her life. Still weak from her long confinement, she was mistress enough of herself to be a good showman in spite of everything. Note the flowers, note the Russian boots, note the dramatic smile

Look to your looks in March Weather



. . . and be guided by the world's greatest authority on beauty—Mme. Helena Rubinstein

Trying days, these are, for your looks! March winds whip dust and grit deep into the pores. The skin dries—lines—ages. Ordinary methods of care fail you now; you recognize the need for *something entirely different!*

"At this time of the year," advises Helena Rubinstein, the world's foremost beauty authority, "I especially recommend my Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—a cream unlike any other in the world—combining biochemical ingredients which revive the life and loveliness of the skin. A beauty treatment in itself!"

Rich, plastic, Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream sinks gently, deeply into the pores, cleansing antiseptically—removing every trace of dust and make-up—revitalizing important skin glands. Fine lines retreat, the skin is left soft, protected—without a trace of "stickiness"—and wonderfully receptive to "finishing touches"! This unique cream comes in three distinct blends. For normal skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM. For oily, sallow skin—PASTEURIZED BLEACHING CREAM. For dry skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM "SPECIAL". Each in a generous jar at one dollar.

TO CLEAR AND BEAUTIFY—use Valaze Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood) youthifies—clears away sallowness, freckles—1.00

TO TONE AND BRACE—Valaze Skin Toning Lotion—refines pores, corrects fine lines. For dry skin—Skin Toning Lotion "Special"—1.25

"FINISHING TOUCHES"

YOUTHIFYING FOUNDATION CREAM—(Weatherproof)—1.00—a flattering, protective powder base. WEATHERPROOF BEAUTY POWDER—1.50—in the new "transparent" Porcelain Natural or Ivory Rachel. ROUGE (en creme or compact)—1.00—in alluring tones. NEW AUTOMATIC LIPSTICK—1.00—nourishing—indelible! PERSIAN EYE BLACK (Mascara)—1.00—does not run, or rub off.

Secure these creations from Authorized Helena Rubinstein Representatives among the better department and drug stores—or, if unobtainable, communicate with

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

HAZEL ANDERSON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The young lad who played the rôle of Joan Crawford's brother in "Dance Fools, Dance," was William Bakewell. Bill is a native of Los Angeles, Calif. He is 23 years old, weighs 145 and is 5 feet, 11¼ inches in height. Has brown hair and gray eyes. His latest pictures are "Daybreak," "A Woman of Experience," "Politics," "Guilty Hands" and "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

VIOLET RUHWEDEL, CHICAGO, ILL.—Here is the information, Vi, and I hope it is not too late to settle your argument. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. He is married to Ruth Helms and they have one daughter. Conrad has been doing a little turn in vaudeville and that's why you haven't seen him on the screen lately.

JIMMY NOWLIN, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Jimmy, your namesake, Jimmie Hall, is just 31 years old. He was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. Stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 158 and has dark brown hair and green eyes. Lately he has been devoting most of his time to stage appearances. He is divorced.

RUDY STOERMER, WACO, TEX.—Phillips Holmes still has his pretty blond locks. For the picture, "The Devil's Holiday," he had his hair bleached a lighter shade. Now it is back to its original natural blond shade and doesn't photograph quite so light. If you like him better with the pale colored hair, I'll pass the information on to him.

JEFF, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Jeff, you came along too late. Arlene Judge was married to Director Wesley Ruggles last October. Arlene was born in Bridgeport, Conn., 19 years ago. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 100 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Was on the stage before she entered pictures. Her latest picture is "Are These Our Children?"

MARY BLANE, CANTON, OHIO.—Yes, Mary, Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Norman Foster's latest picture is "Girl of the Rio" with Dolores Del Rio. Monroe Owsley played the rôle of *Jim Woodward* in "Indiscreet."

L. A. S., OCALA, FLA.—You have been misinformed. James Kirkwood is very much alive. He is now appearing in "Widow's Might," for Fox. James was married to Beatrice Powers in September, 1931.

DUDLEY MCKEE, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Here are the descriptions you wanted: Sylvia Sidney is 5 feet, 4; weighs 100 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes; Greta Garbo, 5 feet, 6; 122 pounds, light brown hair and blue eyes; Clark Gable, 6 feet, 1; 190 pounds, brown hair and gray eyes; Madge Evans, 5 feet, 4; 116 pounds, golden hair and blue eyes; Eric Linden, 5 feet, 9; 150 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes.

The gentleman wearing the grey suit is very seldom photographed, as his pose will testify, but he's a power behind a throne, nevertheless. Meet Robert Fairbanks, brother of the widely known Douglas. Bob accompanies Doug on many of his travels and has a voice in most of the business deals Doug puts over. Except for the similar cut of the moustaches we don't see much resemblance

BETTY JANE MORAN, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—The January, February and March, 1931, covers of PHOTOPLAY were graced with the faces of Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill and Constance Bennett, respectively.

K. OHIZUMI, TOKIO, JAPAN.—Little Dorothy Jordan uses her own name in pictures. You can write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California. If you want to write to any of the other stars you will find a list of names and addresses printed in the back section of any issue of PHOTOPLAY.

EVALYNNE OF WINSTED.—It was Bramwell Fletcher, blond English lad, who played the rôle of *Billee* in "Svengali" and *Allen* in "Once a Lady." Donald Crisp played the rôle of *The Laird* in "Svengali."

EVA ALYNN, WORCESTER, MASS.—Eva, the picture you described to me was "Three Girls Lost." The three in question were Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton. John Wayne was the handsome hero.

Seymour tells us that there is a decidedly mannish air to play clothes this coming season. Well, we have picked this pyjama ensemble for its boyish, gamin look. Evalyn Knapp says her headgear is a "Jimmie Walker" cap—no doubt inspired by *hizonner* from New York. The jersey trousers are yellow, the knitted jumper orange and the shirt white

COLDS spread from germ-filled handkerchiefs

Prevent spread of colds and self-infection by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

TAKE care when a single member of your family has a cold. Start everyone using Kleenex immediately. Especially children, who catch cold so easily. This is the modern, inexpensive way to keep colds from spreading to others . . . to prevent germ-laden handkerchiefs from self-infecting the user.

GERMS in handkerchiefs

During a cold a handkerchief collects thousands of germs. It infects your clothing and laundry bag, and may spread a cold through the entire family. It self-infects you every time it touches your face. Colds get worse and worse. They hang on for days and weeks. So often they develop into grippe, flu and other serious complications.

Now Kleenex brings you new safety. This sanitary tissue is used only once, then destroyed. Germs that live and multiply in ordinary handkerchiefs are destroyed this way. They cannot self-infect you or spread infection to others.

Far more absorbent

Made of rayon-cellulose, Kleenex is manytimes moreabsorbent than linen—and infinitely softer! It's a positive comfort during colds!

Once you have a package of Kleenex, you'll find it convenient in scores of ways. Use it for removing face creams, to blot up impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. The former 50c size is now 35c at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

KLEENEX COMPANY PH-3
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois
Please send me a free trial supply of Kleenex.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE
wear these smart shoes
that put you AT EASE

The SANDOR

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOES lift up your spirits — put smiles in your eyes — by releasing you from the enervating effects of arch strain.

There's a triumph of modern shoemaking in the way the natural arch bridge gives *normal* support to your *natural* arch — in the way these shoes fit the foot in action as superbly as in repose. They bend without bulging — mould suavely to the arch and instep — cling comfortably to the narrowest heel. Standing, sitting, walking, they give you the joy of constant ease; the flattery of a perfect fit.

Let your dealer show you the soft, durable leathers, the perfection of detail that make Natural Bridge Shoes such remarkable values. They are styled for girls and women who know shoe fashion; priced for the thrifty; designed in individual combination lasts to fit every foot. All sizes, AAAA to EEE. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.

The ATHLO

The KILDORN

natural Bridge Shoes
Good to the FOOT
Good to the EYE
Good to the POCKETBOOK
$5 and $6

In Canada $7.50 and $8.50

It's All Done With Scissors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

THE pseudo-science of the story (Paramount's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") is rather overdone, leading us to speculate unduly on this marvelous chemical which not only alters the shape of the doctor's skull and changes the number of his teeth, but deranges his linen and soils his cravat; just as the antidote restores teeth and profile and launders out in an instant the white ties.—*The New Yorker.*

SOME day, in the distant years, Hollywood is going to awaken to the fact that one of the greatest actors who ever lived, is in our midst, has been for almost a year, and with every intention of remaining here indefinitely. Richard Bennett is the name.—*W. R. Wilkerson in the Hollywood Reporter.*

A STAR'S attitude toward press and public should be governed by the character she is assuming. Miss Janet Gaynor must be gentle and soft as she faces her worshippers, and Miss Tallulah Bankhead must be daring and unconventional even though in the innermost reaches of their souls they long to change parts. It happens that Miss Garbo's rôle is that of the mysterious and distant lady o poetry and legend, and it would be suicida for her if she attempted to drop it long enougl to greet the boys and girls of the local paper with the easy heartiness and informality of Bebe Daniels or a Richard Dix.—*Richar Watts, Jr., of the ??????*

"I LIKE the movies for the romance and th fascinating contacts they give you. . . . I am saving seventy-five per cent of my salary because I get a kick out of saving up agains a rainy day."—*Joel McCrea in Picture Play.*

GETTING a child to sit willingly and happily in a dentist's chair is a feat that is accomplished regularly in the office of a Boston dental surgeon. He had two or three very young patients, one his own three-year-old son, who fought and wept when they had their teeth attended to, and one day he brought his movie machine down to entertain his child. He rigged an arrangement for throwing the movies on the ceiling, and the little boy laughed at the antics of Felix while the necessary work was done.—*The New York Times.*

Yep, those are snow balls, but there isn't any ice on the Connie Bennett-Marquis de la Falaise marriage, yet. And that attractive girl in Hank's left arm won't cause any scandals, either. She's Diana Fitzmaurice, wife of the director, at whose home the two were married, and it was near her mountain cabin that this picture was snapped. Note the latest in hiking costumes that Connie is wearing. She's dressy even when she's having fun

A STRIKING demonstration of the theory that seeing motion pictures may be classified as a necessity as well as a diversion is found in a recent decision by the leading film houses of Berlin to place 60,000 free tickets per month at the disposition of the municipal welfare bureau during the winter season. As reported in Vorwaerts, the authorities will check up on all applicants for free tickets so that there will be no abuse of the charity.—*The New York Times.*

DENUNCIATION of gangster parts hasn't helped George Bancroft. The ladies prefer him as a big, blustering racketeer, who'll shoot ten men and then befriend a puppy dog.—*Variety.*

THERE are several songs in "Delicious," the principal one being such an unutterably banal ditty that I must print its opening line: "You're so delicious (pronounced delic-i-ous). "And so capricious (pronounced capric-i-ous)" etc. Well, it's probably malic-i-ous of me to print these lyrics out, but they are really so stupid that I am certain that they will be popular.—*John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.*

"LET no one essay Hollywood today without first being asked. No longer does Hollywood consider the uninvited at its gates. Only those with written bids can get in. They can be newcomers to pictures but they can't be new to the amusement world. Hollywood's asking a lot of a picture aspirant, beauty, intelligence training, experience—but then look at what Hollywood can do for her."—*Cecilia Ager—Variety.*

HOLLYWOOD is to discontinue "O. K." as the universal expression of sanction, complete satisfaction and approval. The directors are casting about for some happier or equally expressive substitute. We doubt whether they will find one soon.

"O. K." has been overworked, and its variant, "okay" is a vulgarism positively offensive to the ears of the purist. And the inverted "k. o." positively is too lowbrow for words. Who'll volunteer to slip us the great, useful little word that will be okay with everybody?—*Kansas City Star.*

WESTERN heroes of the big open spaces have dimmed in luster for two seasons. Horses have lost speed compared with automobiles and airships. The worst bad man of the frontier was a fair-haired Sunday child compared with the modern gangster.—*Harry Carr in the Los Angeles Times.*

AND while we shouldn't care particularly to take our twelve-year-old daughter to see "Anna Christie," "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Are These Our Children?" "Devotion," "A Free Soul" and dozens of other splendid pictures, nevertheless these films are thrilling entertainment for anyone between the ages of sixteen and one hundred and sixty.

They are real. They live and move. They have organs and dimensions. They are fascinating. So let's continue to have them. We'll send the kids to see "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer" and "Penrod."—*Edward Orleans in the New York Mirror.*

THE crisis is heartbreaking and no man can regard it with indifference. What do do? That is the question. Certainly the lovely ladies and compelling men who bring romance to the people in the movie houses that dot the land must not be allowed to feel the pinch of want and the pain of privation. No heroine of the films can do her best work if she labors under the annoying knowledge that until the depression lifts, her weekly pay will be delivered in six sacks instead of seven.—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL . . . . by ALBERT DORNE

1.

OTHER GIRLS POLITELY SNUBBED HER

2.

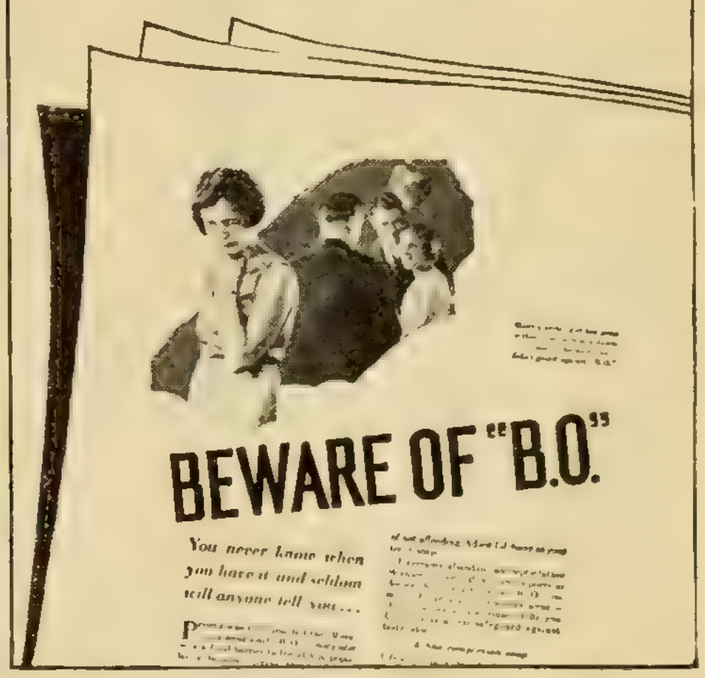
MEN NEVER DANCED WITH HER TWICE

3.

SHE WAS BROKENHEARTED BECAUSE PEOPLE DIDN'T WARM TO HER

4.

THEN SHE SAW THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND BOUGHT LIFEBUOY THAT VERY DAY



5.

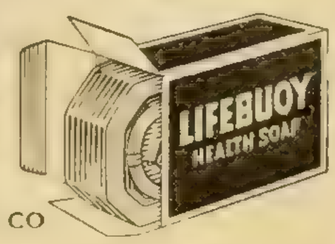
NOW SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS. NO "B.O." TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR

NO ONE IS SAFE!

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O." (*body odor*) may offend. Play safe!

Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores—removes all odor—removes germs.

Wonderful for skin. Complexions stay fresh and glowing with Lifebuoy's care. It's a real beauty and health safeguard. It's pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy protects. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO

Yes . . but which laxative?

You complain of a headache. No pep. Just don't feel right. "Guess I'll take a laxative," you say.

But which laxative? Isn't it only common sense to take the one which most nearly duplicates Nature's own way of acting? That's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

Ex-Lax meets the Doctor's requirements

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, it should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax checks on every point!

Ex-Lax is a special scientific formula for the pleasant relief of constipation. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative universally recognized by physicians.

And it is the special Ex-Lax formula, combining a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results that millions get from Ex-Lax.

Don't gamble—get Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not force them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, get Ex-Lax tonight. At all drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. A 32

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

in an eye lotion or witch hazel should be applied to the eyes while you lie down for a fifteen minute rest.

Rest will eliminate dark circles, as will proper diet. Careful massage with a good cream will iron out those tell-tale crow's feet. Exercise out of doors will bring a healthy sparkle.

How does Constance Bennett keep such a slender figure? How often I answer that question. Those slender hips, that flat waistline, those lovely, lean legs are all the results of faithful exercise both indoors and out.

Here is a grand exercise to flatten the waistline to Bennett-like proportions. Lie flat on your back, preferably on the floor. Then place your right hand on your stomach, just below the waistline.

Then lift the stomach slowly as far as you can without straining yourself.

Then slowly lower the stomach as far as possible. The slight strain you may feel, will have no injurious effect.

Don't hold your breath as you do this. Keep your mouth open and inhale as you go up, exhale as you come down. Do this exercise ten times in the morning and ten at night before retiring.

"Any Woman Can Be Beautiful"

That is what Carolyn Van Wyck wrote in PHOTOPLAY a few years ago when she started to write on Girls' Problems. Since then she has proved it by metamorphosing thousands of girls from plain, unattractive, self-conscious youngsters into attractive, stunning young women. Thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have written to her during these years, expressing heartfelt gratitude.

NOW

"The Hollywood Beauty Shop"

Miss Van Wyck will, in next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY, inaugurate the finest beauty department ever offered American young womanhood. Hollywood is acknowledged to be the beauty center of the world and taking up her residence there, she will give you, not only the benefit of her long experience as a beauty and cosmetic expert, but convey to you by wonderful, especially posed photographs of the beautiful women of the screen, all they know about how to improve looks and personality.

Watch for the beginning of PHOTOPLAY'S "HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP." Tell your news dealer to be sure to save you a copy. It will appear exclusively in

PHOTOPLAY

the 15th of March on all newsstands

Everyone envies Madge Evans her fresh, natural looking beauty. Her face radiates good health and care. How does she do it? She follows a simple daily beauty routine.

This same eminent doctor whom I mentioned before, says that the simplest beauty treatments are best and most effective. He says that the skin is an auxiliary to the lungs, it breathes, takes in oxygen and is an absorbing organ. Therefore, if you would avoid enlarged pores and ordinary skin blemishes, you have to keep your skin free to breathe normally.

Internal and external cleanliness is essential to natural beauty. Always remove make-up with a good cleansing agent. Never fail to wash the entire body with soap at least once a day. When using a bath powder or talcum, see that it is light in texture so that it will not clog the pores.

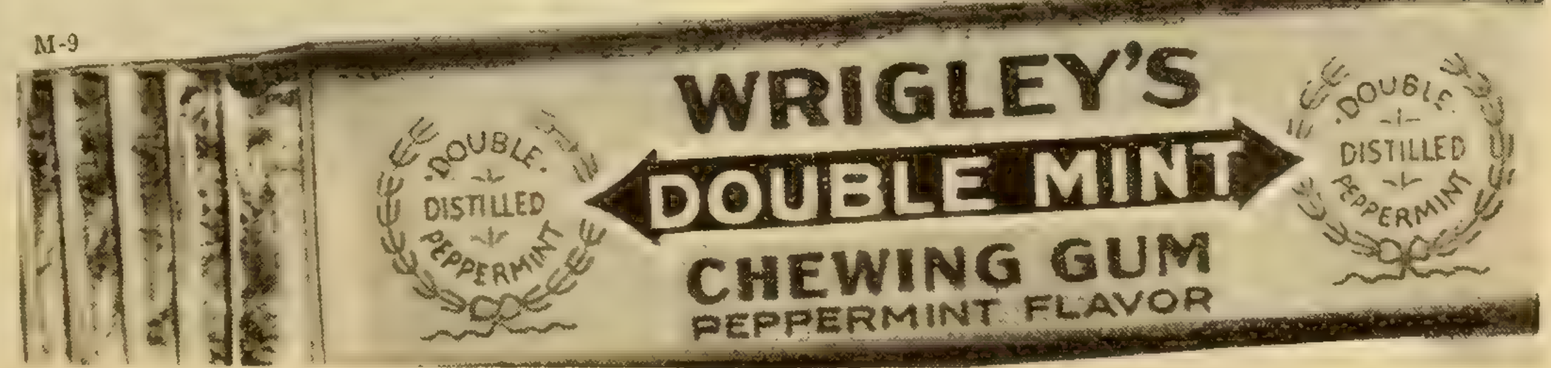
Apply a cream rich in oils but not too heavy in texture. And be careful of the base you use for your make-up. It should not be a coating upon which the powder lies like a blanket, it

Doesn't sophisticated Connie look ingénue in this charming picture? Perhaps it is her gown of brocaded white satin, with its flattering roll collar of the material. Notice where *la belle* Bennett wears her gardenias —on the shoulder they would have spoiled her neckline

"at Once" You can't have any tense, telltale lines, especially around your mouth. Chewing gum is the quickest lip beautifier and facial known. Its results are immediate. And if you chew Wrigley's delicious DOUBLE MINT as a regular daily beauty habit, the permanent result is an amazing, fresh, new loveliness of face.

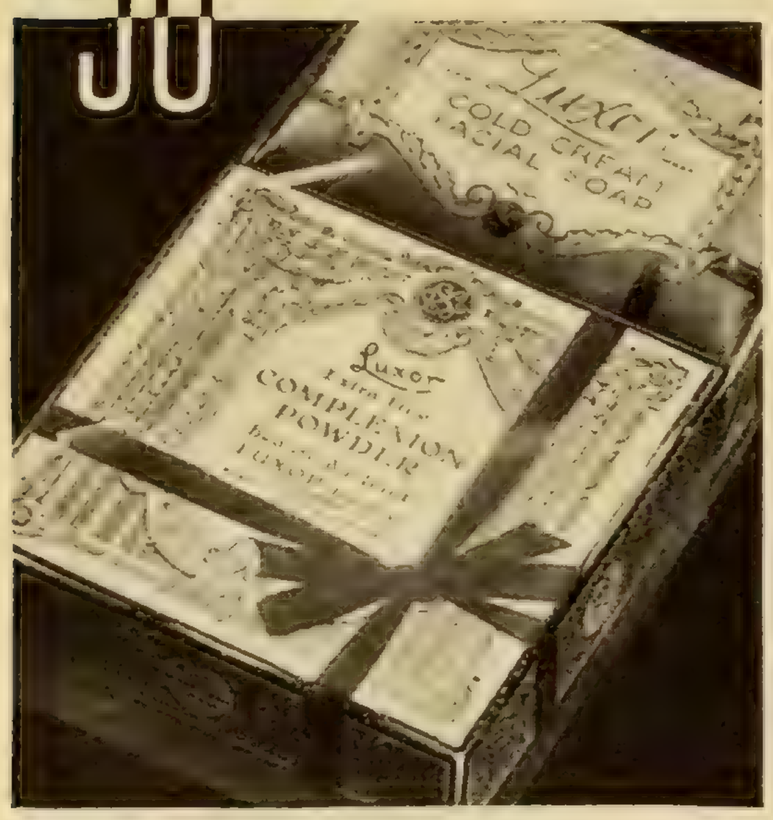
IT'S A FACT — *Chewing Gum relaxes tense facial lines. That is why* DOUBLE MINT *is so popular in Hollywood.*

M-9



For a short time, the LUXOR SPECIAL and a brand-new complexion for 50¢

regular 75c value



THIS is the "powder that is pure" . . . that is made in the Luxor laboratories. That is sifted fine through tight-stretched silk. That is fragrantly scented, and perfectly blended.

This is the "powder that is pure" that will bring petal-smoothness to your skin. And a new delicate transparency . . . a charming, natural bloom.

You'll like the Cold Cream Facial Soap too. A bland and mild cleanser, it leaves your skin refreshed and glowing—all ready for Luxor face-powder to transform it to satin-smooth beauty!

A full-size box of the face-powder, a free cake of the soap . . . the "Luxor Special" that will do wonders for your skin. The cost is but 50c! Can you resist such a reasonable investment—or forego brand-new beauty of complexion?

This offer is made for a limited time only. So go soon to your toilet-goods dealer who displays the "Luxor Special."

Luxor, Ltd.

Luxor, Ltd., 1355 West 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois

PP-B

I enclose 10c for a generous sample of the face-powder. Check ____Rachel, ____Flesh, ____White.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

should merely be an agent that leaves the skin soft and receptive to make-up.

And while I am on the subject, may I make one admonition? When you find your skin becoming irritated with blemishes—don't frantically try every salve or remedy that you hear about. Rather go sanely about it. Ask yourself what is wrong with your diet. Question your daily beauty routine to see if perhaps you may be using a powder or cream that is not suited to your individual skin. Cosmetics are like hats, one type is not becoming or suited to every woman. You have to try on several before you find the one that is right for you.

SALLY COMBIS:

No one with your attractive coloring of auburn hair and brown eyes need worry about looking plain! Play up the reddish tints in your hair.

Choose such warm, rich colors as, deep orange reds, all shades of brown, deep and light greens, blues in both deep and vivid hues, white and black with a color accent or white.

Since your skin is light, I would suggest using a cream powder, coral rouge and lipstick. Experiment a little with different ones.

You are very lucky to be just the right weight for your height and age.

DONNA:

Use a cream with an oil base. Apply it liberally, leaving it on for at least a half hour. You will find that a dry, scaly skin needs stimulating. The following treatment is simple and very effective.

After you have used a cleansing cream. Wipe it off, then take a pad of cotton and cover it with a square of gauze. Dip the pad first into your cream and then into a dish of table salt. Rub this over the skin gently, using a rotary motion. Do this until the skin tingles.

Next apply the cream again and again until you have completely removed every vestige of salt.

Warm olive or facial oil applied to the face after this is also beneficial. Be sure, however, to remove the oil carefully and tone your skin with a good tonic.

Don't wear extremely high heels if you want to cut down your height. A medium heel is smarter and better looking.

You are only a few pounds underweight so there is nothing to worry about.

HELEN:

Continue to use the peroxide, it eventually discourages the growth of hair. It takes considerable time, however, so do not become discouraged. I would suggest adding a few drops of household ammonia to the solution.

BILLIE:

I am afraid you have confused posing and poise. The two are not the same. You can not adopt a pose and keep it for very long because it is false and sooner or later you will be found out. Poise is the assurance which comes when you know that you look and appear well. It is natural, not forced.

Blue-eyed blondes have an easy time choosing costume colors because there are so many that flatter them. They look lovely in pastels such as yellow, pink, blue, green and others. Orange reds, nearly all shades of blue, rich browns and black with white are charming for them.

RUTH:

Don't become discouraged about making friends readily the first few months at college. It is always a little hard to break the ice when you are transplanted into new surroundings and friends.

There is nothing the matter with your personality; you have become a little self-conscious, that is all. Join into class activities and club work. If you are athletic, go in for that. Nothing will get you acquainted and "in" quicker than taking part in school activities.

ROSEMARY:

Your sort of sensitiveness is nothing but self-pity. You need to take things less seriously. Nothing is more fun than being able to retaliate gaily to friendly teasing.

Of course, laugh it off—and furthermore, have something to say back. No one who is a good friend is going to deliberately hurt your feelings.

If you think the teasing is intended to be catty then just dismiss the person who does it from your mind.

"And with this ring . . ." Let this picture be a warning to all directors. Monta Bell discovered Betty Lawford when she was playing in a Broadway production and gave her her first screen rôle. Not long ago Mayor Jimmy Walker listened to their "I do's." Betty played in "Secrets of a Secretary"

How Garbo's Fear of People Started

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

knees, and she looks at her own long, awkward legs and could die of shame. Her feet and her hands get in her way. Her energy taken up with too much growing, she has not enough left with which to feed her mind. She usually lags in her studies. This is a fact that all school teachers know. They learn about it in their normal school courses.

Such was Garbo's experience. At thirteen she was as tall as she is now, and her feet and hands were as large. She wears a seven and a half shoe. Lathering faces in the Swedish barber shop, and later working in the millinery department of a Stockholm store, she felt that all eyes were upon her. The shame of conspicuousness, a shame more devastating than any other, was her constant companion. I do not need to go into this further. Every tall girl knows about it, and every tall girl will sympathize with Garbo.

THEN came the amazing sequence of events that took her to America. Her tallness seemed worse in Hollywood, since most of the screen stars were dainty, petite women.

Ruth Biery, who wrote for PHOTOPLAY the only life story of Garbo from Garbo's own lips, a story which in part has been quoted throughout the world (and incidentally the very last interview that Garbo ever gave), tells a story about Greta that illustrates the point.

The appointment between star and writer was made for dinner at Garbo's hotel, the El Mirosol. Garbo had not wanted to give the interview, she had been forced to do so by her manager, Harry Edington. She was ten minutes late, and later she confessed that she had been pacing up and down her apartment trembling with fear, trying to get the courage to face a stranger who was going to make her talk about herself.

The first words she said were, "Pardon this woolly coat, but it is the kind they wear in Sweden." She was afraid Ruth wouldn't think her dressed correctly—would laugh at her.

Prodded by the clever interviewer, she began to talk. Suddenly she stopped, "But you wouldn't understand. You laugh at me, maybe." She was afraid of being laughed at by a strange woman in a strange country.

I remember when I was in the publicity department at M-G-M, I took an interviewer to see Garbo. Greta had just come over. When the interviewer came back to my office she said, "That girl has been hurt—deeply, terrifically hurt. I wonder what it is?"

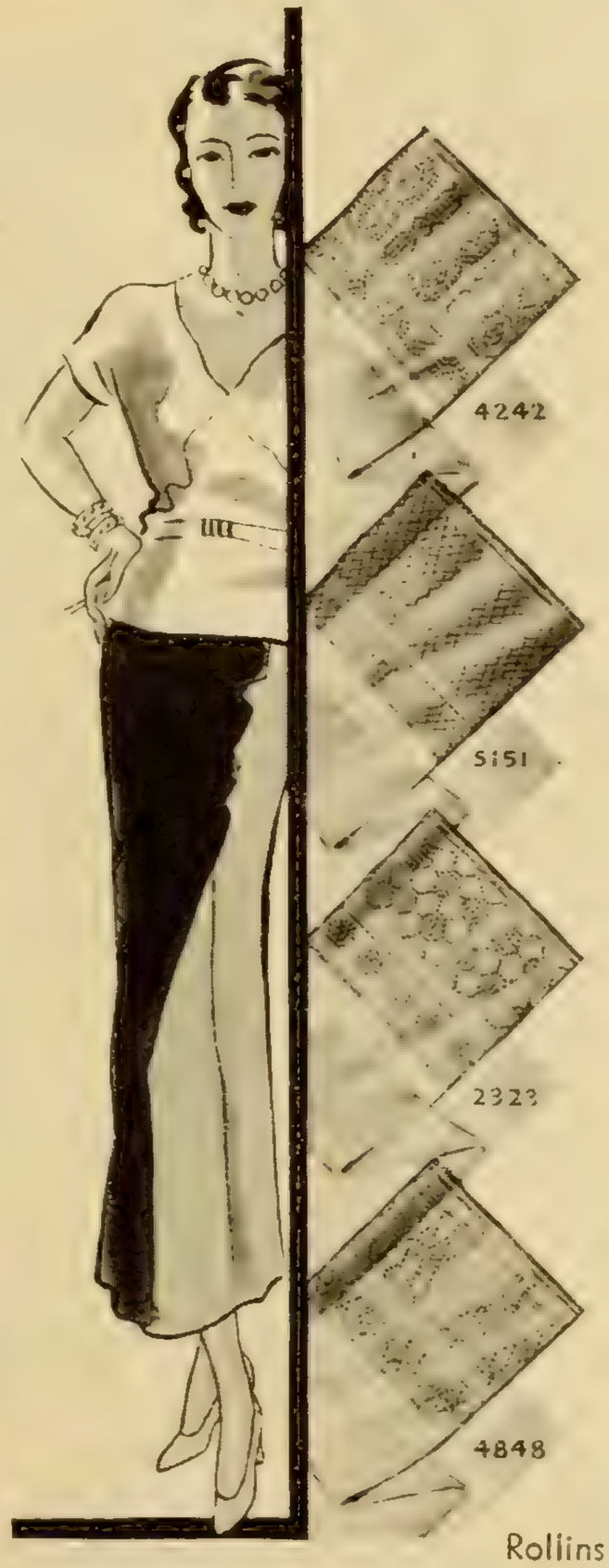
Well, what is it? Those are the facts. Garbo was frightened. But why? Some people were nice enough to her. Many tried to help her. We were not, at M-G-M, as brutal as we have been sometimes painted. But she would not accept that help. Why?

THE answer is the answer to every question asked about Greta Garbo. One name looms large and conspicuous in her life. No serious story about the star can ever be written without a mention of Mauritz Stiller.

Stiller had told her, "These people are not your friends. They do not understand you as I do. They will seek to exploit you, to make a fool of you. You have but one friend in this entire country. I am that friend."

And Garbo believed him as she believed everything he told her. She was afraid to be seen having even the most casual conversation with anybody lest Stiller discover her. Why Stiller imbued her with all this is another (and a more sordid) story with which we are not concerned at the moment.

But these were minor little fears compared to the great one that rocked her during the making of her second picture, "The Tempt-



Rollins Lace Tops priced $1.00 to $1.95

As you might have guessed—it was Rollins who originated the lace idea in stockings and who really made something of it.

Four quite different lace top designs and two all-over lace effects from which to pick and choose—though, heaven knows, it takes a woman of will to resist a single one of them.

This world's *first* and only complete *collection* of lace hosiery is sure to leave you utterly defenseless. Give in. Let things take their course.

Here, in Rollins, you can afford to play lavish with lace tops and meshes—and no extravagance committed! Every pair is a sound investment in the business of keeping up the well-known smart appearance.

Inexpensive in the first place, and their economy positively grows on you—because the Rollins Runstop, a dainty red line at the hem, is the never-failing deadline for garter runs.

New shades almost before they get on the boat.

Be positive about your costume color harmony. Shades of Rollins Hosiery make you so. Four of the newest, to blend correctly with this season's primary wardrobe colors, are: Sunbeige, Noontime, Allegresse and Sandwhite. Look them over—over the Rollins Hosiery counter—at any of the better shops.

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ress." Stiller began the direction of that picture. He was taken off and Fred Niblo was given the job. What is more, Stiller's contract was not renewed with M-G-M. This was a circumstance she could not understand. He was the hero not only of Sweden but of all artistic Europe as well. He was known as the greatest of all the motion picture directors. She was nothing in Europe. And yet it was Stiller whose artistic integrity was assailed in America. Stiller was chucked out of a job as if he were an office boy.

If the studios were powerful enough to do that to him—the great one, what would they do to her—the little one?

Tortured by these grave doubts, unable to talk to anyone (since Stiller had bade her not to do so) she refused to come to the studio and discuss her contract. And it was at that time that she got the reputation for shrewdness. It was not shrewdness then, it was fear. The shrewdness came later.

Garbo has not conquered agoraphobia and anthropophobia. The block (as psychologists have it) in her mind is too deeply imbedded there. She still shrinks from crowds. She still shrinks from society. But something else, a natural result of the fears that first gripped her, has come to her.

Now people do not laugh. They may vilify her in the public prints, they may hate her—but they do not laugh. They laughed at her long enough. It is her turn now. It is Garbo who does the laughing. And that laughter is pitched in a deep, sardonic key.

SHE is the most bitter woman in Hollywood. I've seen her come on to her set, making the entrance of a queen, causing prop men to run with chairs, great director to dash to her with an inquiry about the state of her health, great executives, fearful lest she not appear at all, to mop feverish brows. And I've seen the look in Garbo's eyes, a look of diabolic amusement. "So, a few years ago they did not care whether Garbo lived or died. Now they bow to Garbo. Well, make them bow. Make them bend those rusty knees."

People stare at her now—but not because she is tall and awkward. They stare at her because she is the great Garbo.

Every night before she retires she reads every word that is written about her in the papers. And her big, booming laugh can be heard by her servants throughout the house. It isn't a pretty laugh. For it is tinged with the bitterness that only people who have been tortured by one time phobias know.

She enjoys making the press trail after her. When she first arrived in New York from Sweden, wearing the funny little checked suit, they took a few snaps of her and murmured, "That girl hasn't got a chance." She loves throwing M-G-M in a fever of excitement for fear she will not sign her contract and will take herself, their little gold mine, away.

WHEN she first arrived Stiller had to beg the studio to make a screen test of a few hundred feet of her. She gets great glee out of quarreling with her manager, Edington. When she first arrived she was completely intimidated by him and must do whatever he said. She adores ignoring the publicity department and refusing to cooperate with them in any way. When she first arrived she had to pose in bathing suits and track suits, suffering acutely at seeing her broad shoulders and big feet exposed, as she compared herself with the slim loveliness of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.

Oh, Garbo is a straight Case D psychologically. Its cause and effect, as simple as a movie extra's mind. First the fear and now the bitterness, her great chance to get even. Garbo is even!

And yet the fear still crops up. When she returned from her sensational visit to New York, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the director, met her at the train in Pasadena. Not even Mrs. Viertel knew Garbo's reservations. Trailed by hordes of reporters, she rushed from car to car. Other passengers greeted their friends hysterically, "Garbo's on this train. Rush down here and you can see her."

Garbo stepped from the next to the last car wearing her dark glasses and slouch hat. Mrs. Viertel asked her to be a good girl and pose for the newspaper men.

"No, no," cried Garbo. "They'll only ask me embarrassing questions. Get me into a car. Get me into a car."

Mrs. Viertel tried to persuade her. "No! Where is the car?" Garbo persisted.

Conductors and porters ran interference for her, warding off the newspaper cameramen, as she made a dash for her automobile.

"But your baggage," Mrs. Viertel screamed.

"Leave it, leave it. Somebody will come back for it later."

An hour later, Garbo safe again in her home, behind her locked doors, the chauffeur returned for her suitcases.

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

care. She figured that if the public did not want to see her as she was, if her views could not be expressed—then to the devil with that public.

IF an interviewer did print what she had said we were always called to the front office and severely lectured. "Why don't you stop her from saying those things?"

Stop her from saying those things indeed! You can't stop the frankest person who ever lived from saying what she chooses.

One of the easiest girls to work with, from a publicity standpoint, was Anita Page, but she made her entrance into Hollywood on the wrong foot. Here is the true story. When she was living in New York, Anita wanted to get into pictures. She registered at the different casting offices. At last she had a call from a certain manager representing the Kenilworth productions. She made a test and was signed under contract. She and her mother set out for Hollywood.

In Chicago, the two were sitting in their hotel lobby waiting to leave for the station. A man was introduced to them as the head of Kenilworth productions. He was Harry K. Thaw.

Anita and her mother were thrown into a panic. Had they known that this notorious character was connected with their company they would never have signed the contract. What could they do? Should Anita come to Hollywood under such inauspicious circumstances? Should they turn and go back to New York? But a contract had been signed. They went on and in Hollywood secured a lawyer who broke the contract. Anita then met Louis B. Mayer and convinced him she could act by weeping over his best mahogany desk and begging him to give her a chance.

THE publicity department was faced with a difficult problem. What would this Harry Thaw connection do to her career? We had seen girls wrecked by scandal (true or false) before. It was my task to wring the truth out of Anita, so we could work out our stories.

I shall never forget that afternoon. I put Anita through a session that would have done

any first-class third degree department proud. I threatened her, maligned her, got her mad and appealed to her sympathies. She was completely worn down, but her story held up. She could account for every second of her time since she was born into the world. I realized at last that it was simply through chance and ignorance that Harry Thaw was connected with her in any way.

In the meantime, other members of the department had been working on her mother. The story stuck. It was all true. Now, what were we to do? A conference was called. Some were in favor of keeping Thaw's name entirely out of it (her name had already been changed). But others of us were against this, feeling that if we tried to make a secret of it the papers would dig up the story and put a wrong interpretation upon it. We decided for once in our lives to come clean and tell everything there was to tell.

Leave it to Lilyan to find the unusual! Now *La* Tashman comes out with these tricky pyjamas in black satin and white crepe. That longer coat is a new idea, not to mention the white scarf that pulls through a slit in the coat. Do you note the high collar line, even on pyjamas?

Give thought to your ROUGE

TO HAVE IT NATURAL

ONLY if the color "seems to come from within the skin," does Rouge give you bewitching Beauty

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the *one rouge* of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is *Princess Pat*—because *none other* possesses the almost magical secret of the *famous duo-tone blend.*

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess *naturally*, shows through the skin, from *beneath.* It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing *through* the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat, Natural Color

If you've used only usual rouge, *try* Princess Pat. A small thing to *do*, surely . . . yet *startling* as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an adorable *transparency* of skin texture, enriched so magically that *no matter how much color you use* it will seem your *very own.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that each Princess Pat rouge shade is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an *exclusive*, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a *mystical underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With *usual* rouge, you are restricted to *just one shade*—the one that "matches your skin." That *must* be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades *match every skin.* Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will—to harmonize with your gown—to be brilliant or demure—to be ultra fashionable.

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Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect *that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.*

Princess Pat Lip Rouge *a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible. You'll love it!*

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IS FASHION'S DECREE—*a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm.* If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for sixteen years—praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent FREE—no obligation.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
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Strangely enough, it worked, and the reporters seemed to feel that when everyone was so frank there must be nothing to it. Very soon it was all forgotten. But every time I see Anita's big eyes on the screen I think of that afternoon when I put her through the third degree.

Nor was Anita's coming to pictures the only inauspicious one recorded. There was Billy Haines, for instance, who arrived at the studio with a cold in his head and a boil on his nose. No wonder they made him play milkmen and plumbers. Nobody thought the kid had much until, because no other actor was available, they gave him the name rôle in "Brown of Harvard." It was his big chance and he made the most of it.

Billy Haines is, without doubt, the most annoying person I've ever known. Oh, mind you, I think he's a swell guy but his delight in upsetting dignity is something almost poetic in the fineness of its fervor. He can no more resist pulling a gag than Peggy Hopkins Joyce can resist a marriage license.

One day I took a very dignified member of the press out to his set. Let it be said in the lady's defense that she had, before her arrival in Hollywood the week before, been assigned to write political news in Washington and she knew almost no one in pictures.

She asked Billy if he had any exclusive news for her. "Yes, I have," said Billy. "I'll give you the exclusive announcement of my engagement. I'm going to marry Polly Moran."

He expected her to laugh. She didn't. She had never heard of Polly. "Oh, that's fine," she said, "now tell me all about it."

It was as good as Billy wanted. His eyes glowed with the fire of creation and—fixing Anita Page and me with a steely gaze and daring us to laugh—he went on, "Miss Moran comes from the old Virginia Morans. Her people were all famous fox hunters."

THE newspaper woman busily took down her notes, beaming with delight.

"Her father not being here, Louis B. Mayer will officiate and we'll be married in a church—a big affair. Miss Moran will wear duchess lace—a gift from her grandmother. It was worn at the wedding of all the Morans. We will have the ceremony solemnized beneath a bower of lilacs."

"Thanks so much," said the reporter. "I'll wire this story at once to my paper."

We turned to go. Billy called me aside. "Listen here," he said, "if you tell her the truth, I'll put ground glass in your coffee. This is the best gag I ever pulled. Tell her and I'll murder you—do you understand?"

I was torn between fear and duty. If Billy discovered that I told her, my life would be a burden of practical jokes. If I let the story go through she would be furious and the studio would never get another line of copy from her powerful newspaper.

AT last I had a brilliant thought. "Polly Moran is working on this stage," I said as we walked along. "Would you like to get more details from her?"

We went on the stage. "Polly—Polly Moran," somebody called, "we're ready for your scene now." And the newspaper woman saw the real Polly Moran of the old Virginia fox hunters.

Later, when the story did not appear, Billy accused me of having snitched. "I swear I didn't," said I, "she just happened to see Polly."

Hollywood is a strange town—as perhaps these stories have already shown you. Not long ago somebody asked me to recount the most incredible sight I'd ever seen in the film colony. That was a poser, but I do believe that the Savior on a bicycle seat is the weirdest thing I've ever seen. H. B. Warner, if you remember, played the *Christus* in "King of Kings." In the final scene he was suspended from the cross. The problem was how he could hang there without doing himself bodily harm. Somebody had a thought. They attached to the cross a bicycle seat and, with hands and feet supposedly nailed, Warner was able to take the weight off his arms by resting upon the bicycle seat which did not show in the picture. Surely that's fantastic enough for anybody.

Is there any sin in Hollywood? That's the question I'm going to answer next month. You can trust me to be honest. I haven't been cagey with you yet, have I? I've discussed everything perfectly frankly and I promise you this won't be the average stuff written about Hollywood sin. I won't trick you. Next month I'll also tell you about the coming of the talkies and give you, among others, the inside story of Renee Adoree's departure for the Arizona sanatorium

When I Faced Death

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

wearing it a little too far down to be in style with Mayor Jimmy Walker.

THEY now ransacked the joint, counted all the tools, saw that they had everything that belonged to them, took all they wanted out of me, put back what they couldn't use and I could, makin' sure I wasn't holdin' out on them.

Cowpunchers can be pretty slick at times, but try and get away with anything on one of those personally conducted tours, with stopover privileges at selected points of interest, with those eagle-eyed nurses giving the once and all over. Glad they didn't have any of them for brand inspectors in the days of my cattle-rustling past.

On the way up to my room, I saw a couple of birds standing in one of the halls. I didn't like the look they gave me—reminded me of a time a strange cowhand stopped overnight at the ranch, and I saw him eyeing a certain horse in the corral, and next morning both stranger and horse were gone. Found out later that these boys went by the handle of the "death watch" and I was a prospect eighteen carat fine. They stuck around till daylight—it being two A. M. then—waiting for me to "cronk out" as they say it here.

I now arrive at my room on the clean fifth and élite floor. The reason they sent me back from whence I came, they thought I would not be long any place, except the place you stay longest. So they said I could stay here if I promised to be a good boy and not shoot up the place, or insist on riding Tony up and down the halls, when I got to feeling better.

Now I am getting along fine and if they want to keep me here much longer, they'll have to allow me to sleep with my boots and spurs on, as this is the longest I have been out of them to date.

WHEN I am turned loose back home on the home range, I will be Simon pure and fit as a fiddle. Thankful to everyone for their help and always remembering that God sure enough rode night herd on me.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE SUNSET TRAIL—Tiffany Prod.

KEN MAYNARD'S horse, Tarzan, and a small boy named Buddy Hunter really walk off with the acting honors in this shoot-'em-up Western. There is the usual blonde to be saved from a bunch of black-hearted wretches; this time they are trying to scare her into selling her ranch. Ken Maynard, of course, turns the trick with fist and gun. Ruth Hiatt is the rescued damsel. Good riding and lots of shooting.

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics

A MODERN Robinson Crusoe story, not as idyllic as the lovely "Tabu," but entertaining in spots and sometimes very beautiful. Although it is a French-made film, what little dialogue there is (and most of the scenes are silent) is in English. It was photographed on an island off the coast of Madagascar and points out the conflict between a lonely paradise and civilization.

THE LOCAL BAD MAN—Allied Pictures

A RATHER mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone a little naïve. Not much story or action to this one and everybody is just so tired when they hold up that train. A wasted evening for adults. Sally Blane is the girl who just knows Hoot can do no wrong.

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal-Gainsborough

THIS film, made in England from the play by A. A. Milne, boasts Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, the two real life love birds who wouldn't be separated even for a few weeks. But those who wrote theater mash notes to Marshall (when he appeared in the stage play

Those gay little tams that turn up in the back, only to zoom down over the right eye, have turned to straw this Spring. This fetching one worn by Kathryn Crawford is made of a dull prystaline straw. Two ostrich pompons point toward the eyeline

Stop that COLD

This New ALKALINE Way

MODERN SCIENCE has discarded the old, violent method of treating a cold with strong drugs. Today leading authorities recommend the "Alkaline Way"—that is, to thoroughly "Alkalize" your system. Slow down—rest—keep warm—go to bed if possible. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets are a most effective way to "Alkalize" your system.

A cold that hangs on is apt to cause serious trouble. Don't neglect it. If you have a cold, or feel one coming on — cut out the coupon below—take it to any drug store and receive a package of ALKA-SELTZER Tablets on our Special Trial Offer. You will be pleased at the prompt and effective relief you get. A tablet of ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water makes a bubbling glassful of the vital alkaline minerals which you need to alkalize your system and relieve your cold.

When colds and sore throat attack—when you are troubled with headaches, sour stomach, acid indigestion and similar everyday ills—it's a sure sign you are suffering from TOO MUCH ACID in the system. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets help to correct this excess acid condition. They make a sparkling anti-acid drink, *first* relieving the pain and then building up the "alkaline reserve" which is so necessary if you want to get well and keep well.

ALKA-SELTZER is the new common sense way—"the Alkaline Way"—to relieve colds, headaches and indigestion. Use the coupon below and get a package at your nearest drug store.

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Fight your cold! Buy Mentholatum now—at the nearest drug store. Put just a bit in each nostril to clear your head. Rub it into your chest to break up congestion. Cover with warm flannel for quick action!

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FISCHER MFG. CO., P. O. Box 683, Dept. 35, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow") will be disappointed in him in this slow-moving, over-talkative "Enoch Arden" story. He should have another chance. Wife Edna is winsome and pretty and that's about all.

THE U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME—Sono Art-World Wide

FOR those who love football this is one of the greatest spectacles of the year. The combat that has been called "the greatest game in football history" is here shown play by play (many of the shots in slow motion) with all the suspense, action and excitement of the original. And when the Trojans defeat the fighting Irish in the last two minutes of play you'll be lifted out of your seat. Every football fan *must see this!*

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox

A DULL farce, with a couple of faint snickers buried in the overdone slapstick, the tedious direction and the song and dance numbers. Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland, as three burlesque queens, two of whom try to play the society game, work their little fingers to the bone in a futile effort to drag something out of this that isn't there.

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures

TRYING to cash in on the waning gangster picture vogue this "quickie" attempts to glorify the law, with amusing results. But the producers didn't mean to be amusing and that's why Patsy Ruth Miller and Jack Mulhall (Jack used to be a big star) have such a tough time making it even passable.

FILE 113—Allied Pictures

A PICTURE that fails to click in spite of the splendid work of Lew Cody, Clara Kimball Young, George Stone and Buster Collier. The story (written many years ago) about a famous detective who has the knack of solving crimes of all sorts with no apparent effort, has not been sufficiently modernized to seem even probable.

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.

THIS story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere but it does most of its rambling in color, some shots being really beautiful. The picture, however, is much too antiquated for modern audiences. The kids may like it. Wally MacDonald and Virginia Brown Faire have the leads.

TWO SOULS (ZWEI MENSCHEN)—Cicero Prod.

SACRIFICE is the theme of this story, a drama of love and religion, with enough bright spots for those who do not like heavy drama. The scenic shots of the Tyrolese country are beautiful. Because of the English titles the story will be clear to those who do not know German.

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram

MARION SHILLING, Carmelita Geraghty, Virginia Lee Corbin and Edna Murphy are all attractive to the eye, which is about as much as you can say for this story of a cub reporter on a big daily. Rex Bell is the pencil and notebook boy.

What Really Happened to Buddy Rogers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Mary Pickford signed Buddy to appear opposite her in "My Best Girl." Together with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary shared the publicized spotlight of screen royalty. She signalized aloofness from the dark swirl of passions that spurt and foam from the springs of Hollywood emotions.

Buddy was among the chosen few invited to Pickfair, a charming house in the hills of Beverly. Charles Farrell, one of his closest friends then, was also to be among the few, later, but now—

THE boy from Olathe, Kansas, rose to heroic social heights.

But again his nemesis, ridicule, thrust him back into the male Pollyanna class for, with a crash of publicity cymbals, Paramount blared their boy, Buddy, forth as "America's Boy Friend."

The reaction was anything but favorable. Buddy sought solace in his musical instruments.

He did more. He made a date with the vivid Latin screen personage who had called him "ga-ga."

He primed himself for the date. He gloomed over his titles: the no-boy, the apron string puppet, "America's Boy Friend."

Buddy was not quite himself that evening. His blood boiled and his heart hammered it through veins accustomed to it cool and tempered.

With a grind of brakes, Buddy drew up to the beautiful home of his date. He rang the doorbell. The butler opened the door. Grimly, Buddy stalked to the drawing-room where she who had insulted his manhood by branding him "ga-ga" awaited in all her effete beauty. Lightning crackled his brown eyes, eyes usually so mild and gentle.

Before his hostess could say more than "Hello," Buddy had reached to her, pulled her to her feet, crushed her in his arms. She was warm, fragrant, a mite of a trick, albeit on occasion she had been known to enforce an argument with an uppercut that would have done justice to Jack Dempsey in his prime.

"I'm ga-ga, am I?" shouted Buddy from his anguish, or words to that effect. "Well, sir, I'll show you who's ga-ga!"

He pressed masterful lips to the lips of his unresisting prisoner.

"I'll show you," he half-sobbed in defiance to all his tormentors, or still words to that effect.

"Here, here," she interrupted, exercising the strength with which nature had blessed her. "You're in a lava, my lad. Sit down and cool off."

Was it Buddy's fault that experience and courage forsook him at this critical moment and left him a poor second to the firmness of her who keeps him, now, among her amusing souvenirs?

IN the rationalizing light of a new day, the fiasco of the night before must have been just a bottle of white rock that didn't fizz when opened.

However, Buddy had been pursued before. A certain star, whose name would surprise you if you knew it, looked upon Buddy's handsomeness and fell hard. And Hollywood gasped when they learned her name. The gasp increased to a stifled shriek when it became known that a delivery car from a smart haberdashery had stopped in front of Buddy's house and left a gift package containing twelve magnificent pairs of silk pajamas. Had he ever had silk pajamas before? Never, returned the echo.

But Buddy later found to his relief that all femininity in Hollywood is not necessarily aggressive. Not all girls were of the attacking sex.

There was Mary Brian. Buddy rushed Mary at a pace that augurs seriousness. Mary soothed the wounds of vanity. Mary responded sympathetically to his musical ambitions. Mary was girl and woman and from her emanated a motherly sweetness that Buddy craved.

BUT he was not ready for matrimony. His pace slackened. His direction wavered and focused on June Collyer. He began to pay court to June. Mary and June appeared with him in a picture, "River of Romance." It should have been a situation.

It wasn't, for Buddy. His eyes favored June, and Mary, her hurt her own, turned to others and where love had been anticipated, friendship alone remained.

And now, having achieved the eminence of a male, a man who made his own engagements, who lived his own life secure from the bolder ladies, Buddy permitted himself to expand and to voice his ideas of love and marriage. He liked Mary and June and Florence Hamburger, the Los Angeles society girl with whom he used to go and who is now married. He liked many girls, in and out of pictures, but he wouldn't marry until he met the right one. In her, he idealized the virtues of the Victorian and the Jazz Ages.

He may find her. He is not in Hollywood today.

Paramount refused his plea for dramatic rôles. Even after "The Lawyer's Secret," in which he became Charles and smoked his first cigarette, the studio refused him further dramatic rôles.

So Buddy is in New York, the metropolis that has acclaimed him wildly before, acclaimed him for the very qualities Hollywood laughed at. The effort he has put into a musical future is being realized in a salary approximating ten thousand dollars a week derived from the stage, the radio, and his own band.

THREE thousand miles away, Hollywood considers Buddy Rogers in a more reflective light as radios are tuned to his program. They remember yesterday and the boy who came out of Olathe, Kansas, to be *Peter Pan* and their no-boy.

They read of him today, the boy who must still call the police reserves in New York to protect him from the frenzy of admirers; who is successful, wealthy, sought after.

He is twenty-eight, and the demands of crowding days and evenings of work and play have mellowed his youth, his naïveté, his frankness.

Charles Buddy Rogers, secure in a new field of popular favoritism and a tremendous and assured income, is tooting his saxophone at Hollywood, notes that resemble razzberries.

March Birthdays

March 1—John Loder
March 3—Edna Best, Jean Harlow, Edmund Lowe
March 4—Dorothy Mackaill
March 11—Lois Moran
March 16—Junior Coghlan, Conrad Nagel
March 18—Betty Compson, Rosita Moreno, Edward Everett Horton
March 22—Bernice Claire
March 23—Joan Crawford
March 24—Jameson Thomas
March 25—El Brendel
March 27—Gloria Swanson
March 29—Warner Baxter, Wheezer (of Our Gang)
March 30—Anna Q. Nilsson
March 31—Eddie Quillan, Victor Varconi

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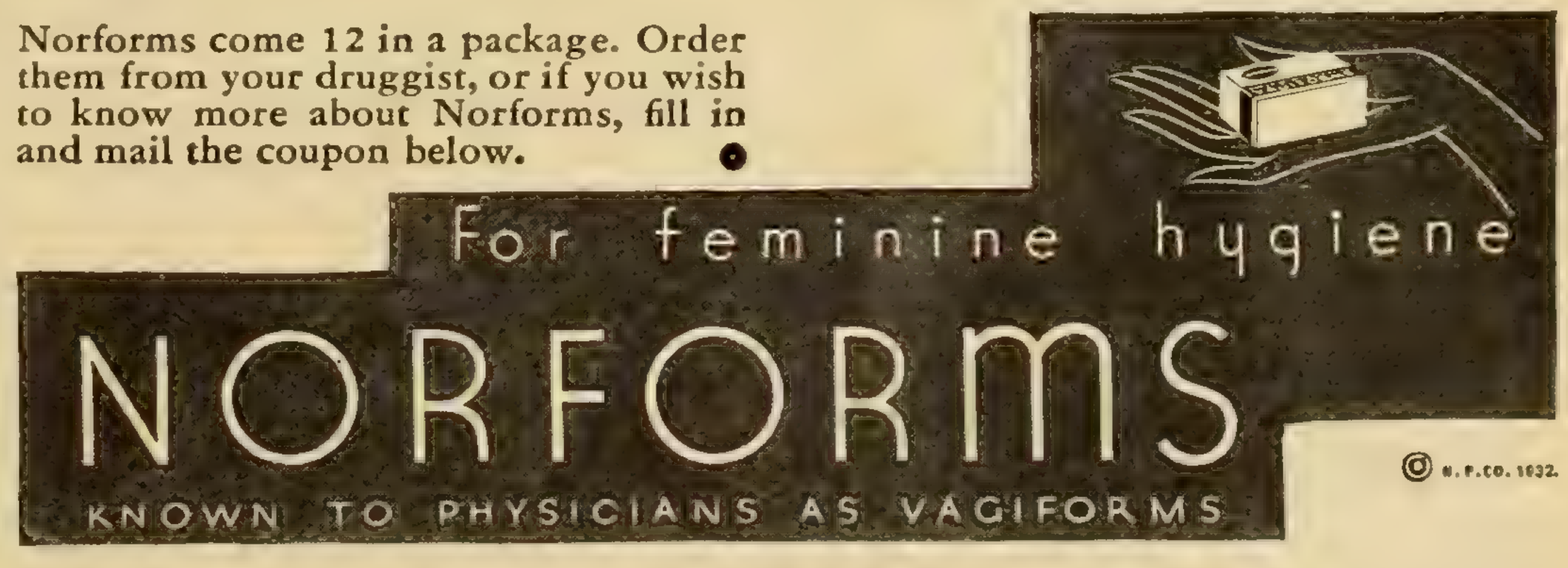

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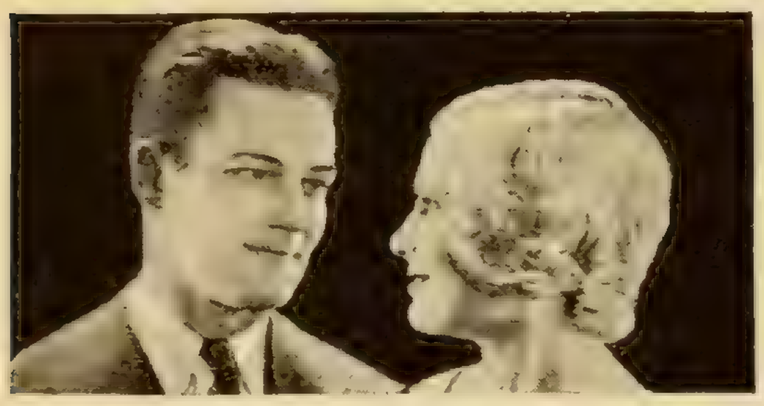

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Telling on Norma

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

is undone and is beautifully curled. Then she reaches for her strong white brush and with firm determined stroke brushes out every single vestige of curl.

She has the satisfaction of knowing she did curl her hair, anyway.

Her eyes are small, expressive and very blue. Her teeth are strong and very white. Her hair plain brown. But a glistening, well-brushed brown.

SHE plays the piano rather well. Her hands are long and slender, but surprisingly strong.

In one scene in "Private Lives" she was to smack Robert Montgomery's face right smartly with her left hand. Not able to control the swing of her left arm, she let out a blow that smacked an amazed and thoroughly stunned Mr. Montgomery directly through a screen. Where he lay gasping like a fish while Norma looked on in horror. They shot the scene exactly as it happened. And caused a riot with the fans. Who little dreamed how it really happened.

Her one ambition as a child was to be a famous and spectacular athlete. The kind that swims channels and crawls up buildings. Human fly fashion. Her heart was set on the human fly business. She plays a good game of tennis, swims well and is an excellent skier. Landing, nine times out of ten, on her skis. To her own delight and surprise.

She drinks a glass of hot water with lemon juice in it every morning after her setting up exercises. But she doesn't believe in sun baths. Thinks women should keep fair to be lovely.

She's tried and tried, but simply cannot bring herself to get under a cold shower. But will plunge into the coldest pool without a qualm.

Her feet are always cold. Winter or summer her feet are cold. Even in a heat wave. Especially during heat waves, as a matter of fact.

Norma Shearer goes about the studio quietly and even submissively. Asking no favors. She actually goes to extremes to show that because she is the wife of an executive she expects no favors.

THE entire studio adores her. And she never suspects how much. And would weep with gratitude if she knew.

But they have to threaten all sorts of dire things before she'll pose for photographs. But once let the urge seize her, nothing can stop her. She'll go steadily for days. And pose for hours at a time. She'll drag every garment she owns to the photographer and there she'll sit. For days. Until actually the poor photographer weeps with fatigue. Then she won't go again for a year.

She never knows any Hollywood gossip, but loves it. Knows she'd make a perfect movie fan.

Recently, for the first time since she's been working at M-G-M, she made a trip with friends to the different sets. She sh-h-h-h-h'd her guests half to death, stole meekly across sound stages and stood there, like a tourist from Kansas, thrilled to death.

She says herself she's as patient as a cow. Doesn't mind waiting dinner for her husband or dinner guests and can't imagine why any hostess should be disturbed by her tardiness. Heaven knows it never bothers her when people are late.

If there is one kind of person she dotes on, it's that willing person that joins in on an impromptu good time. A "come on, let's go places" person. Who always goes at the drop of the hat.

She uses one scent. With toilet water to match. And won't tell its name. Hates to write. And sends all her messages by wire. Has only the deepest disgust for telephones. And is constantly surrounded by phones that ring madly.

She loves stage actresses. And will go home from the theater and imitate them by the hour. Sweeping grandly before her mirror. Gesturing and acting. Until her husband swears she must have a fever.

FANS. Crowds of people outside theaters thrill her to death. She would, if permitted, linger among them for hours, signing autographs.

Once, coming out of a hotel in London, she found a crowd of people milling about to glimpse her. Pleased, and puffed up at the unexpected attention, she entered her car and drove to a theater. With a bit of pity for the Prince of Wales whom she pictured at that very moment as being absolutely devoured with envy. At the theater she was amazed to find another crowd. Demanding autographs and plucking at her coat. "How ever did you know I was coming to this certain theater?" Norma asked one. "Oh, we didn't," he replied, "you're just an accident. We're waiting for the star."

And did Irving Thalberg shout! But Norma has a grand time laughing at herself.

FOR some reason she never has a cent of money.

And keeps dashing in and out of shops to borrow from her chauffeur. Who keeps plenty handy for that very purpose.

She's a great actress in real life and puts on a grand show. Of a charming, worldly-wise woman.

As a matter of fact, she's pretty well frightened three-fourths of the time. And, terribly unsure of herself.

And, oh yes. I must make a list. I must write on that list to speak to Norma about the way she swings with both feet up on that screen door of her dressing-room while she talks.

Some day that screen will break and Norma will go hurling over that rickety bannister.

And if ever that should happen, a million hearts all over the world would break.

For Norma Shearer.

"Li'l Gawgia" Gets Glamour!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

"Alas," thought I, and so did others, "the same old Miriam. If she has anything to give to pictures, I'm Eddie Cantor's five daughters!"

Just another job of work by just another ingénue—except that she was a little more colorless and more plain than some. And when other inconspicuous Hopkins talkies came along, I conveniently forgot and went to a newsreel.

Then I went to "The Smiling Lieutenant," to see Chevalier grin—but what I did see was

Here is Miriam Hopkins at the age of two and a half, way down South in Georgia

what was billed as Miriam Hopkins! What a woman as the little princess! What charm, what grace, what vivacity, what oo-la-la and yum-yum! My hat! Your hat! Queen Mary's hat!

Somehow, sometime, snickering Fate had dealt her a mess of glamour! In some inscrutable fashion she was no longer a scrawny and colorless girl, but a woman full of danger and allurement! As the dance-hall girl in "24 Hours" she repeated the dose, doubled and redoubled—what a luscious picture she made in that.

AND now, in Freddy March's newest essay, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," our li'l Miriam really comes of age. As one watches her brilliant performance in Fearless Fred's support, the feeling comes that here is a real somebody, a power and a personality in the making of talking shadows!

Out there in the Hollywood jungles there roams, practically unchecked, a vivid woman and an exceptional actress. It's "Li'l Gawgia" Hopkins, the girl from Savannah, and it's safe to predict—

Whoa! What a rotten predictor I turned out to be!

I watched that girl, on stage and screen, for a matter of nine years, and I could see no more future for her than awaits an old studio gateman who snoozes the sunny hours away. And now look what she's done to me!

Yep—I'll take a chance. I'll say that 1932, if it gives her a good shake in the matter of rôles and directors, will make Miriam Hopkins one of the outstanding screen figures of the day.

AND here it is in writing!

Well, it just goes to show that, well, it just goes to show.

By one of the blinding, blistering miracles that life delights in committing, now and then, a blank cartridge among ingénues has been changed into a siege-gun shell destined to blast a big niche for her in the fortresses of filmland.

Anything can happen now—you and I had better run for President on a Know-Nothing Ticket!

What did it?

Good old Glamour, whatever that is! You tell me.

Gosh and gee whillikins, kids, if they only sold that stuff in drug stores!

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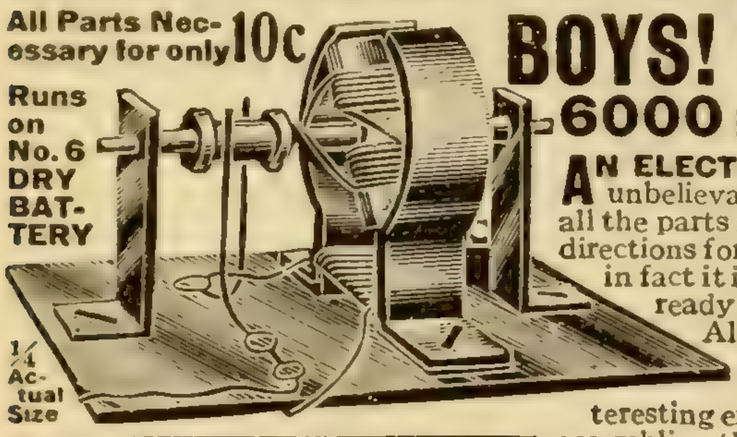

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What The Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

GABLE TRIBUTE

Clark Gable has charmed me out of twenty years of despondency. During that time I have waged a desperate battle with a suicide complex. In all that time the movies have been my greatest solace. For the time being I would forget that constant planning to end it all. However, it was not until I saw Clark Gable the second time, that, suddenly, I didn't want to die. Life was beautiful and worth while. What does anything matter when I can look forward to seeing Clark on the screen? Isn't it the most ridiculously amusing thing? At the same time, isn't it perfectly wonderful? Can you explain it? I can't. I don't try very hard. I just accept it and am thankful.

EDITH F. South Gate., Calif.

PRO AND CON JOAN

Why does Joan Crawford try to imitate Garbo? She must sit up nights studying the Viking Venus. My idea is that us Garbo-ites will not have carbon copies—so Joan, stop wearing gray slouch hats and above all don't try to imitate Garbo's eyes.

FLORENCE BOLDER, East Hartford, Conn.

Why doesn't Joan Crawford get the praise that's due her? She could have taken any one of Norma Shearer's last three pictures and done them as well, if not better than Shearer, without the affected giggle.

BETSY BAER, Chicago, Ill.

JACK OR CLARK

Just a short while ago John Gilbert's name was on every lip. We girls raved on and on about him. And, now, what has happened? Instead of Gilbert it's Clark Gable. And Gilbert has almost faded out of the picture. I don't think it fair. Gilbert is as good an actor as ever and just as handsome. I, for one, shall remain an ardent Gilbert fan regardless of all the Gables or what have you.

MRS. B. DENBY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIRST GABLE FAN

When I saw Clark Gable as an extra in a picture about two years ago I recognized his ability, and, what's more, I wrote him and wished him all the luck in the world. It was the only fan letter I have ever written and contained no request for anything. But just the same I received an autographed photograph by return mail. I am sure I shall be a Gable admirer long after feminine bosoms have ceased to heave whenever he comes into view.

BARBARA PHILLIPS, Cambridge, Mass.

WORLD THOUGHTS

Why isn't there ever a line about Victor Varconi? I hope there will be more publicity soon for that divine actor.

LORY AOLLER, Vienna, Austria

I adore Norma Shearer for her acting (although I do dislike her rôles), and for her clear pronunciation, but it is Warner Baxter who has made me sit back and relax when he talks, for I understand him perfectly. Ramon Novarro is still the supreme idol of most of us down here, for his extreme boyishness, romantic appeal, and now his splendid voice. He is the best understood of all the stars, for he speaks exactly as most of our friends, cousins and brothers do.

TRINIDAD RAMIREZ DE ARELLANO, Manila, P.I.

In the "Brickbats & Bouquets" department we like to compare our opinion with that of your American readers, who see the pictures so much earlier than we do. Lucky people!

JOHN SCHEPERS, Antwerp, Belgium

In Malaya, it is really out of the question to see stage plays like "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Journey's End," etc. But now, thanks to the talkies, not only can we enjoy them, but we can afford to see them several times over. Novels are very expensive here and so naturally one cannot afford to buy all the books written by favorite authors. Again we must thank the talkies for having translated such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Divorcee," "Trader Horn," etc.

GOH CHENG ENG, Penang, S. S.

Many of the college stories are not life-like. "Confessions of a Co-Ed" caused me serious trouble. My mother and I live in a country place and do not often go to the movies, but we saw this one. My mother was saving up for me to go to college, but when she saw this picture she said I could not go after all. It took my uncle and me a long time to convince her that it was only a story.

MAY REDO, Mexico, D. F.

Several theaters in Paris show English talking films. My friends and I appreciate them greatly. The directing is skillful and the casts always splendid, but why are the majority of stories so poor? My American friends agree with me. Why don't companies that are willing to pay third-rate actresses like Constance Bennett $30,000 a week spend more money on stories?

HÉLENE LUNÉ, Paris, France

This is an appeal for Frank Fay pictures. All his films have proved amusing and interesting, only unsatisfactory because there are not enough of them.

A. HARRIS, Montreal, Canada

John Gilbert and Clara Bow are not through. Clara has had a lot of tough luck and we all admire her for her courage in trying to come back. She has a good voice and has nothing to fear from the microphone.

Fans still like John Gilbert. He made a bad picture in "His Glorious Night," and people said he was finished, but that was disproved in "The Phantom of Paris." I saw that picture several times and would like to know what star could have given as splendid and as dramatic a performance as Gilbert. His voice was natural and better than many voices of male stars I have heard.

HILDA GRAHAM, Vancouver, Canada

I am told that Mary Pickford once acted splendidly as *Judy Abbott* in "Daddy Long Legs," but I know nothing about it. I only know that "Daddy Long Legs" is produced again splendidly by Janet Gaynor and Alfred Santell, the director. Many of the scenes make my heart move.

HIROSHI NAGAE, Tokyo, Japan

LESS TALK, MORE LOVE

Something drastic will have to be done about the love scenes in the talkies. As it is now, our favorite stars are pathetically funny, saying the silly lines they have to repeat over and over again. Why not limit the lines to a few expressive words?

RUTH DOUGLASS, Council Bluffs, Iowa

ART WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Many of the letters state that we should not patronize foreign stars, but should give the Americans a chance and incidentally keep the money among Americans. It seems to me the American actors and actresses have the best chance from the beginning, with no accents to conquer, and if they fail to "come across" whose fault is it?

Are we to lose the artistry of a Garbo, Arliss or Dietrich because they were born in Europe? I fail to see the connection between nationality and artistry. When George Arliss gives us one of his inimitable performances and speaks English as it should be spoken no one grudges him the money he makes. We are the better for having seen and heard him.

ROSE TAPROCK, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHEER UP, LIL

"The Woman From Monte Carlo," in which Lil Dagover makes her movie début, will suit the kind of audience that likes real drama of the inevitable, as in Greek tragedy. Those who prefer for their suspense the unexpectedness of cheap melodrama, will not be so pleased. Miss Dagover is an entirely different type of heroine, making one think of Gloria Swanson at times, of Greta Garbo often. She will give them all a race for laurels, providing her producers give her real plays. Like Ruth Chatterton, she is a real actress.

EMEROI STACY, Portland, Ore.

THAT BLOND GENE

"Ladies of the Big House" was wonderful. Sylvia Sidney gives a fine performance. But you should see her leading man, Gene Raymond, tall, handsome, blond and with a charming smile. He is a relief from Clark Gable.

MISS VALLORY, Newark, N. J.

Gene Raymond is a different blond hero. Personally, I never liked blond men before

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Watch for it in the April issue of

PHOTOPLAY

either on the screen or off. But now I'm all for Gene Raymond.

ANN LABUCKAS, Chicago, Ill.

AN ENGLISH COMPLAINT

How much longer will it be before British pictures are given a fair showing in the United States? Certainly some of our films are very poor but there are a lot of darn good ones which deserve universal success. Our players get no publicity in the American press and are consequently unknown to the American public, yet seventy-five per cent of the film news in the English press concerns American picture players.

LESLIE J. CROCKER, Middlesex, England

YOU DON'T KNOW MAC?

I arrived at our neighborhood theater to discover that almost every seat was taken and I saw that the majority of those present were children. When Graham McNamee's face appeared on the newsreel screen the applause completely drowned his greeting. A little girl sitting two seats from me asked, "Who's that?" The one next to me said, "Why, that's Graham McNamee!"

Mere words can't convey her apparent shock at the colossal ignorance of the one who did not know Graham McNamee.

MARY W. WALLACE, Atlanta, Ga.

JOAN'S GOOD EXAMPLE

A little ten-year-old girl I know had taken piano lessons for about a month and was getting bored with them. She and I went to see Joan Crawford in "Possessed." She heard Joan play and sing and right then and there her former interest in the piano lessons was revived. So far, Joan's influence is still going strong, for the little ten-year-old practices diligently so she can "play like Joan did." Perhaps Miss Crawford did not do the playing but what does that matter if she was just pretending. She did a lot of good.

DOROTHY REED, Scranton, Penna.

QUEEN MARIE

Be it rain or shine it's standing room only when Marie Dressler's name is blazing from the electric signs, for some actresses are good in some pictures and not so good in others But Marie is good in everything.

MYRTLE KAUFMAN, New York City

PERSONAL OPINIONS

My opinion of Hollywood's gossip hounds is that they are jealous of Jean Harlow's loveliness and her personality. They realize they are not so pretty as Jean.

DORIS SMITH, Davis, Ill.

Gloria Swanson is the greatest actress of them all. "Tonight or Never" was great. New stars may come and go but Gloria goes on forever.

HARRY R. BRAKE, South Milwaukee, Wis.

PHOTOPLAY combines everything that other magazines spread out for pages, in a short,

interesting, easy-to-read manner, with nothing missing.

DOROTHY DORSEY, Philadelphia, Penna.

Robert Montgomery does a certain type of sophisticated comedy that is splendid and he has a charming style all his own.

BETTY BARNSDALL, Cannes, France

Let us have more pictures with Helen Hayes, whom I consider the greatest actress ever to grace the talking screen.

JOHN WELLS, Los Angeles, Calif.

I find so much greater pleasure in reading a book after having seen the picture made from it.

The characters are infinitely more real to me.

MARIAN PETRIE, Seattle, Wash.

Ramon Novarro does not have to wear a uniform before he can act. What about "Ben Hur"?

What other star would have put that nasty make-up all over his entire body, to make it look scaley? Also remember "The Pagan" and "Where the Pavement Ends."

MARIE J. WAGNER, Denver, Colo.

Don't pluck your eyebrows, Clark Gable. Only sissies do that. You should remain the he-man you are.

D. RIDINGS, Dayton, Ohio

If Hollywood is overflowing with beauty and talent, why in the name of Garbo can't they find some of it to put in a few of those terrible short subjects?

JIM BOOTHE, Sweetwater, Texas

Joan Blondell is not only the cutest and peppiest blonde in Hollywood but she has a pleasant voice as well and I could sit for hours just looking at her.

JOAN GRAHAM, Oakland, Calif.

People have to blame something for making their children bad so they are picking on the movies.

CLARENCE LONTO, Shakopee, Minn.

They can talk about glamour but personally I prefer sweetness and simplicity.

BETTY DRUMMOND, Orono, Me.

Directors are as important as the stars. No matter how talented are the actors, no matter how good or novel is the story, it is the director who is responsible for the success or failure of the finished film.

MARY LANE, Wellington, New Zealand

TOM MIX

For miles I drive my rattling Ford among dense fields of sugar cane, and suddenly emerge into a village whose inhabitants are "gooks"—a mixture of Oriental races. However, enough of the population is Japanese that theirs is the common language and theirs is the movie theater where I see brilliant banners in red and blue floating from long poles to announce the show.

Yes, they are talkies. Usually the picture is a Japanese one with real Japanese actors, but sometimes I see Tom Mix. Then I am especially early at the show.

You who enter thoughtlessly, those luxurious picture houses in the States to see the latest films, stop sometimes to think how much happiness can be gleaned in a little rough board theater half hidden among the sugar cane of Oahu.

MRS H. E. TOMLINSON,
Waialua, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

I am sorry to learn that Leslie Howard doesn't care for Hollywood. I think he is a fine actor and would like to see him in more movies.

MRS. W. E. WELLS, New York City.

If Sylvia Sidney were starred in more pictures, Greta Garbo would be forgotten entirely.

Miss Sidney is one actress of whom the fans will never tire.

SYLVIA GRIDLEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

I spend lots of money on shows. Every time Elissa Landi is playing, I drag my family to see her. I would rather see her than Clara Bow.

MELBA SADEWHITE, Marshall, Mo.

To my way of thinking Mae Clarke in "Waterloo Bridge" does more real acting than Constance Bennett has achieved in her entire "talkie" career.

RUTH ELY, St. Paul, Minn.

Why give all the praise to Clark Gable? What about Robert Montgomery? He has more wit, personal appearance and technique than Gable ever thought of having. Bob Montgomery has been my favorite ever since I saw him in "Shipmates."

EVELYN KIEFER, Rochester, N. Y.

Not only do I think Eric Von Stroheim a consummate actor and a unique director—a genius—but I think he is the most fascinating man I've ever seen. One glance is sufficient to show that his is a background of breeding and culture.

Compared with Mr. Von Stroheim, these popular matinée idols seem inane.

MILDRED H. HUDSON, Washington, D. C.

Never before have we had a screen star like Joan Blondell. She has good looks, personality and she is a great actress and a trouper.

M. REISBECK, Denver, Colo.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

Marie Dressler

THIS department has often wept over the passing of the one-time great and glamorous stars. We printed this picture of Marie Dressler and the caption under it read: "Marie Dressler is now a star in her own comedy company, valued at two millions."

Here's something else that doesn't change. In our editorial we got as excited as a politician on election day over the ubiquitousness of the movie butler. Said we: "Pictures have passed the boob stage and yet the screen butler persists. The bachelor is not allowed to hang his own pants in his own closet and the business man cannot put away or get his coat or hat when he exits or enters." The film butlers and gentleman's gentlemen are in pent houses now, but they're still their obsequious selves.

But there are heart throbs in this issue, too. The beautiful girl in riding habit is Seena Owen whom we called the loveliest siren of the screen. Professionally, Seena is almost forgotten, but she hasn't forgotten her friends. During the long months when Lila Lee was regaining her health at an Arizona hospital recently, Seena was one of the few faithful ones who made the trip to see her time and again.

The girl on the cover was Mary MacLaren, who may come back any day, and the gallery included Marguerite Clayton, Antonio Moreno, Edna Hunter, William Courtleigh, Jr., Jackie Saunders, Wilfred Lucas, Lois Weber and Marie Chambers.

Pictures reviewed were: Geraldine Farrar in "Joan, the Woman," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano," Marguerite Clark in "Snow White," Lenore Ulric in "The Road to Love" and Ethel Barrymore in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."

Cal York item: Mae Murray has become the bride of Jay O'Brien. (She was later married to Robert (Director) Leonard and is now married to Prince David Mdivani, brother of Pola's ex.)

10 Years Ago

Theodore Roberts

YOU thought gangster pictures were something new, didn't you? No, there's nothing novel under the cinema sun, for ten years ago we ran an article called "Underworld Life in the Films" and it kidded the then-recent cycle of crook pictures. There were vice rings and "moll buzzers," but we didn't take them so seriously as we do now. Incidentally, the piece was written for PHOTOPLAY by Willard Huntington Wright, whom you know as S. S. Van Dine, the creator of *Philo Vance*, who then was a steady contributor to the magazine.

Under a picture of Rudolph Valentino we wrote "Even in these days of dismal depression in motion picture production (times were bad then, too) his services are being eagerly sought." On the opposite page he gave his views about women and one of them read, "I would not care to kiss a girl whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting." And that was Rudy! On the screen, the cave-man (they were cave-men then) Rudy had, in reality, the heart of a simple Italian boy.

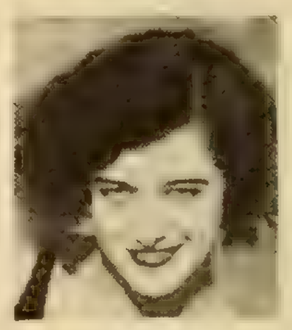
There were two pages of horrific pictures, one showing Lon Chaney achieving some of his weird make-up effects, and the other of Theodore Roberts, getting emotional with his trusty cigar. Three brilliant performers—Rudy, Lon and Daddy Roberts! All gone!

Olga Petrova was the cover girl and pictures of Rex Ingram with Alice Terry (whom he had just married), Helen Ferguson, Thomas Meighan, Alice Calhoun, Wally Reid and his son Billy, Charlie Chaplin, and Carol Dempster graced the gallery.

The best pictures were "Orphans of the Storm," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Boomerang Bill," "Three Live Ghosts" and "Red Hot Romance."

Cal York items: Bill Hart and Winifred Westover are on their Honeymoon . . . Marilyn Miller issued an indignant denial that she was to marry Jack Pickford . . . Mabel Normand's health is bad again and the brilliant little comedienne has not been able to start her scheduled picture for Mack Sennett.

5 Years Ago



Joan Crawford

STARING out from among the pages of five years ago is a picture of Lois Wilson with bobbed hair, and the story which accompanies it is plentiful with words of defiance hurled by Lois. She says she is sick of being sweet on the screen. She swears she is interesting and has personality and will prove it. Poor Lois! A great story will some day be written about her. She's the girl who was born to be a satellite, invariably revolving in the orbit of a great star—once it was Gloria Swanson, now it is Ruth Chatterton. But they say she blossoms forth in a new rôle in the forthcoming Chic Sale picture "Slice of Life."

You'd never believe that those two pictures, on opposite pages, are of Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. Is it possible that five years can make such a difference? Norma is a smiling young woman with demure curls and bangs, while Joan is buxom and untidy. Not a trace of the glamour which is later to surround them can be seen in either. If you covered up their names under the pictures, I defy you to recognize them. Norma was, at the time, a star; Joan just a small part player.

Promises were made but to be broken! We recount the story of the discovery of Jimmie Murray by King Vidor and we quote Jimmie as saying, "I'm going to keep my mouth shut, do what Mr. Vidor tells me and make good or bust. I won't have any alibis if I don't make good." All right, Jimmie, you've got no alibis. You had the biggest chance of any young fellow in pictures, but you sold it for a—well, not for a mess of pottage. And you didn't do what Mr. Vidor told you, lad.

Arlette Marchal (who started out big and flopped) was on the cover this month and gallery pictures were those of Gloria Swanson, Billy Haines, Clara Bow, Natalie Barrache, Anna Q. Nilsson and Charles Ray.

Here were the six best films of the month, "The Kid Brother," "The Fire Brigade," "Tell It to the Marines," "The General," "Blonde or Brunette," and "The Music Master."

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (*Sept.*)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (*Feb.*)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (*Dec.*)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (*Nov.*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (*Sept.*)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (*Nov.*)

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (*Sept.*)

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (*Oct.*)

Aside from being a very charming pose of Claudette Colbert, this picture has fashion distinction. A black woolen frock has the unusual trimming of white angora on sleeves and collar. Note the epaulet effect which gives the broader shoulder line that Seymour has been telling you about. And what a pert feather on Claudette's black felt turban!

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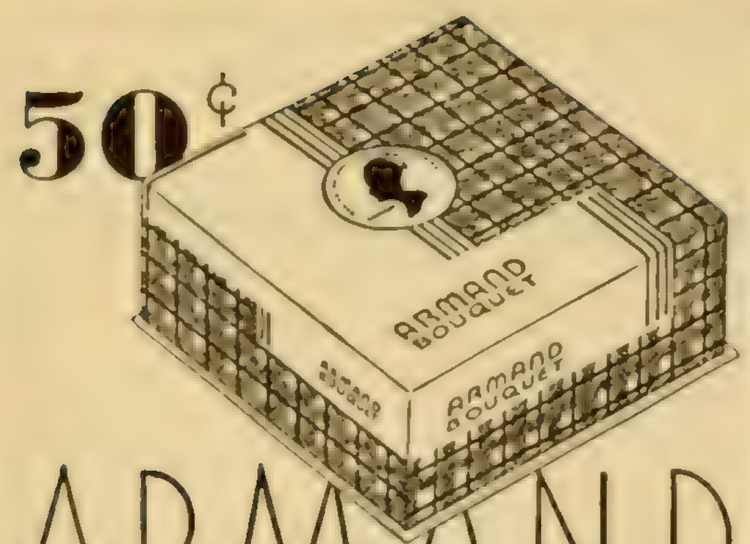

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SILENCE — Paramount. — Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (*Oct.*)

★ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (*Dec.*)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (*Sept.*)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (*Oct.*)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (*Oct.*)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (*Nov.*)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (*Feb.*)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (*Jan.*)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (*Oct.*)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (*Dec.*)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (*Sept.*)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (*Jan.*)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (*Sept.*)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (*Oct.*)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (*Dec.*)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (*Feb.*)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rollicking tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (*Nov.*)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (*Jan.*)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (*Oct.*)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (*Jan.*)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (*Sept.*)

TAXI—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (*Jan.*)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (*Dec.*)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (*Jan.*)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (*Oct.*)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (*Nov.*)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (*Jan.*)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOUCHDOWN** — Paramount. — A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (*Jan.*)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC** — Fox. — Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (*Sept.*)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (*Nov.*)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (*Feb.*)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Ho-hum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (*Feb.*)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (*Oct.*)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (*Feb.*)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE** — Universal. — It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (*Sept.*)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (*Dec.*)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (*Oct.*)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (*Nov.*)

WICKED — Fox. — Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (*Oct.*)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (*Sept.*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathe.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (*Feb.*)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (*Sept.*)

WOMEN MEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (*Sept.*)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (*Jan.*)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (*Jan.*)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (*Jan.*)

Short Subjects *of the* Month

A new film to tickle the fancy of sports lovers. Ice hockey fans will be thrilled by "He-Man Hockey," a short reviewed below. Here you see Joe Jerwa, Alex Cook and F. Jerwa, of the Boston Bruins, who cut plenty of capers

HE-MAN HOCKEY
Educational-Brown Nagel

Come on, you hockey fans—don't miss this short! Bill Cunningham takes you right into camp with the fast skating Boston Bruins. Want to know how hockey teams train? This will show you.

INCREDIBLE INDIA
Fox

This is one of the very best of that splendid "Magic Carpet" series. And you mustn't miss it, no matter how blasé you've become about travelogues. The shots of elephants at work is one of the most remarkable ever filmed.

SMART WORK
Educational-Cameo

A very amusing marital quadrangle makes the plot of this funny comedy. A lawyer unwittingly shadows the husband of a client to his own doorstep and wife! Billy Dooley and Addie McPhail head the cast.

CAMPING OUT
RKO-Pathe

Did you ever go camping with the wrong people? Then you'll sympathize with the folks in this story. There are some fairly new gags and it's entertaining enough. You'll enjoy Florence Lake and Dot Farley.

POTTSVILLE PALOOKA
Educational-Sennett

That funny team, Harry Gribbon and Babe London, who care for each other in a *big* way, are at their best in this prize-fight comedy. The fight is a scream.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE
Vitaphone

Remember Donald Brian, who created the rôle of the *Prince* in "The Merry Widow" so long ago? He's the leading character in this short about a suspicious husband who returns home unexpectedly. It's mild screen fare, but Brian is good.

DREAM HOUSE
Educational-Sennett

This is another one of the comedies featuring the famous radio crooner, Bing Crosby. Bing seems more at ease in this quite amusing skit than in previous ones. You'll like his songs.

CLOSE HARMONY
Paramount

The Boswell sisters, whom you've been hearing on the radio for quite a spell, show their faces to the camera. They are nice faces, too. The idea of this amusing sketch is that the girls sing in the barnyard and inspire the chickens and the cows to better efforts.

FOR THE LOVE OF FANNY
Educational-Vanity Comedies

The usual college rah rah plot is made unusually funny by the appearance of Glenn Tryon in a dizzy striped bathing suit and silk hat. His best girl won't say yes until he belongs to a certain fraternity, so he endures much horseplay at the hands of his rival.

THE JAZZBO SINGER
Columbia

A grand burlesque on all the back stage stories ever filmed. Literally, it's monkey business, since the cast is played by monkey actors and some of the lines (spoken by real people) are very funny.

ROAD TO ROMANCE
Educational-Brown Nagel Prod.

Claude Flemming finds a romantic journey right here in America this time. He takes you on horseback through one of the magnificent Western canyons. The color photography is superb.

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soft and smooth

IN SPITE OF HARSH, HARD WATER

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To keep your hands and arms as lovely and youthful as your face, have a bottle always available—one in the bathroom, another above the kitchen sink.

Buy Chamberlain's Lotion at drug stores and toilet goods counters, 50c and $1.

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"The Invisible Glove"

To prove to yourself how quickly Chamberlain's Lotion beautifies hands and arms, send coupon and 10c for purse size flaconette, a two weeks' supply

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City.....State.....

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IF you want cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes, try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. So mild, yet so sure, thousands call them "the internal cosmetic." A wonderful substitute for calomel and a lot safer. Used for 20 years by people who want relief from blemishes and pimples—nothing better for liver trouble and constipation.

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Any doctor will tell you a system clogged by poisons from the intestines is the greatest threat to beauty. That is why Dr. Edwards made this rare compound of vegetable ingredients. For just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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HERE is a lipstick discovered for you by one of the world's most famous chemists. Forget about color charts and be assured that Phantom Red Lipstick is scientifically correct for your complexion. Phantom Red One Shade Lipstick merely accentuates your own natural coloring. Harmless, because it is made from vegetable ingredients. Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge is sold at Beauty Parlors, Toilet Goods Counters and Drug Stores.

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LIPSTICK

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breeden
Chas. D. Brown
Maurice Chevalier
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Tamara Geva
Wynne Gibson
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Sari Maritza
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Allen Vincent
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Raul Roulien
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy
Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Melvyn Douglas
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Helen Hayes
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Anita Page
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Tala Birrell
John Boles
Lucile Browne
June Clyde
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Lil Dagover
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Chas. "Chic" Sale
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Nancy Carroll
Claudette Colbert
Frank Morgan
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A Gallant Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

digging in her garden, an old straw hat perched on top of her red-blonde hair, her arms bare to the shoulder, as many freckles will testify. Some days she must have forgotten the hat, for a little row of tiny freckles runs across her uptilted nose.

MAE was digging in her flower beds when she was called to the telephone.

"Oh, bother," she said.

Jack Gardner's voice came over the wire. Jack is the casting director for the Fox Studios.

"How would you like to make a picture?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. What kind of part?" she asked. Her mind was still on planting her sweet peas; the snails that were eating up her chrysanthemums and what the baby should have for lunch because it was the nurse's day out.

The next day she went to the Fox Studio to see about playing the gallant little mother in "Over the Hill." She was the actress again. She was the thirty-first and last actress to make a test for the part. And how she played it!

"It is the first rôle that has appealed to me in the eight years of my retirement," Mae said. "Of course, I was curious to hear how my voice would sound in a talking picture, but I was especially glad to play the part of a mother."

"But Mae," I wailed, "you're going to be typed now, just like every other actress who makes a hit in one rôle. You're going to have to play mothers from now on."

"I don't care," Mae replied. "Let them type me if they want to. I'll play mothers. I'll play grandmothers. I'm not the ingénue type. I never was.

"One critic said that I was not so young, not so winsome as I was twelve years ago. I hope I haven't stood still all that time. I don't know anyone who is as young today as he was twelve years ago."

The red-blonde hair is now snow white; bleached and bleached for the scenes in which she played the white-haired mother in "Over the Hill." Wig after wig was tried but none of them looked natural. And so they bleached Mae's own hair, because it must look perfect for the part.

Now that the picture is finished, Mae hates her hair.

"IT makes me feel so old," she complains. "I have an old lady complex anyway, since I made the picture. I can't stop feeling old. They kept telling me I couldn't do this and I couldn't do that because I was too old. Now I feel that I'm at least a hundred."

But her daughters like the color of her hair. "Mama, darling," they said, "why, you look just like a platinum blonde. Like Jean Harlow."

"That reminds me—I'm in love"

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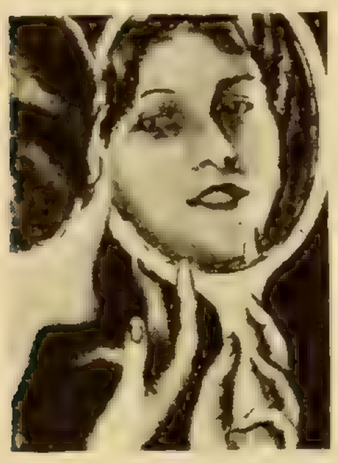
City State
Color of your hair?



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NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR—NATURE'S REMEDY**—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR**. *Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c.*

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Come On, You Fat Girls!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

either in the morning or the afternoon. This makes the muscles elastic and draws the fat from underneath.

It also makes you long and lithe and graceful. It gives you poise, too.

Now for you poor thin girls who want to build up the bust.

Keep up the exercises I've already given you but add to them the exercise I've illustrated and described in Picture C.

Do this complete exercise twelve times every morning and be sure to feel the chest muscles stretching.

You'll be amazed at how firmly your bust will develop.

NOW for you people who give me that alibi, "I know I should reduce, but I have anemia and must keep up my strength by eating." Those anemia people are always whiney. I know them. They love to be sick and they think it interesting to look pale and fatigued. Well, it isn't. I implore you—don't get a kick out of looking like the devil.

As a rule you anemia people won't do a thing to help yourselves. You take it out on your poor family and friends. They'll put up with you, but I won't. You look awful—fat and flabby and pale. Come on, get that fat off and, at the same time, cure yourself of anemia.

Here's how it's done. Follow the general reducing diet I gave you last month, but with the additions I'm going to tell you about. (You'll find the general reducing diet and the general building up diet repeated at the end of this article.)

The milk cure for anemia is very good. There are a number of institutions where they take people and feed them on milk alone. And they get results, but some folks have difficulty in digesting milk. Why not correct that anemia yourself? Be spunky about it. You can do it without milk.

The tops of turnips contain more iron than any other vegetable. Wash the turnip tops or turnip greens thoroughly. Put them in cold water and let them simmer slowly for two hours. Strain off the juice and drink that liquid as you would drink water. Take three cups of it every day. Do this along with the reducing diet and don't fail to keep up the exercises.

Eat lots and lots of rare beef, broiled liver and lettuce. And eat all the gelatin you can. Substitute gelatin for every dessert I've given. You can take it at every meal.

Make a resolution that you'll never whine again.

When I left Hollywood, everybody said, "Don't be crazy, Sylvia, you'll be back." But I told them I was through punching stars. The other day I got a telegram from Norma Shearer which read, "Please come home soon. Love. Norma."

Now the reason I'm not going back to Hollywood and the Hollywood stars is because I'm going to keep on writing these articles and make you as attractive as those girls are. Surely you should give me a little coöperation, when I'm giving up so much—even a gorgeous person like Norman Shearer—to help you.

HERE is the beginning of the facial work I'm going to continue in my next article. People always say to me, "The first place I lose is in my face."

My patients never have that experience, but there is a trick to it. Get the proper amount of nourishment.

If you follow my diet you won't get that hungry, wolf-like expression whenever you see food, because I've given you plenty to eat. Nor will your face get saggy if you do what I say.

This is the house, the one with the fresh coat of paint and the new roof. The address is 169 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Gladys Smith was born there a little less than forty years ago. And when she and Lottie and Jack were playing hopscotch on that pavement, little Gladys didn't know that some day she would be Mary Pickford and entertain dukes and duchesses in a mansion in Hollywood

Give your face plenty of time because you will love it. It's so restful and relaxing.

Clean your face with cleansing cream. Remove it and with a good feeding cream go all over your face with a gentle, smooth rotating movement of the two middle finger tips. Linger longest over the sagging muscles of the chin and deep lines about the mouth and nose, but always rub lightly and gently and do not pull the skin.

But that's not all. Your nerves and muscles must be stimulated.

PRESS the two middle fingers of both hands just at the cheek bone rather close to the ear (where my left hand is in Picture D). Do not pull the skin but press hard, making the fingers tremble as if they were a vibrator. Do this for two or three minutes. Do the same thing at the temples and also between the eyebrows (where my right hand is in Picture D). In the picture I have my two hands in different places —that's just to illustrate. When you do it, put both hands to the cheek bones at the same time, also put both hands between the eyebrows at the same time. Touch the three spots I've mentioned with the fingers in the vibrating motion for two or three minutes each.

You will love this for it stimulates the face and makes your nerves tingle pleasantly. This keeps your face toned up and doesn't allow it to sag.

Now use a lot of cold water on your face, but never until every bit of cold cream has been removed, for that's the surest way to start blackheads.

Look at yourself. Why, you look lovely. Your eyes sparkle, your skin is fresh. You're losing weight, but your face is still firm. Think, as you look into the mirror, how pretty you are.

The pounds are going, going, going. You're youthful. Isn't it great? Doesn't it pep you up to know how splendid you're becoming? And, as I tell you more and more things, you're going to look more and more beautiful.

NEXT month I've got some surprises for you fat and skinny girls, that will make you sit up and hear the birds sing.

Now go out and enjoy life. But don't forget your diet and your exercises. There—you see, what a fool you were not to obey me the first month? But it's different now. Keep it up without variance!

But remember, I'm too busy to answer letters.

I've told you what to do. Go do it. Come on, baby, get busy.

General Reducing Diet

Breakfast

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.

Cup of black coffee (no sugar).

Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

Luncheon

(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)

Glass of tomato juice.

Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)

or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers).

In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.

Dinner

Fruit cup.

Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.

Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.

Small broiled rare steak

or

Double lamb chop

or

One slice of ¼-inch thick roast beef

or

Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing

or

Two slices of broiled lamb

or

Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres.

(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy).

Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)

No bread, instead do this:

Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about ¼ inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.

Gelatin

or

Baked apple without sugar

or

Stewed fruits without sugar.

Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.

General Building Up Diet

Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice.

Twenty minutes later

Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.

Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like.

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup.

(Cream of mushroom

or

Cream of tomato

or

Cream of celery

or

Thick vegetable soup

or

Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)

Green salad and often half an avocado.

Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire)

or

Egg noodles (with butter).

Chocolate or rice or bread pudding

or

Cup custard

or

Stewed fruits with cream.

Bottle of certified milk.

(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

Dinner

Fruit cocktail.

Soup (cream or clear).

Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it's hard to digest.

Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on *after* the vegetables are done. Use plenty).

Glass of milk.

Cup custard

or

Ice Cream

or

Pudding.

(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

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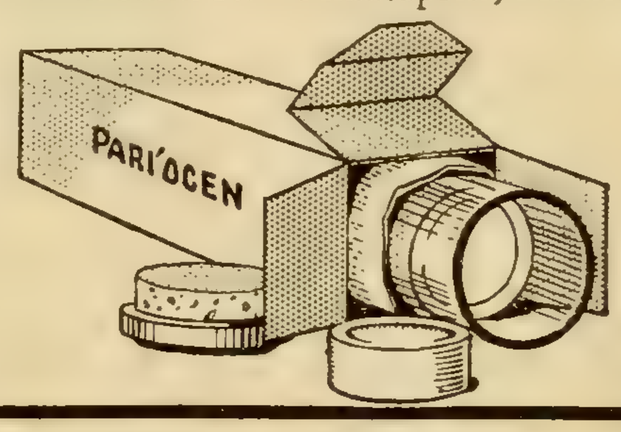

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Hollywood—Fashionably Speaking

by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD'S fashion prestige is like a star who gained little press notice in the days of silent pictures, but now that her voice is found, she's telling the world!

The high and lofties of the fashion world, whose eyes have become strained from looking over toward Paris, are grudgingly admitting that there is something to this screen fashion talk.

This past year has seen screen fashions creating more than the usual furor—and it won't be surprising if the screen couturiers will have as much complaint against copyists as the Paris houses are now experiencing.

New pictures certainly prove that the screen designers are right up on their toes—they are ready to broadcast the new trends before they happen—and they are determined to give you a visual picture of the fashions you will be wearing a season in advance.

This isn't just ballyhoo. Watch for Carole Lombard in "No One Man," if you don't believe me.

Her Florida costumes are what you'll be picking for this coming summer.

Girls who like that come-hither look of a nose veil, can go as veiled as they please. Many new spring hats that turn their brims up to boldly reveal the hair at back, go coy with veils over the eyes in front.

One of the first formal affairs that Constance Bennett gave after she married the Marquis, was a dinner announcing sister Joan's engagement. She chose to wear formal evening pyjamas on this occasion—they were red velvet with a coat of silver metal cloth. Joan Bennett wore black and silver. Somehow she always looks like a little girl dressed up for her first party, especially when so closely contrasted with *soignée* sister Constance.

Red was quite the order of the evening, I might add.

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford both sponsored it.

Waistlines are on the up and up. A new high is being launched that out-princesses the most princess silhouette.

It's being cleverly adapted, though, so that the not-so-slim-waisted sisterhood need not get too worried.

By way of an interior decorating note—both Mrs. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Pickford have had rooms in their houses done over in white.

Mary's is the drawing-room—Mrs. Barthelmess', the boudoir.

She Talked Too Much

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

and the pitiful sorrows of the depths. She says:

"It is all a matter of breaks. It is just as easy to fall one way as the other. I was an extra off and on for nine months—mostly off. I learned from watching Hollywood how desperately cruel it can be. I learned that success is difficult to win but easy, oh so easy, to lose. I also learned that the moment you start getting excited about anything in this business or any other, for that matter, you are overwhelmed with your own importance. Your perspective is dimmed as a result.

"I sometimes think I have learned to analyze too much."

ALTHOUGH she didn't tell me, I knew of what she was thinking about. Frances Dee had met a young man just a week before he was to sail to Europe. It was love at first sight. Mad, wild love. Other Hollywood girls would have married—or admitted love. Not Frances. She let the boy slip away. "Separation will tell whether it is the real thing or an attraction for the moment," her mind argued. "We will write. We will come to know each other through letters. If we discover we are really suited to one another—"

Her part in "An American Tragedy" came about like this: Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg noticed her in the lunchroom. They observed her closely. Marlene kept talking to her mentor; Josef kept nodding.

They called to Frances from a window later in the afternoon and asked if she would like the part.

At the opening of that picture in Los Angeles, Marlene leaned over to a friend and said she had "discovered" Frances.

Gossip about herself and Von Sternberg hurt Frances. When it went so far that folks began making up poetry about "Dee and *Dic*trich" she went into another huddle to settle the situation between her emotions and her mind. Her emotions said—

"I'd better stop staying on that set when I'm not working; I'd better stop having luncheon with him every noon. I'd better not be seen with him at all—"

But her mind said, "He's teaching me more about pictures than anyone I've known. He can help me as few can. Why shouldn't I take advantage of it? What do I care what people *say*. Gossip doesn't do any good, but it needn't do any particular harm."

SHE continued to be seen with Von Sternberg.

Will she, with this philosophical beginning—become a star? She's not one, today. Far from it.

Her important pictures to date are "Playboy of Paris," "An American Tragedy," "Rich Man's Folly," and "This Reckless Age."

But she's taken a long step since, a year and a half ago, she came out between her sophomore and junior years at the University of Chicago to visit an aunt, learned they were casting for a college production at Fox, walked nonchalantly to the casting office, and said: "I'm a college girl. Why not use me?" They used her.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARSENE LUPIN"—M-G-M.—From the play by Maurice Le Blanc and Francis De Croisset. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Bayard Veiller. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Duke of Charmerace*, John Barrymore; *Guerchard*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sonia*, Karen Morley; *Prefect of Police*, John Miljan; *Gourney-Martin*, Tully Marshall; *Sheriff's Man*, Henry Armetta; *Sheriff's Man*, George Davis; *Buller*, John Davidson; *Laurent*, James Mack; *Marie*, Mary Jane Irving.

"CAIN"—TALKING PICTURE EPICS.—Directed by Leon Poirier. The cast: *Cain*, Thomy Bourdelle; *Zouzour*, Rama-Tahe.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE"—Fox.—From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Barry Conners and Philip Klein. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *John Douglas*, Alexander Kirkland; *Inspector Duff*, H. B. Warner; *Shirley Marlowe*, Marian Nixon; *Gloria Garland*, Linda Watkins; *Inspector Flannery*, James Kirkwood; *Barry Kirk*, Ralph Morgan; *Kenneth Dunwood*, James Todd; *Garrick Enderly*, Herbert Bunston; *Kee Lin*, Jimmy Wang; *Doctor*, Joe Brown.

"DANCE TEAM"—Fox.—From the novel by Sarah Addington. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Jimmy Mulligan*, James Dunn; *Poppy Kirk*, Sally Eilers; *Alex Prentice*, Ralph Morgan; *Penworthy*, Edward Crandall; *Jane Boyden*, Nora Lane; *Herb*, Harry Beresford; *Benny Weber*, Charles Williams; *Cora*, Minna Gombell.

"FILE 113"—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the story by Emile Gaboriau. Adapted by J. Francis Natteford. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Monsieur LeCoq*, Lew Cody; *Mlle. Adoree*, Mary Nolan; *Madame Fauvel*, Clara Kimball Young; *Verduret*, George E. Stone; *Prosper Bartomy*, William Collier, Jr.; *Madeline*, June Clyde; *Fauvel*, Herbert Bunston; *DeClameran*, Roy D'Arcy; *Lagors*, Irving Bacon; *Michele*, Harry Cording; *Ottman*, Crauford Kent.

"FORGOTTEN WOMEN"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Patricia Young*, Marion Shilling; *Jimmy Burke*, Rex Bell; *Fern Madden*, Beryl Mercer; *Sissy Salem*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Helen Turner*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Trixie de Forrester*, Edna Murphy; *Sleek Moran*, Edward Earle; *Dugan*, Jack Carlyle; *Swineback*, Edward Kane; *Walrus*, G. D. Wood.

"FREAKS"—M-G-M.—From the story "Spurs" by Tod Robbins. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Leon Gordon. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Phroso*, Wallace Ford; *Venice*, Leila Hyams; *Cleopatra*, Olga Baclanova; *Roscoe*, Roscoe Ates; *Hercules*, Henry Victor; *Hans*, Harry Earles; *Frieda*, Daisy Earles; *Mme. Petrallini*, Rose Dione; *Siamese Twins*, Daisy and Violet Hilton; *Rollo Boys*, Edward Brophy and Mac Hugh; and The Freaks.

"HATCHET MAN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "The Honorable Mr. Wong" by Achmed Abdullah and David Belasco. Screen play by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Wong*, Edward G. Robinson; *Toya San*, Loretta Young; *Nog Hong Fah*, Dudley Digges; *Harry En Hai*, Leslie Fenton; *Yu Chang*, Edmund Breese; *Long Sen Yat*, Tully Marshall; *Charles Kee*, Noel Madison; *Mme. Si-Si*, Blanche Frederici; *Sun Yat Sen*, J. Carroll Naish; *Miss Ling*, Toshia Mori; *Lip Hop Fat*, Charles Middleton; *Malone*, Ralph Ince; *Chung Ho*, Otto Yamioka; *Wah Li*, Evelyn Selbie; *The Cobbler*, E. Allyn Warren; *Bing Foo*, Eddie Piel; *The Notary*, Willie Fung; *Sing Girl*, Anna Chang.

"HIGH PRESSURE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Aben Candel. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Gar Evans*, William Powell; *Francine*, Evelyn Brent; *Colonel Ginsberg*, George Sidney; *Mike*, Frank McHugh; *Clifford Gray*, Guy Kibbee; *Helen*, Evalyn Knapp; *Geoffrey*, Ben Alexander; *Dr. Rudolph*, Harry Beresford; *Jimmy Moore*, John Wray; *Salvatore*, Charles Judels; *Colombo*, Luis Alberni; *Oscar Brown*, Lucien Littlefield; *Banks*, Charles Middleton; *Mrs. Miller*, Alison Skipworth; *Vanderbilt*, Harold Waldridge; *Millie*, Lilian Bond; *Poppolus*, Maurice Black; *The Baron*, Bobby Watson; *B. B. B. M.*, Oscar Apfel; *Ga Ga Girl*, Polly Walters

"LOCAL BAD MAN, THE"—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the story "All For Love" by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Phil White. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Jim Bonner*, Hoot Gibson; *Marion Mead*, Sally Blane; *Ben Murdock*, Hooper Atchley; *Joe Murdock*, Edward Hearn; *Hickory Drake*, Edward Peil; *Skeeter*, "Skeeter Bill" Robbins; *McGee*, Jack Clifford; *Horsetail*, Milt Brown.

"LOVERS COURAGEOUS" — M-G-M.— From the play "Courage" by Frederick Lonsdale. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Willie*, Robert Montgomery; *Mary*, Madge Evans; *Jeffrey*, Roland Young; *Admiral*, Frederick Kerr; *Mrs. Smith*, Beryl Mercer; *Jimmy*, Reginald Owen; *Lady Blayne*, Evelyn Hall; *Mr. Smith*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Willie (as a child)*, Jackie Searl; *Walter*, Norman Phillips, Jr.; *Lamone*, Alan Mowbray.

"MAN I KILLED, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Maurice Rostand. Adapted by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Dr. Holderlin*, Lionel Barrymore; *Elsa*, Nancy Carroll; *Paul*, Phillips Holmes; *Schulz*, Lucien Littlefield; *Anna*, ZaSu Pitts; *Walter Holderlin*, Tom Douglas; *A Priest*, Frank Sheridan; *Frau Holderlin*, Louise Carter.

"MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gouverneur Morris. Play by Jules Eckert Goodman. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Maude Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Royale*, George Arliss; *Mildred*, Violet Heming; *Battle*, Ivan Simpson; *Florence*, Louise Closser Hale; *Grace*, Bette Davis; *The King*, Andre Luguet; *Harold*, Donald Cook; *The Doctor*, Charles Evans; *The Lip Reader*, Oscar Apfel; *Concert Manager*, Paul Porcasi; *Eddie*, Raymond Milland; *Jennie*, Dorothy LeBaire; *First Boy*, William Janney; *First Girl*, Grace Durkin; *The Reporter*, Russell Hopton; *The King's Aide*, Murray Kinnell; *Chittendon*, Harry Stubbs; *Mrs. Chittendon*, Hedda Hopper.

"MICHAEL AND MARY"—UNIVERSAL-GAINSBOROUGH.—From the play by A. A. Milne. Scenario by Angus MacPhail. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Mary Rowe*, Edna Best; *Michael Rowe*, Herbert Marshall; *David*, Frank Lawton; *Romo*, Elizabeth Allan; *Price*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Tullivant*, Ben Field; *Mrs. Tullivant*, Margaret Yarde; *Violet Cunliffe*, Sunday Wilshin.

"MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edgar Allan Poe. Adapted by Tom Reed and Dale Van Every. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Dr. Mirakle*, Bela Lugosi; *Camille L'Espanaye*, Sidney Fox; *Pierre Dupin*, Leon Adams; *Paul*, Bert Roach; *Prefect of Police*, Brandon Hurst; *Janos, The Black One*, Noble Johnson; *The Morgue Keeper*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *The Mother*, Betty Ross Clark.

"NIGHT BEAT"—ACTION PICTURES.—From the story by Scott Darling. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Johnny*, Jack Mulhall; *Eleanor*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Martin*, Walter McGrail; *Chili Scarpelli*, Harry Cording; *Weissenkorn*, Ernie Adams; *Featherstone*, Richard Cramer; *Italian*, Harry Semeles.

"NO ONE MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Percy Heath. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Penelope Newbold*, Carole Lombard; *Bill Hanaway*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dr. Karl Bemis*, Paul Lukas; *Sue Folsom*, Juliette Compton; *Alfred Newbold*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Newbold*, Virginia Hammond; *Stanley McIlvaine*, Arthur Pierson; *Delia*, Frances Moffett; *License Clerk*, Irving Bacon.

"PANAMA FLO" — RKO-PATHE. — From the story by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murray. The cast: *Flo*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Babe*, Robert Armstrong; *McTeague*, Charles Bickford; *Pearl*, Marjorie Peterson; *Sadie*, Maude Eburne; *Al*, Paul Hurst; *Jake*, Ernie Adams; *Chacra*, Reina Velez; *Pilot*, Hans Joby.

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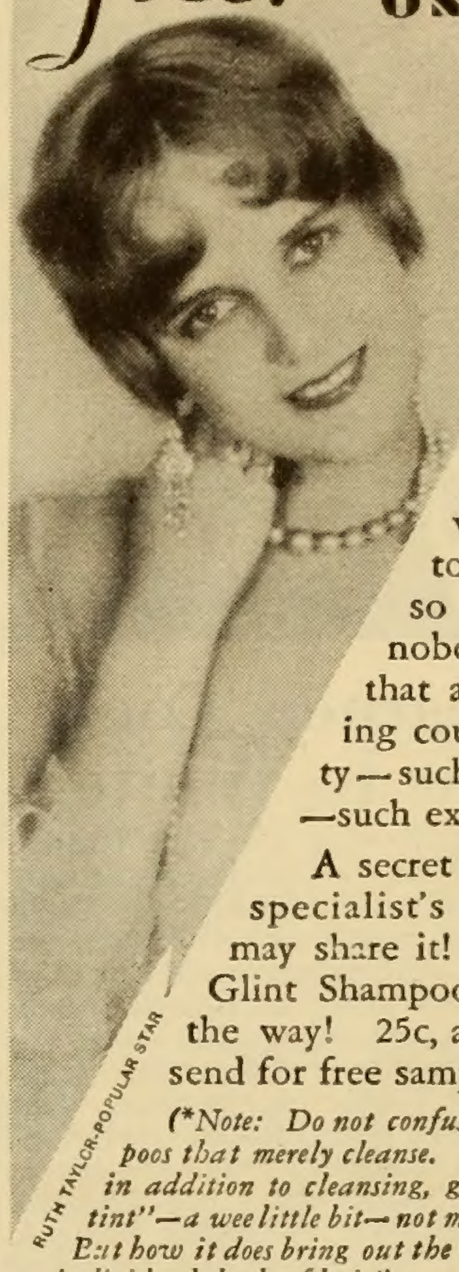

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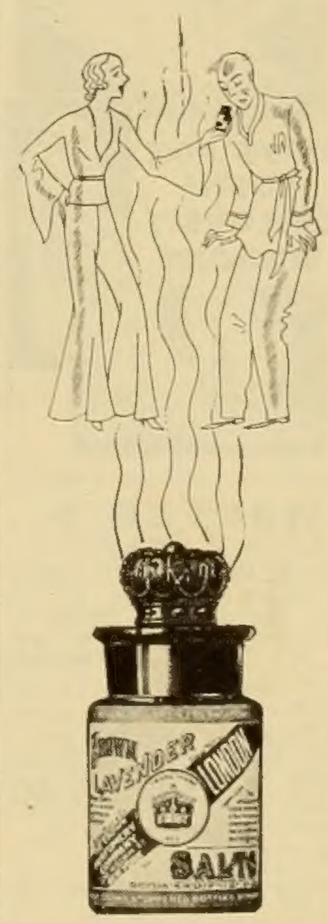

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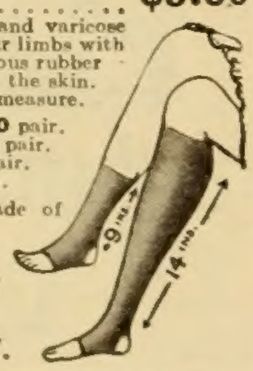

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"PRESTIGE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Adapted by Tay Garnett and Rollo Lloyd. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Therese Du Flos*, Ann Harding; *Captain Remy Bandoin*, Adolphe Menjou; *Lieutenant Andre Verlaine*, Melvyn Douglas; *Colonel Du Flos*, Ian MacLaren; *Major*, Guy Bates Post; *Felice*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Lieutenant*, Creighton Hale; *Emil De Fontenac*, Rollo Lloyd; *Noom*, Clarence Muse.

"SILENT WITNESS, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by Marcel Varnel and R. L. Hough. The cast: *Sir Austin Howard*, Lionel Atwill; *Nora Selmer*, Greta Nissen; *Carl Blake*, Weldon Heyburn; *Sylvia Pierce*, Helen Mack; *Anthony Howard*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Lady Howard*, Mary Forbes; *Inspector Robbins*, Montague Shaw; *Sir John Lawson*, Wyndham Standing; *Arthur Drinton, K. C.*, Alan Mowbray; *Harry Hammer*, Herbert Mundin; *Horace Ward*, Billy Bevan; *Col. Grayson*, Lumsden Hare; *Justice Bond*, Lowden Adams; *Clerk of Court*, Eric Wilton.

"SKY DEVILS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the screen play by Joseph Moncure March and Edward Sutherland. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Wilkie*, Spencer Tracy; *Sergeant Hogan*, William Boyd; *Mitchell*, George Cooper; *Mary*, Ann Dvorak; *The Colonel*, Billy Bevan; *Fifi*, Yola D'Avril; *Innkeeper*, Forrester Harvey; *Captain*, William B. Davidson; *Lieutenant*, Jerry Miley.

"STEPPING SISTERS"—FOX.—From the play by Howard Warren Comstock. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Seymour Felix. The cast: *Mrs. Ramsey*, Louise Dresser; *Rosie LaMarr*, Minna Gombell; *Lady Chetworth-Lynde*, Jobyna Howland; *Herbert Ramsey*, William Collier, Sr.; *Warren Tremaine*, Howard Phillips; *Jack Hartley*, Stanley Smith; *Ambassador Leonard*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mrs. Tremaine*, Mary Forbes; *Norma Ramsey*, Barbara Weeks; *Jepson*, Robert Greig; *Butler*, Pietro Sosso.

"SUNSET TRAIL, THE—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ben Cohn. Directed by B. Reaves Eason. The cast: *Jim*, Ken Maynard; *Molly*, Ruth Hiatt; *'Taterbug*, Frank Rice; *Weller*, Philo McCullough; *Buddy*, Buddy Hunter; *One Shot*, Dick Alexander.

"TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY"—ARGOSY PROD.—From the story by Robert Walker. Adapted by Alan James. Directed by Alvin J. Neitz. The cast: *Tex*, Wallace MacDonald; *Dolores*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Joe*, Ben Corbett; *Duanna*, Mary de LaLatta; *Don Sebastian*, James Dillon; *Sheriff*, George Chesboro; *Saunders*, Claude Payton.

"THIS RECKLESS AGE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Lewis Beach. Adapted by Frank Tuttle. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Bradley Ingals*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Donald Ingals*, Richard Bennett; *Mary Burke*, Peggy Shannon; *Goliath Whitney*, Charlie Ruggles; *Lois Ingals*, Frances Dee; *Eunice Ingals*, Frances Starr; *Pig Van Dyke*, Allen Vincent; *Rhoda*, Maude Eburne; *Cassandra*, Mary Carlisle; *Matthew Daggett*, David Landau; *Lester Bell*, Reginald Barlow.

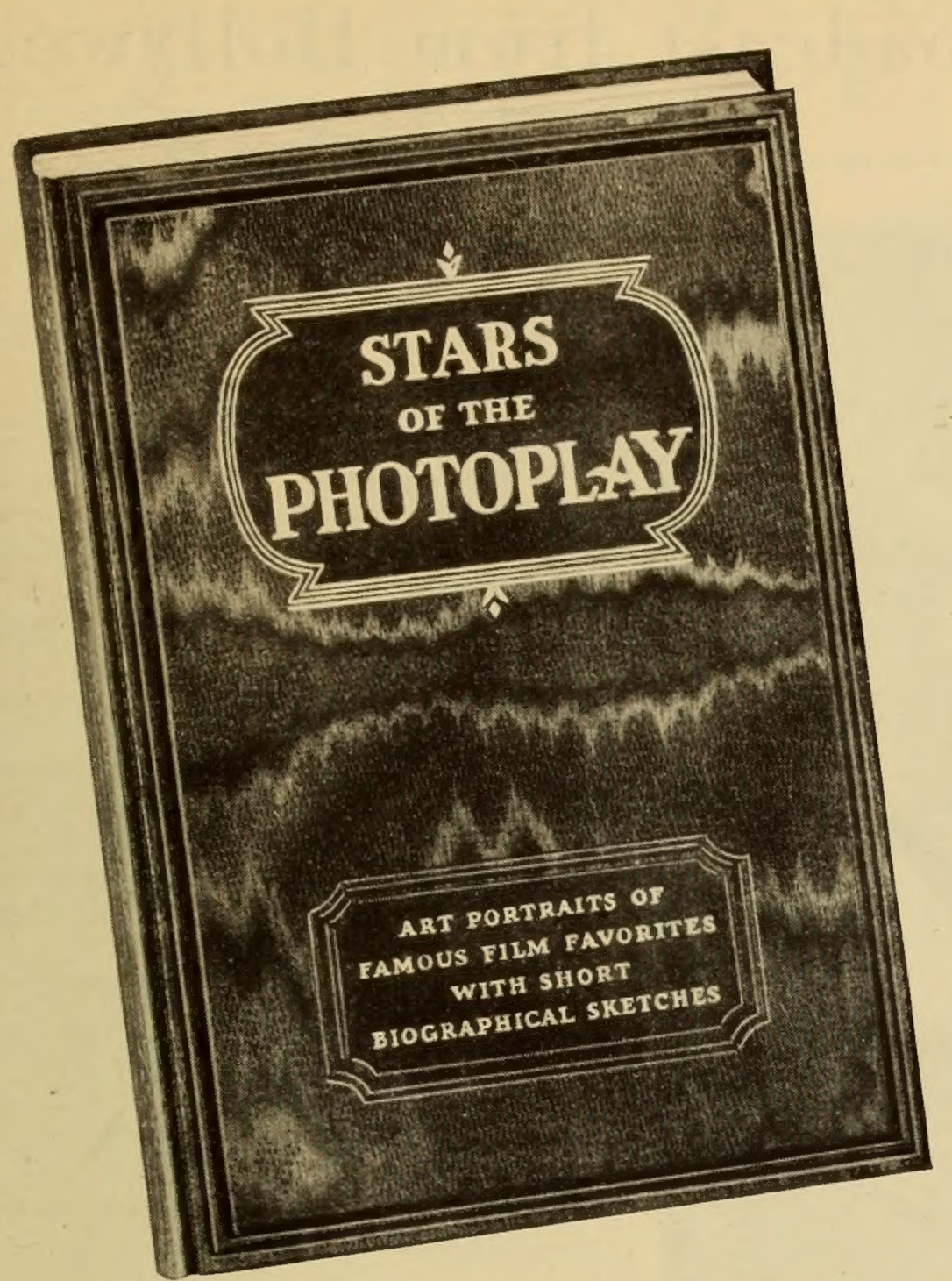
"TOMORROW AND TOMORROW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Eve Redman*, Ruth Chatterton; *Dr. Nicholas Faber*, Paul Lukas; *Gail Redman*, Robert Ames; *Samuel Gillespie*, Harold Minjir; *Christian Redman*, Tad Alexander; *Dr. Walter Burke*, Walter Walker; *Spike, Gail's classmate*, Arthur Pierson; *President Adee*, Winter Hall; *Miss Frazer*, Margaret Armstrong.

"TWO KINDS OF WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "This is New York" by Robert E. Sherwood. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by William C. De Mille. The cast: *Emma Krull*, Miriam Hopkins; *Joe Gresham*, Phillips Holmes; *Phyllis Adrian*, Wynne Gibson; *Hauser*, Stuart Erwin; *Senator Krull*, Irving Pichel; *Helen*, Vivienne Osborne; *Clarissa*, Josephine Dunn; *Joyce*, James Crane; *Harry Glassman*, Stanley Fields; *Tim Gohagan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"TWO SOULS" (Zwei Menschen)—CICERO PROD.—From the novel by Richard Voss. Directed by Erich Waschneck. The cast: *Rochus*, Gustav Froelich; *Judith*, Charlotte Susa; *The Cardinal*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Count Enna*, Fritz Alberti; *Countess Enna*, Hermine Steller; *House Chaplain*, Bernd Aldor; *Lucy*, Lucy Englisch.

"U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—Produced by Harry Beaumont, Sam Wood and Si Masters. Directed by Coach Heartley "Hunk" Anderson and Coach Howard H. Jones.

"He gave me the part because I was just the type"



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

"Well, my land," says ZaSu Pitts, "ain't he the clever one, lighting his cigarette off that gas jet. Wonder how it feels way off up there." ZaSu is all bewildered over Clifford Thompson, the tallest man in the world. He's eight feet, six inches tall and ZaSu puzzles how in the name of Garbo the camera is going to photograph both her and Clifford at the same time. The two are acting together in Hal Roach's "Seal Skins"

A MAGAZINE printed a nasty little bit of chit-chat about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

When he read it, he telephoned the editor, and thanked her sweetly for spelling his name correctly.

WILLIE COLLIER, SR., one of the finest actors and most popular young fellows of the picture colony, was not at all enthusiastic over the smallness of a picture rôle handed to him recently.

The director called him. Collier ambled over.

"Ready?" asked the director.

"No," said Collier, "I couldn't learn my part. I haven't got my script."

"Why not?" thundered the director.

"A flea ate it," growled Collier.

ALTHOUGH the fad for wisecracks on "Tin Lizzies" has had its day, a hopped-up Ford outside of Hollywood high school had a crack that is entitled to at least passing mention. The kid had chalked on the door of his car:

"DOORWAY TO HELL."

HERE'S a note of hope to you mothers with young sons.

Even Jackie Cooper collects bits of wire, pieces of rope and broken glass and goes home with his pockets bulging.

Recently his mother rearranged his dresser drawers with socks in one, ties in another and underwear in another. She told Jackie he must keep them straight. The next day Mrs. Cooper found everything dumped together in one drawer and the rest of the dresser filled with string, rope and wire.

So don't be too harsh on your own offspring. Maybe he'll be a great actor like Jackie.

KAY FRANCIS is a different person since her marriage. Once a regular fellow and the life of every party, she now lives in almost semi-retirement. She and Kenneth MacKenna rush to their sailing vessel between pictures and remain there until the studio calls them back.

She has only been to two parties this winter—the opening of the Mayfair and the Embassy.

HERE'S how Mickey Mouse happened.

His creator, Walt Disney, broke and discouraged, was sitting on a park bench. At last his eyes fell upon a frightened little mouse, running around the outside of a refuse can trying to find shelter.

Disney laughed at the animal's antics and that's what gave him the idea that has been making the rest of us laugh for all these months and months.

Incidentally, both Mickey's income and his fan mail are enormous. It takes sixty artists to put him on the screen and two weeks work on each production.

JOHN (Profile) BARRYMORE never kisses a girl unless he has to. In a scene from "Arsene Lupin," John was supposed to seize Karen Morley in the dark and kiss her violently. Came the darkness but John merely stood off by himself and emitted long passionate sighs. Which passed for kisses.

Strange person, this Barrymore. And have you seen Karen?

THEY bought gold mines in Arizona and stocks on margin and now the fortune which three years ago amounted to $1,000,000 that Vivian and Rosetta Duncan earned by singing that close harmony is all gone.

In Hollywood the two sisters put their heads together and had a big joint cry. Maybe Nils Asther, Vivian's husband, joined in Swedish. For the breaks haven't been so good for him, either. He hasn't done any work in pictures for a long time. And the baby needs shoes. The girls have gone into bankruptcy but they say they're going to work hard and pay back all their debts.

KAY FRANCIS' dachshund is the best dressed dog in Hollywood. He always wears a sweater the color of the dress Kay is wearing. . . . A woman in a Los Angeles theater died while laughing over the screen antics of Joe E. Brown. . . . Sidney Skolsky says that James Cagney fired his first real bullet for the first time in Maine last summer. And he was scared, too, in spite of all those fake shots he's made in pictures.

CLIFF EDWARDS walked on the Greta Garbo set where "Mata Hari" was in progress.

No shooting was being done. Everybody was pulling long faces.

Cliff looked from one to the other and then piped up with, "What's the matter, Hari?"

And then he played the ukulele as if his little heart would break.